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View of Norwich, from the west side of the river, in 1849.

AMERICAN BACKLOGS

THE STORY OF

Gertrude Tyler and *Her Family*

1660 - 1860

COMPILED

By Her Daughter

and Her Grandson

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

and

KERMIT ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATED

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

New York · *London*

1928



View of Penobscot, from the west side of the river, in 1835.

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TO

GERTRUDE TYLER CAROW'S FAMILY

Foreword

THE centre of this sheaf of papers will be a young lady who eighty years ago left Norwich, Connecticut, for a "finishing school" in Paris.

Gertrude Elizabeth Tyler was born in Farrandsville, Pennsylvania, on February 14, 1835, and since Farrandsville is in Wyoming County, to the name of her mother's mother was joined that of the heroine of Campbell's poem—*Gertrude of Wyoming*—which had only recently been published.

Her father was Daniel Tyler, whose mother was the eldest granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards; her mother was Emily Lee, whose parents were Benjamin and Elizabeth Leighton Lee.

The middle of this sheaf will be composed of Gertrude Tyler's letters home and those that she received from her family. Before proceeding to these, we have wished to give them a setting and to devote a chapter or so to life in the New England of her day and just previous thereto. This can best be shown in anecdotes and sketches drawn from old papers dealing with her forebears.

EDITH KERMIT ROOSEVELT.
KERMIT ROOSEVELT.

OYSTER BAY,
April, 1928.

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PART I

A Number of Tylers

PART I

A Number of Tylers

First Settlers in America

THE founder of the American branch of the family was Job Tyler, born in 1619 in Shropshire, England. In 1638 we find him settled in Newport, Rhode Island. He was the first settler in Andover, where a boulder has been inscribed to commemorate him.

The most interesting detail concerning him, which has come down to us, is a deposition which he and his family made at Newport, in a witchcraft case in 1659. It was made before Simeon Bradstreet and acknowledged in court by Job and his son Moses. It reads thus:

"The deposition of Job Tyler, aged about forty years, and Mary his wife, and Moses Tyler his son aged betwixt seventeen and eighteen years, and Mary Tyler about fifteen years old.

"These deponents witness that they saw a thing like a bird to come at the dore of their house with John Godfrey in the night, about the bigness of a chuck-bird or rather bigger, to wit, as big as a pidgeon, and did fly about, John Godfrey laboring to catch it, and the bird vanished as they conceived through the chink of a joynted-board; and being asked by the man of the house wherefore it came, he answered it came to suck your wife. This was as they remember about five or six years since."

Job's second son Hopestill was born in Groton, Massachusetts. His son was the first Daniel Tyler, and Gertrude Tyler's father was the fourth Daniel. They all four lived in

Wyndham County, Connecticut, in the little town of Brooklyn.

Daniel the second was born in 1699 and died in 1800. On his tombstone he caused to be engraved:

Although a hundred years I've seen,
My life was short,
'Twas all a dream.

Living in true patriarchal style, he had (in due succession!) three wives, twenty-one children, fifty grandchildren and one hundred and twenty great-grandchildren. The majority of this offspring was grouped around him when he died.

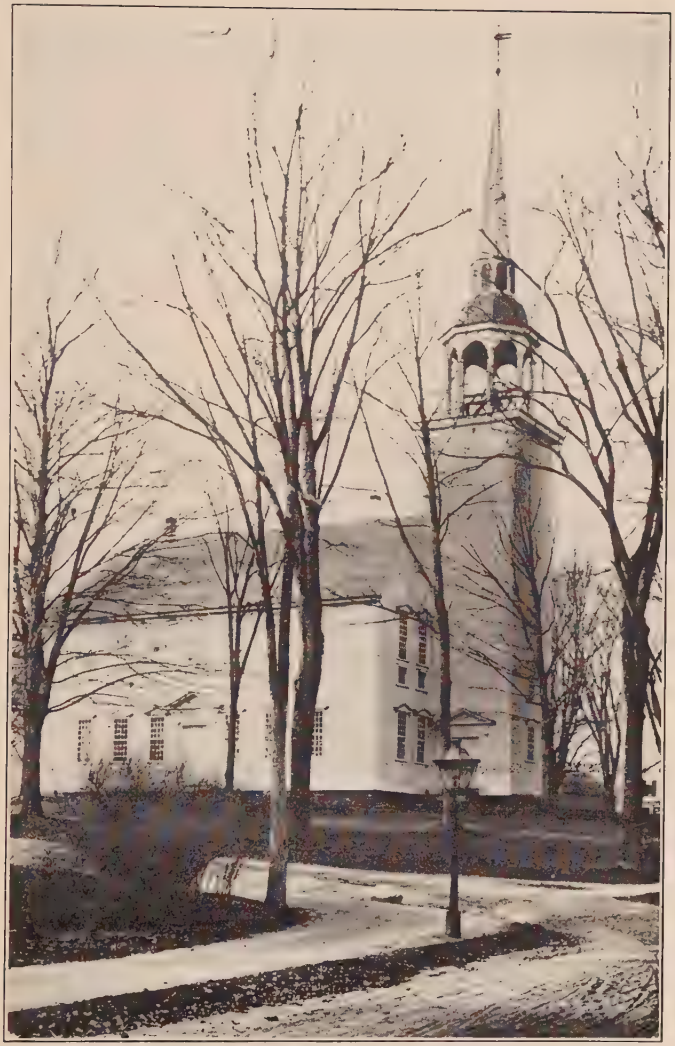
He was a housebuilder and designer, what we should call today an architect, and the story is told of him that, when over eighty, he walked the ridge-pole of a church still standing in Brooklyn, Connecticut, which he was constructing.

Daniel the third was born in 1750 and graduated from Harvard College in 1771. His first wife was Mehitabel, daughter of Israel Putnam, and he served under his father-in-law at the battle of Bunker Hill.

His second wife was Sarah, a child of Timothy Edwards and his wife Phœbe, daughter of Robert Ogden. Daniel the fourth, born in 1799, was their youngest child.

Patriarchal Life in New England, 1750–1820

The family homestead was Mortlake Manor, Brooklyn, Connecticut, and Daniel the fourth's niece, Sarah Cowen, has left us some delightful notes upon the patriarchal life of their childhood days. Her reminiscences are in the form of



Church in Brooklyn, Connecticut, built by Daniel Tyler 2d.

a letter to her brother Edwin, dated 1884, and from them we shall quote:

"The customs of those days were primitive enough. After the web of woollen cloth was woven by the housewife and dyed with butternut bark or some other domestic dye, it was sent to the fullers to be dressed, and then it was ready for the scissors of the itinerant tailor, who with goose and pressboard, went from house to house, and with aid of all the women of the family, made up the 'men's clothes' for the ensuing year. So also the skins of animals slain for family consumption were tanned into leather, and the wandering shoemaker paid his annual or semi-annual visit to the farmhouses to make and repair the family shoes.

"Imagine these early Christians going to church in the winter, taking a drive of two or three miles in the frosty air, and then sitting for hours in a great farm-like 'meeting house,' with no facilities for warming them beyond the little foot-stove which the good mother carried in her hands. During the hour's intermission at noon these good people would stay in their pews munching their gingerbread and doughnuts, and talking over the news of the day, which, in lieu of a weekly newspaper, was then and there promulgated.

"The only amusements of the young folks were going to singing-school, and occasionally to huskings and quiltings, and on the whole life must have been pretty dreary and monotonous. I have been told that our mother [Sophia Sharpe] was considered a very pretty girl when young and had quite a train of admirers, which possibly gave a little more zest to her youthful existence.

"After the death of her mother and the marriage of her elder sisters, she became her father's housekeeper and remained with him until February 6, 1816, when the marriage of our parents took place. They at once commenced housekeeping in Brooklyn, Connecticut, occupying a house that had belonged to our great-grandfather. As I remember it in my

childhood, it was an unpainted brown house, with a long back-building called a lean-to (or, in the vernacular, a '*back lintee*') in which the kitchen and other appendages were situated, but I cannot speak of its interior arrangements with any certainty. The house, now more than a hundred years old, is still standing; it has received a coat of white paint and is in comfortable repair.

"It is said that our great-grandfather [Daniel 2nd] who lived in three centuries, (born Feb. 22, 1699 and died Feb. 20, 1800) occupied this house, and it was there that his colored slaves, knowing that he had numerous barrels of cider stored in the cellar, to which they could not otherwise gain access, bored holes through the floor, through which they managed to insert straws into the barrels, thus helping themselves. He married for the third time after he was seventy, and a daughter was born to him of that marriage.

"His son Daniel, our grandfather, was his namesake and apparently his favorite son, as he left to him a large landed property covering some thousand or more acres in Brooklyn, Conn. I have heard our father say that in one gale he had no less than twelve barns unroofed. The products of the farm in the matter of butter and cheese were of unrivaled excellence, and our grandfather was a proud man when some gentleman who had travelled in Europe told him that he had seen his cheese among other delicacies on the table of a friend in England.

"Our grandfather, Daniel Tyler 3d, was a graduate of Harvard College in 1771, and soon after that time married Mehitabel Putnam, the daughter of General Israel Putnam. When the war of the revolution broke out, he accompanied General Putnam to the field and was Adjutant of his regiment. It is said that his father, hearing of his intention to join the army, presented him with a deed of a fine farm, that he might provide home and maintenance for his young family. The orderly book which was kept by him as Adjutant has

passed through many hands and came into the possession of General Daniel E. Sickles.*

"After serving for two years with this regiment, our grandfather raised and equipped at his own expense an artillery company then known as '*matrosses*.' He commanded it, with the rank of Major, and was stationed at one time in Newport, R. I., to assist in the defense of the city, which at that time was an important seaport and had more commerce than New York or Boston. It is rumored that the revenues of its worthy citizens were largely augmented by participation in the slave-trade, which was then considered perfectly reputable and legitimate; and this reminds me to say, in passing, that in the days of our great-grandfather slavery flourished in Connecticut, and father told me that he had often seen the old slaves that once belonged to him. This great-grandfather of ours was a friend and contemporary of General Putnam, and in Miss Larned's History of Windham County their names are frequently mentioned together as among the magnates of the town and county.

"Our grandfather, after the death of his first wife, married Sarah Edwards, the widow of Benjamin Chaplin. They had each several children, and, as in due time another family came to increase the household, it became necessary to build a very large house which was long the wonder and admiration of the community. Mr. John Paine, of New York, who was a cousin of father's, told me that this was the first three-storied house he ever saw, and all the palaces he had seen since, both abroad and at home, failed to impress him as so wonderful.

"Father has told me of the coach which was built in order to bring home the second bride (our grandmother). It was painted a bright-yellow and must have resembled in form and color the old chariot which Daniel Wadsworth used

*It is now in the possession of the Historical Association at Hartford, Conn.

occasionally to occupy when he took an airing in Hartford. Those were the days when gentlemen wore powdered hair, with shirts ruffled at wrist and front, small clothes, long black silk stockings with knee-buckles and shoes adorned in the same manner. 'In after years,' father said, 'we boys used to amuse ourselves by going into the garret and picking out all the stones (brilliants) from the buckles to sell the setting for old silver.' The old clergyman, Dr. Whitney, always wore his wig and gown and bands, and was an object of great awe to the rising generation. The spacious house of which I have spoken was finished in the most ornate manner for those times; thirty men were at one time employed in cutting with penknives the wooden decorations of the ceiling.*

"Innumerable stories are told of the pranks of that large family of boys,—how they stole watermelons from Parson Whitney and were made to restore the value four-fold out of their own little pocket-money; how they used to rise at an unearthly hour of a Thanksgiving morning and solemnly proceed to the storeroom where the pies were deposited after being baked, and when, if they did not amount to exactly one-hundred, a family rebellion was at once instigated; how strictly they were made to observe Saturday night, when no play and no work was permissible and only the weekly ablutions considered unsinful. Then, after a most rigorous observance of Sunday, without even the relief of a Sunday-School and its wishy-washy library, how they all rushed out to the village green the very moment the sun sank below the horizon, and made amends for their imposed restraint by the whoops and shouts and boyish games in which it was then considered perfectly proper to engage on the evening of the Sabbath.

"Before proceeding to speak in detail of the different mem-

*In memory of his son Septimus who died at sea while on a Government mission, Daniel had waves painted around the baseboard of the house.

bers of this patriarchal household, we will glance at the state of society in those days and in that vicinity, as it has been described to me by our parents. When our grandfather and grandmother were young married people there was much less austerity in the standards of the community than prevailed some years afterwards. The county families had their own junketings, played cards and danced at their parties, and even gave ordination balls when the new minister was expected to lead off with some favored partner. Lotteries were much in vogue; by them churches were built, and our grandfather in moments of generosity often presented his children with lottery tickets in various schemes of public interest.

"In those days, every well-to-do family had its side-board, always furnished with decanters containing brandy, rum, gin and other seductive fluids, of which every visitor was expected to partake and even the clergy did not refuse the proffered glass, frequently refreshing themselves between sermons with their favorite tipple. Farm-hands employed in haying and harvesting were served with stated rations of stimulants, and in the winter cider-flip and metheglin were favorite beverages. It must be that these fluids were of a far purer quality than those now in vogue, for, while the use of them seemed far more general, the number of so-called habitual drunkards was much less in proportion even to the number of inhabitants.

"Our ancestral home in Brooklyn, Connecticut was supplied with servants both black and white, and the farm-hands had a table of their own. I well remember to have seen the little old woman named Hannah Cushman, who took care of our father in his childhood, and he contributed to her support in her declining years. Our aunt Sarah always had her colored maid, and there were also cooks and housemaids, all personally supervised by our grandmother, a most notable cook and housewife.

"The Putnams and Tylers being connected by marriage,

used to exchange hospitalities at Christmas and Thanksgiving times, the Tyler house being the rendezvous on the latter occasions and the Putnam mansion (Episcopal) at Christmas. It is related that on one of these occasions the assembled families were greatly startled while seated around the Putnam mahogany, to hear rappings something like our modern 'manifestations' proceeding from the table; they continued at intervals for some days, when finally a large worm made its appearance on the surface, having cut its way through the solid wood.

"It also occurs to me to mention that when General Putnam's cousin, General Rufus Putnam, emigrated to Ohio and founded Marietta in what is now known as Putnam County, he had occasion to use for packing purposes a large chest standing in the garret. He destroyed all its contents consisting of correspondence of officers of the Army of the Revolution and various other important letters and papers pertaining to that period.

"Our grandfather, although a college graduate, never adopted a profession; he had inherited the enormous sum of about Forty Thousand Dollars ($40, 000.), a large fortune for those days, and devoted himself to the life of a country gentleman or what might perhaps be called a gentleman farmer, to which he added a country-store for which he used to buy goods at Newport. It is reported that on one occasion he was entrusted by a good woman with a commission to buy one darning needle.

"His numerous outlying farms were leased to tenants, over whom he exercised personal supervision; and his good wife, having duly attended to the requirements of her own dairy room, used every morning to get into her 'one-horse chaise' and drive from farm to farm looking after the other dairies.

"When the craze for merino sheep broke out in this country, grandfather joined some other gentlemen in sending a

trusty agent to Spain to buy some specimens of the choice breeds and they became later a source of much profit. Our father must have been a sharp boy and had not lived on a farm in vain; he used to relate with great gusto the incident of his having discovered in a flock of common sheep one lamb bearing what he recognized as unmistakable marks of merino blood; he said nothing, but persuaded his father to give him the lamb for his own. It realized his fondest expectations, selling for a large price, which he pocketed with much complacency.

"I should not consider this record complete without some allusion to the famous shoe-bills which used to be presented to the head of the Tyler family, and were on this wise: Sometimes the shoemaker furnished the leather for both the soles and uppers, and sometimes one, or the other, or both, would be furnished by grandfather; the bills were made out in this way:

'To making daughter, finding upper;
'To tapping Fred;
'To making wife;
'To tapping self;
'To tapping wife;
'To tapping *nigger;*
'To tapping Dan, finding sole;
'To patching Bill;
'To making self;
'To making Fred,'

and the climax was reached in '*making Tim, and finding sole.*' These annual bills were a source of great amusement to the boys, who contrived to find their own fun in those primitive days.

"At a very early period of life, father was set to work on the farm, and as he had no great taste for books, his father thought his education sufficient for all practical purposes when he had attended the district-school and been sent for two or three terms to the Plainfield Academy, in those days a famous school for boys. When one of grandmother's brothers

remonstrated with grandfather for not having given his 'Edwards children' the collegiate advantages he had afforded to the Putnam branch, he retorted that he considered his Edwards children smart enough by nature to do without education. I presume the old gentleman was tired of paying college bills. At one time he had no less than four young men under his charge who were students at Yale, and the domestic storms and tempests that used to attend the presentation of the annual bills, I have been informed, were something terrible for the 'women folks' to contemplate.

"It was a little strange that grandfather, who was a Harvard man, should have sent his sons and step-sons to Yale, but so it was and he received an honorary degree from that institution, which I have seen on the records. As was quite customary in those days, our father,* on leaving the Academy, tried his hand for a while in teaching a district-school, and I have heard him say that the first money he earned in that way he invested in a card-table which his sister Sarah wanted very much; and it was stipulated that whoever of the two was first married should own it. Father won the table.

"Father remained with his father, assisting in the labor and management of the home farm until his marriage. When he was twenty-one years old, in order to qualify him as a voter, or, as it was termed in those days to make him a 'free man,' his father gave him three hundred dollars ($300), the sum which, under the law of Connecticut, all voters were obliged to possess—and it is greatly to be regretted that this qualification is no longer necessary.

"Daniel [the fourth], the youngest of the large family, and the pride and darling of his parents, was about three years the junior of our father and for many years considered rather a delicate child. His history has recently been so fully recorded, that I shall not enlarge upon it. He must have been about twenty-one years of age when I was born, and un-

*Frederick Tyler.



Mortlake Manor, Brooklyn, Connecticut, built by Daniel Tyler 3d.

til he was about thirty, I have no distinct remembrance of his personal appearance.

"This winding up of the family record brings me to the point where I can speak of my own knowledge of subsequent happenings in our family, and I begin by giving my impressions of the personal appearance of our grandparents. Our grandfather was in his youth considered a very handsome man; in height he measured six feet two inches and was admirably proportioned. He had fine blue eyes, a straight Grecian nose and brown hair, which was well sprinkled with powder on dress occasions. But my only remembrance of him is in his old age, when the course of nature had whitened his hair and his figure was no longer erect and soldierly; he walked with a cane, stooping considerably, and he was burdened during his last years with a troublesome cough which finally wore him out. I stood in great awe of him as did all the other little folks of the family.

"Grandmother Tyler was about my height, but not nearly so stout; she had the most piercing black eyes I ever saw and looked as if she could read one's inmost soul; her complexion was so dark that the Stockbridge Indians, who used to visit her father's house when she was a child, declared that she must be a squaw. She was a woman of superior talents, wrote an excellent letter and was an insatiate reader. In her latest years, she was delighted with Scott's and other novels.* She was a Puritan worthy of the great Puritan divine, [Jonathan Edwards] whose oldest grandchild she was. In a controversy that sprung up in Brooklyn, Connecticut, between the 'Unitarians' and 'Orthodox,' as the two parties were called, she and our grandfather were the bitterest of partisans espousing the Orthodox cause, and, being outnumbered by the other side, they were obliged to build a church for themselves. I

*Elizabeth Leighton Lee (Gertrude's other grandmother) used to send her the numbers of Dickens' and Thackeray's tales as they appeared, in parts.

remember our Father as sitting with the choir in that new church, or 'chapel,' as it was called.

New England and New York, 1820–1840

"My eyes opened to the light of day for the first time on the 29th of June, 1820, and as my parents had, some two years before, lost their first child (a son named Edwin) I received a very cordial welcome. My grandmother, who in those matters as well as all others was greatly deferred to by the family, gave me the double names of Sarah Sophia, the former for herself and the latter for my mother.

"We lived in the old brown house in Brooklyn, Connecticut, which I have described, for some four or five years after my advent. When two years old, I had an attack of lung-fever (known now as pneumonia) and recovered, the medical treatment then customary consisting of blood-letting and calomel in heroic doses. The next year I had a similar attack with similar remedies, and I mention this because it seems to me to account for the tendency to pneumonia which has manifested itself again in my advancing years.

"In a little more than two years our brother George Frederick was born, and not long afterward our father removed to Griswold, a farming town in New London County, wherein resided a widowed cousin of our grandmother's, Mrs. Lester, née Woodbridge, who had been left with a large landed property and required some man to manage her estate. I have indistinct recollections of our life there; of going to the district-school, trudging along for a mile or two and carrying my little dinner-basket; of making a play-house on the rocks nearby, with bits of broken dishes and other fragments which were just as satisfactory to me as modern toys are to our children; of reading my little Testament when about four years old; of our grandmother Tyler coming in her chaise to take me home with her; of the hymns which she taught me

to repeat and which still remain fixed indelibly upon my memory. One was 'While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night'; another, 'While with Ceaseless Course the Sun,' etc., etc.

"The supply of books in those days was scanty enough and I remember but two outside of those we used in school: One was entitled 'The Good Grandmother'; it was a little volume bound in leather, and I read it with the deepest interest. The other contained the history of 'Goody Two Shoes,' but I forget whether it was bound or not. In school we had Webster's Spelling-Book bound in wood and covered with blue paper, (how little I thought then that the granddaughter of the author would officiate as my bride's-maid); 'The Shorter Westminster Catechism,' bound in the same style, which we studied on Saturdays; 'The English Reader,' with selections of prose and poetry as dry and devoid of meaning to a child as anything that could be conceived; and Daboll's 'Arithmetic'—the latter two being bound in leather and calculated to survive the wear and tear of several generations of school children.

"Among the teachers of that school in Griswold was one who afterward became a celebrated editor. He was George D. Prentice of the Louisville (Kentucky) *Courier*. I think his editorial career commenced in Hartford; but, however that may be, he was a noted wit and held a very caustic and influential pen. To illustrate the influence of our literary training and show what precocious children it made of us, I will mention the advent into our household of a little black-eyed sister, when I was about six years old and my brother George four. We were permitted to choose a name for the newcomer, and fixed upon 'Jane Grey,' in honor of the unfortunate Queen of England whose history we had cried over in our 'English Reader.' How many modern children of that age have even heard of the existence of such a historical personage?

"Among the friends of our parents in Griswold was one

Mr. Elisha Tyler (not of near kin to them) whose son, Moses Coit Tyler, is now a distinguished professor at Cornell University. One of the sons of Mrs. Lester, whose estate father managed, became an author of temporary celebrity; his most popular work was 'The Glory and Shame of England,' but it did not rescue him from oblivion into which he sank under the pressure of bad habits. While we lived in Griswold, General Lafayette made a visit to this country which was a triumphal progress through New England; and being quite near there, at Norwich, Cousin Dan. P. Tyler and father went there to see him and were presented as 'grandsons' of his old friend, General Putnam; of course, we know that this was true of only one of the two, but General Lafayette received them both very cordially and they remembered the interview with great satisfaction.

"In the spring of 1827, by invitation of his mother's brother, Colonel William Edwards, our father left his home in Connecticut and removed with his family to the little village of Hunter, among the Catskill Mountains. I have no clear remembrance of the journey, which must have been toilsome and made partly by stage-coach and partly by private conveyance. After reaching the Hudson River, at Catskill, twenty long miles lay between us and our destination, including the ascent of a mountain and the passing through a steep and precipitous canyon, or 'clove-road' as it was called in the vernacular.

"We were many hours in reaching our new home, toiling slowly over rough roads and through a sparsely settled country, and I have heard mother say that her heart died within her when she saw for the first time the little rough settlement that was to be her future abiding place. The newcomers were kindly welcomed to the home of Colonel Edwards until they could take possession of the house provided for their reception.

"The little settlement, which was named for some previous

land-owner, was situated in a long narrow valley through which ran the Schoharie Creek, a rapid stream affording excellent water power for the manufacturing of leather, an industry established by Colonel Edwards on a very large scale and for which the hemlock trees growing in great abundance in that vicinity contributed their bark. Colonel Edwards had previously been engaged in the business of tanning in North Hampton, Mass.; but, making a disastrous financial failure there, he was driven out into this wilderness to begin in the world anew. The only inhabitants that had preceded him in Hunter were descendants of Tories who had sided with England in the war of the Revolution and had thus made themselves so obnoxious to their patriotic neighbors that they were forced to hide themselves among the mountains; there were also a few Hessian families who, as the mercenaries employed by the British, were equally detested.

"These people subsisted by hunting and trapping, and even after our arrival in Hunter game of all kinds was abundant. It was no uncommon thing to hear the baying of the hounds ringing on the mountain sides and the skins of wild animals were often stretched outside of the log huts in which these hunters and trappers lived. On one occasion, as we were playing with the other school children, a black bear walked deliberately into the midst of us and then took himself off without being molested. At night the howling of wolves could be distinctly heard on the surrounding hills, and I remember to have seen a beautiful red deer with his great antlers, swimming across the Schoharie, into which he had been driven by the hounds. All the men near were soon attracted to the spot, and with pitchforks and other unsuitable implements, in lieu of guns, they attempted to destroy the noble creature, which, however, succeeded in eluding their attacks. The streams in the vicinity afforded excellent trout-fishing and it was quite a favorite resort for sportsmen in the appropriate seasons for hunting and fishing.

"There were but two or three frame-houses in the village, the workmen employed by Colonel Edwards living in log-huts, which, by degrees, were superseded by more commodious structures. It was some years after we arrived at Hunter before the little church was built, of which, with its picturesque mountain background, you have in possession a good representation. The religious services were held before that time in a large loft in the tannery, or in the little school-house in which the brothers and sisters were often invited and exhorted to assemble at 'early candle-lighting.'

"And here I cannot deny myself the pleasure of making an extract from a letter recently received from one of my cousins and contemporaries who also lived in Hunter in those early days, and who writes thus: 'And the prayer-meetings! What wonderful inversions they seem to me now, where all those brothers night after night gave us their observations in the same words and prayed in the same strain. In fact, I believe I got so much of that sort of thing in those days that I scarcely ever have gone to church since, and to a prayer-meeting, *never*.' How well I remember those stereotyped prayers! The brethren would have been horrified had they been told that they had actually set a *form* as unchangeable as the prayer-book.

"The business in which our father first engaged on reaching his new home, was the building of sawmills, in which the hemlock trees, previously stripped of their bark, were sawed into lumber, including, besides boards and slabs, shingles; and the circular saw used in making the latter was the cause of a very serious accident by which our father had three fingers nearly severed from his hand. He always felt that the kind and judicious care of one of his cousins, Miss Sarah Edwards, now Mrs. Lewis, who dressed his wounds in the absence of any accessible surgeon, was the means of saving his fingers and restoring them to usefulness.

"It was not until several years had passed that a change

occurred in father's business, and he became the partner of his uncle in the tanneries and the country-store connected with them; and he became the active businessman of the firm and displayed a great amount of organizing and executive ability which infused new life into all departments of labor. I remember him as spending many days in going through the forest looking after the men who were at work cutting down the trees and preparing the bark for the use of the tannery. He was always mounted on a good horse, and although there were no roads he often found the beaten highways of bears and other wild animals.

"In the meantime, while father was engrossed with a multiplicity of business, our dear mother was devoting herself to her young family and gradually becoming accustomed to frontier life. Her only society was found in the family of Colonel Edwards, who were the equals in point of culture and refinement of any family in the land. The daughters had been educated at Hartford and New Haven in the best schools, and the sons were in prosperous business in Boston, New York, and one in Paris engaged in the silk-trade. Mrs. Edwards was the sister of two famous philanthropists, Arthur and Lewis Tappan, who at the time were New York merchants of large wealth and with their families frequently came to Hunter in the summer season.

"Among other visitors at the Edwards mansion, I distinctly remember seeing Aaron Burr, who was our grandmother's first cousin and educated by her father with his own children. When I saw him he was a little old man with white hair and large black eyes; he gave me some good advice about my studies and advised me not to lay aside my books on Sunday as that was a very proper time to study.

"It was a serious drawback to life among the mountains that there were no facilities for educating the children and it was necessary to send them away from home at an early age. I was placed in a family in Catskill when only nine years

old, attending school with the little daughter of the house, and when about thirteen I became the pupil of the Misses Wayland (sisters of the celebrated divine of that name) where I remained two years in their seminary at Saratoga.

"When at home I had the constant companionship of my cousin, the youngest Miss Edwards; we each had a saddle horse and used to enjoy immensely our gallops over the hills and through the woods, which had numerous bridle-paths; we used especially to enjoy going about in the maple-sugar season, when the process known as sugaring-off was being accomplished; it is a delicious confection when in the *candy* stage, just preceding granulation, and we used to consider it a great treat, dropped on snow for the purpose of cooling. Occasionally we climbed the surrounding mountains, searching for wild-flowers and other woodsey treasures, and simple as our amusements were we enjoyed life very much. I was dismayed when my constant companion was called away from her mountain home to make a voyage to Europe and was only partially consoled by the *éclat* of having a correspondent in Paris. Imagine how long it must have taken our letters to reach each other in the slow-moving packet ship of that period.

"I think it was during her absence that I was sent for six months to a school at Springfield, Massachusetts, where our uncle Dan was at that time stationed in charge of the U. S. Army. He had been recently married and I lived with him and his young wife in a charming old-fashioned house where we boarded, no other inmates being received. I was a pupil of Miss Campbell, who was at the head of a famous Seminary, and among the assistant teachers I distinctly remember Miss Sarah Porter of Farmington and Miss Sarah Watson of Hartford. The latter afterwards became the wife of Richard H. Dana, Jr., who became famous afterwards for his book entitled 'Two Years Before the Mast,' and created a great sensation by exposing the wrongs and hardships of seamen.

The book was an account of a voyage round 'The Horn' to California, a country then almost unknown and visited only by ships employed to bring the hides of animals to the East, where they were converted into leather. It is a singular coincidence that the very cargo of which he wrote afterwards found its way to the tannery at Hunter.

"To return to my sojourn at Springfield, I must bear witness to the great kindness I received at the hands of our dear uncle, who interested himself personally in my studies and especially in my French, with which language he was very familiar. The society of Springfield was in those days very aristocratic and I remember indistinctly seeing many agreeable people. During my sojourn there a foundation was laid for the warm attachment which existed between our dear aunt Emily and myself, terminating only with her life. She was only seventeen years of age at that time, and while not regularly beautiful, she had the loveliest complexion I ever saw and her eyes of a deep violet hue were wonderfully expressive.

"While I was thus sent away from home for my education, it became also necessary to place our brother George at school and he was for some time the pupil of one Mr. Metcalf, the master of a boys' school at Kinderhook, N. Y. This was the old Dutch town in which Martin Van Buren (about that time President of the United States) resided, and he was, of course, the great man of the town. How long our brother remained there at school, I do not know, but he was afterwards sent to Malden, a town on the Hudson river about twenty miles distant. His teacher there was a Mr. Bradford, and one of his fellow pupils was the Hon. John Bigelow, who was at one time our Minister to France and is still on terms of friendly intimacy with our brother George.

"I think the latter must have left school when quite young, for he could not have been more than fourteen years of age when I recalled him in his father's business and often em-

ployed to convey large sums of money from the bank at Catskill for the payment of the employees of the tannery. It was a very hazardous undertaking, involving a solitary ride on horseback for twenty miles through a wild and almost unfrequented country, affording every facility for the depredation of highwaymen and other desperadoes with which the Catskills at that time abounded. I do not remember that he was ever molested, but he showed himself a plucky boy equal to any emergency.

"Among our various experiences of life in Hunter, nothing was more disagreeable than the floods which often attended the breaking up of the ice in the Schoharie and filled the narrow valley with a broad and rapid torrent of water. It was frightful to see buildings and dams swept away and the floors of our dwelling-houses submerged. We were of course perfectly helpless and could only await the subsiding of the waters with such patience and courage as we could summon to our aid. I remember also one destructive fire which swept away all the wooden buildings comprising the tannery and caused great consternation; the energy displayed by our father in immediately setting about and accomplishing the rebuilding added greatly to his reputation as a man of business.

"In our household the joys and sorrows of life found alternate place. I shall never forget the grief manifested by our parents when their beautiful little Jane Gray was taken away from them by death. She was a lovely winning child with large dark eyes and curling brown hair. It is not many years since that Mrs. Prof. Park, of Andover, Mass., (who was at that time Miss Maria Edwards of Hunter) spoke to me of the beauty of this little sister whom she perfectly remembered; they made her grave on one of the hillsides and there her dust still reposes.

"It was a serious disadvantage to live as we did, without any resident physician; the nearest one accessible was nine

miles distant, and I perfectly remember that in my own long and severe illness, which was followed by others of the same nature in the family, I could only have a visit from our family doctor at intervals of two or three days.

"In those days physicians rode on horseback and carried their medicines in two saddle-bags provided for the purpose. Mrs. Col. Edwards supplemented the attendance of a physician, and in many cases made it unnecessary, by her intelligent devotion to the sick in her vicinity. She made her rounds on her little pony and carried cheer and comfort to many a poor little cabin which sickness and sorrow had invaded. When it is remembered that competent nurses were then almost unattainable, even by the well-to-do people, some estimate may be formed of the value of such ministrations as hers. No woman was deemed eligible to the office of nurse unless she had become superannuated, old-age and profound ignorance of scientific treatment of disease being essentially requisite qualifications.

"Of the children of our parents born in Hunter, our dear sister Helen was the eldest. She was just nine years my junior and her name of Helen Edwards was given her by our grandmother who always appears to have been consulted on those momentous occasions when the new baby was to be named. I think this dear sister of ours was more distinctly a Tyler in her personal appearance than any other member of the family; she had our grandfather's fair complexion, straight nose and brown hair and was rather taller than the average woman. It has been remarked that the three members of our family born among the Catskill mountains were all tall, while the two older ones were rather short of stature. Could the mountain air have affected the growth?

"When Helen was about a year and a half old she was sent to what was then called an 'infant-school,' a contrivance then in vogue for getting little folks out of the way of their busy mothers. I remember that beds were provided for the accom-

modation of the little pupils and the school must have been a cross between day-nursing and kindergarten. It proved rather ephemeral as to its popularity and soon went out of existence. It is evident to me that the children of those days were much more precocious than those of the present time.

"No better proof can be given of the primitive condition of the little village in which we lived than the excitement produced by the arrival of my piano; it was brought from New York by steamboat and after being landed at Catskill, remained there until the snow came to afford smooth transportation over the rough hilly roads to its destination. Our house was thronged by curious visitors who had never seen such an extraordinary musical instrument, and I was often called upon to display my very meagre attainments as a musician. We afterwards had a little organ in our church which was played by my cousin and myself, as suited our convenience.

"The foundation was laid in my youthful experience at Hunter for the successful public begging which I accomplished in after-life. Our minister was so unfortunate as to lose his cow and my cousin and I went about among the parishioners asking for contributions to make up the amount necessary for buying another. I remember going to one young married woman who could not subscribe because she said she had not 'got used to her new name' and didn't know how it was spelled. We managed to collect the twenty dollars that was needed for the purchase and I have been a 'lucky beggar' ever since.

"Our excursions were occasionally diversified by visits to the Catskill Mountain House, then as now a famous summer resort. To reach it we were obliged to drive in our own carriage over a rough and rocky road of nine miles, but we felt amply repaid for the journey when the magnificent view of the Hudson river and its beautiful valley burst upon us. To our unaccustomed eyes the sight of elegantly dressed city-

people and the splendors of the hotel dressing-room were also wonderfully attractive. We were too much accustomed to the charms of mountain-scenery to be much impressed by it, but I remember the awe which accompanied my first experience of a thunder-storm there, in which we seemed to be above the clouds and the peals of thunder coming from beneath our feet. The mirage often seen there is also a curious phenomenon and the sunrise-view is unsurpassed for sublimity.

"To return to our family history. When Helen was about four years old a little brother was ushered into the family-circle, who, at the suggestion of our grandmother Tyler (as usual) received the name of Robert Ogden. It was in memory of a well beloved uncle of hers, Robert Ogden, of Elizabeth, N. J., that he was named and Dr. Doremus of New York owes his name to the same relative.

"The childhood of this brother of ours was more than usually perilous and eventful. Before he had reached the end of his first year he was very near dying of whooping-cough. On one occasion, in a paroxysm of coughing, he lost his breath, turned black in the face and his nurse actually pried his mouth open to restore his respiration. When about two years old he was knocked down by a pet deer belonging to one of our neighbors and nearly beaten to death by the sharp hoofs of the mischievous animal. When four or five years of age, the poor little boy was run over by a loaded team and escaped death by a miracle; and he had several other painful accidents during his childhood.

"After a fall on the stone steps leading up to the house, which cost him the loss of all his front teeth, I remember that he was rewarded for his pluck in bearing the accident manfully by being permitted to accompany father on a visit to me at Albany, where I was then attending school. He was greatly petted by my companions who pronounced him a splendid boy. It was not in vain that the life of our brother was spared through all these early perils and he was reserved

to render distinguished services to his country in the hour of supreme danger.

"It would bring unwonted blushes to your modest cheek if I were to tell you of the remarkable beauty of one last and youngest baby. He was three years younger than his brother Bob, and had the most regular and perfect features of any member of the family. He was named *Edwin*, in honor of his uncle and the initial S. was inserted to distinguish him from two other Tylers who already bore the name.

"When an infant, his mother took a long journey with her own carriage and horses, with a trusty manservant who acted as coachman, an experienced old nurse for the baby and one or two other children of the family. Their destination was Vermont and they took Saratoga Springs—where I was then attending school—en-route. Never shall I forget the pride with which I took that beautiful child in my sisterly arms and paraded him up and down the long piazza of that famous hotel known as Union Hall. How different from the Grand Union of the present day! Then the parlor and dining-room were long, low and obscurely lighted, the bed-rooms were uncarpeted and had no furniture to speak of, a case of pine shelves answering as a substitute for a bureau and wardrobe, the walls were all whitewashed, to the great detriment of clothing that was hung on nails entirely unprotected; there were no sofas or easy chairs of any description in the rooms.

"This house was the resort of all the pious church-going people who visited Saratoga; morning and evening prayers were held in the parlor, and on Sunday other religious services were held there. In the dining-room long tables ran parallel to each other the whole length of the room, and they were served by an army of colored waiters who were marshalled with military precision. The ladies were all expected to appear in full dress, and low necks and short sleeves were the order of the day. The courses were served with

great solemnity, in obedience to the signals of the head-waiter, and the cloth was removed before the dessert appeared. Dinner at a first-class hotel was in that day a very serious matter and much dreaded by unaccustomed rural visitors. The present free and easy mode of dining in public is far more agreeable and satisfactory.

"The journey on which our mother had thus ventured with her children proved somewhat disastrous; soon after reaching her sister's house in Vermont, one of her horses died and she was obliged to buy another to enable her to return home; two of the children were sick and she was detained for some weeks by that circumstance, and she finally reached her own house much fatigued and unrefreshed by the toilsome journey.

"Our life at Hunter extended over a period of about twelve years, and in the summer of 1838 our father decided to leave his mountain home and return to his native State for which he had a strong attachment. He saw that the time was not far distant when the manufacturing business in which he had been engaged, must cease to be profitable by reason of the exhaustion of the supply of hemlock trees, the bark of which was largely used in the tanneries; and having acquired a modest competence, he felt that the time had fully come for taking his family where they could enjoy the advantages of society, and be benefited by the superior facilities for educating his younger children afforded by the excellent schools of Connecticut.

"I think it was at the suggestion of his brother Edwin that he first paid a visit to Hartford, with reference to making it his future home, and he was greatly aided in his investigation by the kind assistance of the late Mr. John A. Taintor, who had been from his boyhood an intimate friend of our uncle Dan and a frequent visitor at the old home in Brooklyn. After looking at several houses already built, and finding nothing that quite suited him, he fixed upon the location of

our homestead and it was considered a marvellous proof of his business capacity that in one day he had bought his ground and made a contract with his builder. It was a tract of land known as 'Caldwell's Garden,' so, from that circumstance the street takes its name. It was considered to be very far out of town, and the former owner of the garden, known as 'Major' Caldwell, was accustomed to drive out and superintend its cultivation as a sort of plaything. We found fruit-trees of various kinds, such as cherries, plums, apricots and apples, all in bearing and affording quite a treat to a family who had lived for years in a climate too cold to admit of raising such luxuries.

"Hartford was then a very small city, numbering only about eight thousand inhabitants. The Hartford and New Haven Railroad was not built and our communication with other places was by stage-coach and steamboat. Where the depot now stands there was simply a morass and the street at that point was fearfully muddy at certain seasons of the year; the little river was spanned by a wooden foot-bridge just wide enough to admit one person to cross, and between Asylum street and the College buildings there were a number of old unsightly structures which were swept off later to give place to our pretty Bushnell Park and its fine surroundings.

"Our portion of the town was known as 'Lord's Hill,' and took its name from an old Colonial family whose last surviving representative was an old man living in the little brown house which has only recently been demolished. Our neighbors were Mr. Taintor's family; Mr. Welds (of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum); and Mr. Camp, who built the house now occupied by Mrs. Tucker. All the land between our house and Mr. Taintor's was leased to father for a cow-pasture, and wooden sidewalks afforded the only means of transit for pedestrians. We were outside of the limits of the city and paid only town taxes; we had no gas, and no water

supply save that afforded by wells and cisterns. Fortunately for us, we had a well of delicious water which was in contrast to the wretched quality of the wells in the city, and our visitors would often ask for the 'cup of cold water' which we were only too happy to supply.

"While our house was in process of completion, we boarded for some time in the family of a Mr. Oakes, in the house now occupied by Stern and Mandelbaum's store, Brady's Photographic rooms, etc., and among our fellow boarders were the late Judge Matson, President Jackson, the Tutor of Trinity College and Bishop Williams and his mother, he being also employed as tutor at Trinity (then Washington) College.

"We had a most kind and cordial reception in Hartford, and for that welcome we were indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Taintor, to Dr. Sumner, then the ranking physician of the city and a nephew of our father (of the half Putnam blood); to Chief Williams, whose brother had married our father's sister (Sarah Pierrepont) and to Governor and Mrs. Ellsworth, who were then in office and entertained charmingly. As the young lady of the family, I had an especially pleasant reception and look back most gratefully to the kind friends (now gone over to the majority) who took me as a stranger by the hand and made me feel entirely at ease among them.

"The hospitality of those days was very cordial, but the entertainments were simple enough compared with the elaborate banquets now in fashion. Father had brought with him his carriage and horses, but soon found that it was not 'the thing' to drive about in anything more elaborate than a rockaway, or a one-horse chaise; there were only two families in the town who indulged in the luxury of a carriage and pair, and one of these being *parvenu*, was greatly ridiculed.

"I think these reminiscences have now reached a point where your own memory will supply the subsequent history of the family, and I will only add that on the 2nd day of

June, 1840, I became the wife of Sidney J. Cowen of Saratoga Springs, where I passed most of the years of my brief married life. Of the guests who were present at my marriage there are very few survivors at this date, February 29, 1884, and among them are Mrs. Henry Rowland of Brooklyn and Fairfield, the intimate friend of my youth, and Mr. and Mrs. Junius S. Morgan of London; Bishop Williams of Middletown, Dr. P. W. Ellsworth, and Mr. and Mrs. Catlin of this city; Mrs. Dr. Wilson (a daughter of my cousin, Dr. Sumner), Rev. Thomas Gallaudet of New York City, and my husband's brother, Patrick H. Cowen of Saratoga Springs. These are all that remain of the large number of friends who witnessed the ceremony.

"After the death of my belovèd husband in 1844 I returned to my paternal home where the warmest of welcomes awaited the young widow and her orphan children, not only from my parents, but from the most loving and devoted brothers and sisters, a self-sacrificing kindness which has followed and surrounded our whole subsequent lives."

Daniel Tyler the Fourth, Gertrude's Father

Such were the early surroundings of Daniel the fourth. He was born in Brooklyn, in 1799, and entered the West Point Military Academy in 1816. In his autobiographical notes he describes how it was that he came to embark on a military career:

"In 1815 I visited one of my brothers, then an officer in the army in New York, and was so taken with military life that I determined, if possible, to procure a cadet's warrant, which I accomplished in the spring of 1816 by writing a personal letter to the then Secretary of War, Mr. Dallas. I received my appointment, if I recollect right, in the month of

July, 1816, and on or about the last of September of that year I reported to the Superintendent of the United States Military Academy, Capt. Alden Partridge, for duty; and without any examination, either physical or educational, was admitted as a cadet and turned over to Assistant Professor Davies for mathematical instruction."

In 1819, he was commissioned Lieutenant of Light Artillery, and in 1824, he was ordered to the Artillery School of Practice at Fortress Monroe. He tells how "On joining the School of Practice I was attached to Saunders' Company, First Artillery, and entering heartily into the object of the school, I devoted myself ardently to all the means within my reach to acquire professional knowledge,—importing books both from France and England relating to the artillery service, general science of war, court martial, etc., until I had the best military library my pecuniary means would secure. Among other books imported from France, I acquired a copy of the *Drill and Manœuvres*, published in Paris in 1824 for the use of the Garde Royale, which was the most complete compend published to that time, and I devoted all my hours that could be spared from daily service to translating it into English and making it ready for the printer; mutilating the original copy by removing all the plates and placing them in their proper position in the translation."

In 1828, he was sent to Europe to study the French system of artillery training, bearing with him letters of introduction from his cousin, Aaron Burr, to General Lafayette. Having in Paris placed himself in a French family for a couple of months to improve "my West Point French," he entered the School of Practice in Metz. He threw himself with all his energy and ability into his profession. "During the twelve months I was at Metz, besides my other work, I collected copies of every drawing, and the memoirs connected with the construction of the system of Artillery adopted for the French army, including the Field, the Siege, and the

Coast Batteries, and Mountain Artillery, which I brought to the United States and disposed of as herein-after stated.

"At the time I arrived in Paris, the French army was composed of most of the officers of the 'Grand Army of the Empire,' and all of the old marshals and generals of the Empire were then in active service. The French army that I saw in 1830 differed as much from the French army which I saw during the late Franco-German war as did the regulars from the volunteers in our war of the Rebellion; and to my mind this difference accounted easily for the success of the German armies.

"On leaving France, I went to London with letters to our Minister there, and after looking carefully over the works at Woolwich, where Sir Harry Clinton was in command, I found that I could add little or nothing to the artillery information obtained at Metz. Remaining in England for a month, I returned thence to Washington and reported for duty."

After having met with various disappointments while trying to further certain of the best worked-out continental systems, he resigned from the army, and went to England to study the application of blast furnaces in smelting iron ore. He was a pioneer in the iron industry in this country, establishing furnaces in Pennsylvania and later in Alabama.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Daniel the fourth hastened to place his services at the disposal of the government. He served with distinction and eventually rose to be General. To one of his brother officers, General Donn Piatt, we are indebted for the following reminiscences:

"I came to know, and be known, to General Daniel Tyler of Connecticut, in the brief campaign that terminated at the disastrous battle of the first Bull Run. Our intercourse was not cordial, or indeed in the slightest degree intimate, for he was a General in command of a division, and I only a captain, and of the volunteers at that. Our brigade,—for I was serving on the staff of General Schenck, as Assistant Adjutant-



Lieutenant Daniel Tyler in 1830.

General,—was under the immediate command of General Tyler, and I had been pretty severely trained, in what was known as the three months service, into a fair recognition of his soldierly conduct, that excited among us volunteers more admiration than love. To others under him he made himself offensive by insisting on a more perfect discipline and better drill, but I had been through a schooling that made me appreciate his thoughtful efforts, and so was well prepared to believe in, and admire the soldierly bearing and brave conduct of the man. At first Bull Run, I saw him ride under fire, with all the composure of a veteran although he was no more a veteran than the men he commanded. He seemed to be not only without fear, but clearly possessed of a knowledge of his duties, and a will to carry them into execution."

General Piatt goes on to relate the following incident that took place several years after the inception of the war; at the close of the lengthy court-martial of General Buell. General Tyler was a member of the court.

"Not long after our so-called court finally adjourned, General Tyler and I were in the ante-chamber of the War Department, when President Lincoln unexpectedly entered.

" 'Well, gentlemen,' he said, 'you did not out-last the war, and now have you any matter worth reporting after such a protracted investigation?'

" 'I think so, Mr. President,' replied General Tyler. 'We had it proven that Bragg with less than ten thousand men, drove your eighty-three thousand under Buell, back from before Chattanooga down to the Ohio at Louisville, marched round us twice, then doubled us up in a depot at Perryville, and finally got out of Kentucky with all his plunder.'

" 'Well, now Tyler,' said the President, 'what is the meaning of this; what's the lesson? Don't our men march as well and fight as well as these Rebels? If not, there is a fault somewhere. We are all of the same family—same sort.'

" 'Yes, there is a lesson,' said General Tyler. 'We are of

the same sort, but subject to a different handling. Bragg's little force was superior to our larger number, because he had it under control. If a man left his ranks he was punished; if he deserted he was shot. We have nothing of that sort. If we attempt to shoot a deserter you pardon him, and our Army is without discipline.'

"The President looked troubled. 'Why do you interfere?' General Tyler continued. 'Congress has taken from you all responsibility.'

" 'Yes,' said the President impatiently, 'confound it, they have taken the responsibility and left the women to howl about me.' "

At the conclusion of the war, Daniel Tyler resumed his interrupted mercantile career as an iron-manufacturer, and a Southern business associate gives us a picture of him, at seventy-three years of age, on a prospecting tour in Alabama preliminary to taking on a new mining venture.

"Familiar as I thought I was with the whole country, I found when with him how much there was that I had not looked into, or thought of investigating. Nothing escaped his observation. In his company I made the most thorough and exhaustive exploration of the country I ever made before or since. I was surprised at his knowledge and practical ideas concerning the requisites for iron manufacture. We rode for three days in succession, returning to the hotel in Oxford after dark—I thoroughly tired out, but the General as fresh as ever. He would go down from his room, and with some choice tea (a present from an English sea captain), make a hot cup for both; at that time the hotel people did not know how tea was 'cooked.' Sipping our hyson we talked over what we had seen during the day, and planned for the next."

He was in England at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War,—and of course took an immense interest in its progress. In a letter under date of Cologne, September 25, 1870, he writes:

"We went ten miles into the country to see a camp of eleven thousand French prisoners, and I was glad to note how well the Prussians were treating their captives. They were camped in regular Sibley tents, well fed and clothed; and seemed as happy as their enemies who guarded them. Verily, civilization is softening the barbarities of war, 'and it is time.' I have nothing to say as to the war; you get news almost as soon as I do here within a hundred miles of the operations. I meet American correspondents of the *Herald*, *Times*, and *Tribune* almost every day. Yesterday I encountered two just from the front with a pocket full of speculations and very few facts."

He spent a year travelling through Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, taking a keen interest in everything and everyone, as the following entries in his diary attest:

"Nice, March 27th.—We left Rome for Florence and thence to Leghorn; and from there to Caprera on purpose to see Garibaldi. I dined with him on the 2d, and he talked freely of matters on this side of the water, and spoke kindly of the United States and General Grant. He gave the health of Grant as a toast, and asked me to communicate his good wishes, etc.

"Baden Baden, August 16th—We left Paris on the 10th and arrived here on the 14th. We passed through Rheims and took a look at the Mediæval Cathedral there, and thence to Metz where I spent two days. There I had time to go over my old haunts of forty years ago. I find all the old landmarks with scarcely any change. If, when I left Metz in 1832, I had told any of my French officer friends that I should return in forty years, to find the Prussian flag floating from the Citadel, I should have been thrown into the Moselle as a blasphemer.

"I find all the lines of travel in France except the Paris and London line, greatly deranged; there is no adherence to

schedule, and you worry along uncertain at what time your journey will end. From London to Baden involves now two full days, as all the German lines are moving back the spoliations the German army have made in France. The papers state that German railroads have over six thousand carriages belonging to the French lines, and also that these carriages are to be sent back; but not, I imagine, till they are nearly worn out; so the railroad world goes here."

General Tyler returned to the United States in 1872 and took up his residence in Charleston, South Carolina. He believed himself to be definitely retired from an active life, but this soon proved far from the case, for a year later he was engaged upon various mining and commercial enterprises which resulted in the foundation of the town of Anniston, Alabama, named after his daughter-in-law Annie.

Two years later, in 1874, one of his grandnieces, Miss Helen Tyler, describes a visit he made to Paris:

"Father and Mother had an apartment on the Avenue Champs Elysées, and I remember Cousin Mary (Daniel's second daughter) staying with us while Uncle Dan went off to Sweden. Father came in one day to our school-room and asked our French governess to translate and answer for him a letter from an old French gentleman named Le Vasseur, who had seen Father's name in the Galignani as arriving in Paris, and wondered if he could be a son of his old friend Dan Tyler with whom he had been at the Military school at Metz.

"Father answered that he was a nephew, and that he was expecting Uncle Dan later in Paris, as he had written that he was 'running over' to Europe in the spring. The expression was laughed at by us all, as Uncle Dan was then about seventy-five.

"When he arrived in Paris, old Mr. Le Vasseur came up from where he lived to renew the acquaintance of fifty years ago. He was a bent decrepit tottering old man to whom

Uncle Dan,— erect, tall and alert, had to give his arm as they walked together. They went to Galignani's and looked up the old files of newspapers, to read about a dinner at which they had been present given by the Americans in Paris to General Lafayette in 1829 or 1830, fifty-five years before. If I remember rightly, Uncle Dan had a letter of introduction to Lafayette from Aaron Burr.

"This meeting made a great impression on me as it seemed to take one back so vividly to almost Revolutionary times, and I was proud of Uncle Dan, so handsome and so alert in contrast with the tottering Frenchman with his brown wig."

All his years of civilian life had not effaced his interest in things military, for on this last visit to Europe, he went to Woolwich in search for information on the history of gun-carriages, to be embodied in a brochure which he was writing. Major Hime, who appears to have been the only person possessed of that information, tells how the General and he fought over the war of 1870, and the Civil War, and that the General told him a number of anecdotes about the British Artillery in Spain under the Duke of Wellington, which were entirely unknown to him, and adds, "I cannot avoid mentioning that in manner, and his occasional use of the word 'Sir,' General Tyler closely resembled those old gentlemen I remember as a child, who were described as 'gentlemen of the old school.' Their manners were courtly and reserved."

Up to the very last years of his life he maintained an active interest in Anniston, for the biographical notes tell how:

"After passing the Summer at the North, General Tyler returned in the Fall 1879 to Capote Farm, [Texas] which was under the charge of his son-in-law Colonel Alex. Moore, and where he made his Winter home for the few remaining years of his life. With an usually vigorous constitution, strengthened by active and temperate habits, he suffered few of the ordinary complaints of old age, and to the

very last his interest in all passing events was keen and undiminished. More particularly was this noticed in his various visits to Anniston, which was the child of his old age, and where he never came without originating and urging with force some alteration or improvement. On his last visit, he personally laid out the site of the new Episcopal Church, secured plans, and directed all details."

General Cullum writes, in the appreciation which he prepared for the annals of the West Point Alumni Association:

"Tyler was a very distinguished civil and mining engineer —bold, enterprising, skillful, and eminently successful in whatever he undertook. It seemed to be his delight and pastime from dead carcasses to produce living, breathing realities. Broken-down railroads, moss-grown coal companies, collapsed iron works, crumbling canals, and such like financial ruins, his wizard touch suddenly transformed into engines of power and profit. We have already recorded the skillful surgery of this master-healer of diseased corporations, and even in old age how he made a solitary desert in Alabama voluble with spindles, glowing with furnaces, and teeming with busy life."

His friend Donald G. Mitchell, who under the pen-name of Ik Marvel wrote the *Reveries of a Bachelor* and other delightful books, edited the General's memoirs, and thus describes him:

"The personal presence of General Tyler was very imposing; he had great dignity of manner; carried himself—in virtue of his early military training—very erect, and for this reason more than for any exceptional height, was currently spoken of as a 'tall man.' He had great symmetry of form, and up to the time when maltreatment of an injury to his wrist gave a certain stiffness to the movement of one arm—every joint was supple and every muscle full of vigor.

"It used to be said, indeed, that he was the best boxer in his old regiment—the First United States Artillery. And



General Daniel Tyler, of Norwich, Connecticut, at the time of the Civil War.

there is a story current in the family that upon one occasion, years ago—when he was stationed on Governor's Island in New York harbor—and was returning from a ball late at night to his boat, he was beset by a little squad of drunken sailors. They took exception to his fine military air, and after a few ugly jests proposed to give him a drubbing. The young lieutenant quietly said to them, 'My lads, it would hardly be fair of you to insist on my fighting you all together, but I am quite willing to take you one by one.' To this they—in liberal sailor fashion—acceded. And thereupon young Tyler threw off his coat, and proceeded to give to two or three of their stoutest men—seriatim—in best boxing style, the drubbing they had planned for himself. There was no interference; indeed, the lookers on were so well satisfied with his clever execution of his task, that they insisted on escorting him to his barge and gave him a hearty cheer on his departure.

"Always he was a generous and courteous and most bounteous host. And he loved to play the host; it was not a labor with him but a delight. Without being a gourmand, he knew the good things of a larder, and without being a wine-drinker in any exaggerated or uncomely sense, he knew well the aroma of a good flask of Burgundy or of Bordeaux. For those who could not or would not control their habits, whether in eating or drinking, he had unmitigated disdain. His courteous dignity was always present with him, and he looked after the goodfaring of a guest as closely at a picnic in the pine woods, as over his well-ordered board.

"I don't think that I shall ever forget his ample and generous courtesies, when, at a date I cannot distinctly recall, I went down to his quiet home upon the banks of the Shrewsbury waters, (where he was trying vainly to count himself a retired country gentleman, with interests centered in pears and Alderney cows), and shared his supper of soft-shell crabs, walked up and down the gardens with him—he discoursing knowingly upon problems in horticulture (in courte-

ous deference to his guest); and seeming then to have no forecast of the fact that in two years' time he would be away, —his pears and asparagus forgotten, and he merged to the brim in some one of those large enterprises which illustrated his later years.

"The General loved fishing—trouting especially—and he could cast a fly with the best, until handicapped by that awkward accident that befell his wrist. I have taken many a fishing bout with him in the streams that flow through the Plymouth woods, and his relish for a good 'catch' was full of the ardor which he carried into his engineering, or into war. Until the age of sixty-five he was an habitual but moderate smoker,* had a keen appetite too for a game of whist—he coming on many an evening on this quest (somewhere about the year 1851) to the rooms of his old friend Augustus Cleveland, and lingering with us until the small hours."

Not long before his death he wrote to his granddaughter, Edith Kermit Roosevelt:

"I am glad to hear you are settled in your new house which, I pray, may always be a happy one for all its inmates, and trust it will make your aunt's old age as happy as old age can ever be. Old age, my dear Edith, as I know by experience, requires much patience and consideration on the part of those who administer to its wants, and who are sometimes sorely tried by its caprices. The only recompense that remains is conscious discharge of duty, to be repaid, perhaps, in kind, in due time, when our own old age overtakes us."

He died in October 1883, and Donald Mitchell describes how Dr. Fordyce Barker, friend and family connection, after the General had been for so long in a comatose condition that it seemed impossible for him to rally, "urged beyond possibility of refusal [by one of the General's daughters] (and perhaps with a faint hope that a woman's instinct might

* He gave up the practice at a moment's notice, to prove to his sons that it could be done.

transcend medical science, approached the bed, affecting his old gait and hopefulness, and tapping the patient smartly on the shoulder, said loudly and cheerily: 'Well, General, how are you this morning?'

"The words reached their aim. He did hear the familiar voice and did rally, faintly opened his eyes full upon the questioner, gathered strength to say with tremulous distinctness:

" 'You ought to know best, Doctor!'

"And then the brain forces which had rallied to the old summons, which had met the demand upon them with the old alacrity and the old shrewdness—exhausted, dispersed—left him to silence and the end."

PART II

Seafarers All

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Benjamin Lee, Gertrude's Maternal Grandfather

GERTRUDE TYLER'S mother was Emily Lee, daughter of Benjamin Lee and Elizabeth Leighton. The latter was a member of an old Massachusetts family. Her father was killed by an accident aboard his own merchant vessel, which he was at the time commanding. She died in Norwich in 1875 at the age of ninety-five. One of her brothers, Nathaniel, served as Captain in the American Navy during the War of 1812. He was captured and confined in the famous Dartmoor prison. At the close of the war, he went to Calcutta, served in the Burmese War, and eventually died in India. She was a delightful but dominating character and was in the habit of making most of the decisions for the family, and they stayed made!

Benjamin Lee was born in Taunton in Somersetshire in 1765. His mother was Mary Pitt; a cousin of the two famous statesmen. Many anecdotes of his boyhood foreshadowed an active manhood. His son, Bishop Lee of Delaware, relates the following incidents:

"Benjamin Lee as a boy was noted for strength and activity, generosity and fearlessness. He was naturally impetuous and high-spirited. For some small offence at school, in those days of rigid discipline, he was sentenced to a severe and disgraceful punishment. He rushed out of school. Some of the boys were sent to seize him and bring him back, but

he distanced his pursuers by swimming a small river. I presume he did not return to bid farewell to those that were in his home, but started at once for London. It would be interesting to know the particulars of his journey, but I do not think he ever spoke of it except to his wife. I have heard only a single incident. On his arrival in London he repaired to the counting-house of an uncle after whom he was named, then a merchant in the city. The uncle received him rather coldly and handed him a guinea. The nephew indignantly threw the coin at his uncle's feet and departed. I suppose the fugitive must have had some experience of privation and sorrow in the great metropolis."

He entered the Navy and commanded a battery in the famous naval engagement between Admiral Rodney and Count de Grasse near the island of Guadaloupe. His gallantry in this action gained him distinction, but his naval career (and almost his worldly career, too) was cut short by a controversy in which he engaged with his superior officer, arising from his criticism of the brutal treatment of some prisoners whose condition he had endeavored to meliorate. Hot-headedly he challenged the commanding officer to a duel, but instead of a duel, he found himself landed in a court-martial. He was condemned to be shot for insubordination.

Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, was at that time serving on one of the vessels, and Lee's brother officers pesuaded him to draw up and take to Admiral Rodney, a petition for leniency to which the Prince had been first to put his name. The sentence was commuted to dismissal from the service. When Benjamin Lee left the ship to go ashore at Port Royal, the whole fleet manned the yards and gave him three cheers,—"an honor never before or since paid to a young officer." Lee was not one to relinquish his purpose; he sent a second challenge to the Lieutenant, who, when they met, was wounded.

Benjamin Lee's son, Alfred Lee, who became Bishop of

Delaware, compiled his father's memoirs, and printed a few copies for his children. From these memoirs we shall quote much that relates to Benjamin Lee's life as a merchant adventurer:

"After leaving the English Navy," writes Bishop Lee, "your grandfather must have sought, with little delay, his brother Thomas, (who had settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts). I have heard him say that he was commander of a ship at the age of nineteen, and this must have been either a vessel belonging to the firm of Lee & Jones, or one provided for him by his brother's influence. From this time he was in most affectionate relations with Thomas until the latter's death.

"He followed the calling of ship captain in the merchant service, for most of his time from 1784 till his marriage in 1797, sailing from the ports of Boston and New York. He made voyages to France, to Cape Horn and the Southern Ocean, and several to China. He was one of the first to carry the American flag to the distant East. It was one of the delights of my childhood to sit upon his knee and listen to stories of adventure and peril; of fights with sea-lions in Tierra del Fuego, of his counteracting in the straits of Sunda the treacherous designs of the Malays to seize his vessel and massacre the crew, by inviting the chiefs to dinner and then stationing a sailor with a drawn sword behind each of them; of exposure to pestilence at Batavia; of his battling against the cold and tempests of a most severe winter for weeks on our coast, until his provisions were almost spent—a winter in which only two ships, besides his own, gained the harbor of Boston; and of more than one narrow escape from wreck and destruction.

"One incident I recollect his telling to show the advantage of being able to speak the French language, an acquisition which he made by spending some months at Angoulême, in France. While in the island of Mauritius, a French fleet

came in and laid an embargo upon all vessels in port. The detention threatened would have utterly ruined his voyage. He obtained access to the French admiral and represented to him the disastrous consequences that would ensue. The Admiral after listening to him, answered, 'Sir, you have found my weak point. I shall sail to-night at such an hour. Get ready, and follow closely in the wake of my ship.' This was done. He left the port unchallenged, and when fairly out at sea, the Admiral wished him 'Bon voyage.'

"It will be apparent from the trusts confided to him at so early an age, that your grandfather was a thorough seaman, and he united two essential qualities in a remarkable degree —prudence and courage. He was eminently cautious, and never ran useless risks or neglected any proper precautions, while he was perfectly fearless and self-possessed in danger. As an instance of the first quality, I would mention that on one of his voyages home from China, in which dispatch was particularly important, he never left the deck, day or night, except to make changes in his clothing. An incident illustrative of the latter trait I remember hearing from him. Walking in the streets of Canton, he met a young Englishman hotly pursued by a crowd of Chinese. Allowing the young man to pass, he posted himself in the narrow street, extending a stout cane to the opposite wall so as to bar the way, and when the pursuers came up looked them sternly in the face. The Chinese paused, contemplated for a few moments the resolute stranger, and then quietly withdrew. The young man warmly thanked my father as the preserver of his life. A Chinaman had attempted to snatch his watch out of his hand. On his resisting, a crowd collected with threatening gestures and chased him when he attempted to escape.

"I recall another incident illustrative of his self-possession. At a port in the East Indies he procured for one of his sailors, who was sick, the services of a surgeon of a French man-of-war. The surgeon sent in a very exorbitant bill, to



Elizabeth Leighton, at the age of thirteen.

the amount of which my father objected. While in a room at a public house, the surgeon and another officer entered, locked the door after them and took out the key, charged my father with insulting conduct, produced two swords, and insisted either upon immediate payment of the whole charge, or fighting on the spot. My father remonstrated against the proceeding, and the parties seated at a table entered into a warm altercation, during which the swords were deposited on the table. Suddenly my father extended his hand and grasped the swords. He then dictated his own terms to the two dismayed Frenchmen.

Log of the "Fair American," 1792 and 1796

"On one voyage his life was in imminent danger from a conspiracy formed on board to murder him and seize his vessel. The instigator of this plot was the first mate, a man of respectable connections, and whose superior position and education enabled him to exercise great influence over the minds of his illiterate accomplices. The ship which my father then commanded was *The Fair American,* of which the sea-letter, or passport from the State Department, is still preserved in the possession of his grandson, Benjamin Lee. It bears date November 23, 1791, and bears the signature of George Washington, President, and of Thos. Jefferson, Secretary of State.

"The ship sailed from Boston for the East Indies, December 2, 1791. Things went on in the usual manner until January 26, 1792, when as my father was pacing the deck a sailor said to him in an under-tone: 'Captain, take care of yourself.' At first he paid no attention, but when the warning was repeated, inquired further of the man, and thus discovered the plot. I have had the unexpected good fortune to get

hold of the ship's log book, with the nautical narrative of the affair, and have also in my possession a portion of your grandfather's private journal, commencing January 3, four days later, and containing frequent allusions to the villain. The two together enable me to present a complete history of the matter, with the feelings awakened at the very time. I begin with the entry in the ship's log.

" 'Thursday, 26 Jan'y, Log Book kept by John Reid, 2nd Mate.—At 8 a horrid Conspiricy was Discovered and Revealed to the Capt. by Edward Nolton, of the Mate's intention, this Night, to murder the Captain and such of the Crew as would not side with him, and take command of the Ship. This information being confirmed by Job Farwell and Robert Bruce, the Mate then being on the forecastle, was called aft & Made a prisioner, Bound, a Centre [Sentry] Put over him. Testimony of Michael Turner, who he had made his confiderat (a man who was then Separated from the Crew for having broke open & Stole Gin out of the Cargo Cans), that he meant to have killed the Captain Last Night, & stole down below at 3 o'clock this Morning with a Topmaul hid under his Jacket for that purpose, when after putting his head into the Cabin he stepped aside into his State-room, where remaining a few Minutes, he hid the Maul under his bed-Clothes and came on Deck.

" 'It fortinatly happened to be Squally this Night, and the Captain, after keeping the deck until one o'clock, went down, but did not turn in. Job Casewill declared that at 8 A. M., when at the whele, the Mate came to him, showed him an Invoice of the Cargo, and told him he Ment to kill the Captain & take the command. This man had sailed with him before, which was the reason of his trusting him with his intention. He tried to persuade him from his wicked design. He had Endeavoured to gain Several of the People to Side with him, without telling them anything more than they should fare better & be at no allowance. At 4 A. M., he dis-

engaged himself and ran aloft, forward, Called to know if the Captain would for Give him, or he would jump overboard. To this no reply was made. At daylight Saill was Shortened, and I went up with two men to bring him down, when he droped overboard. The small Boat was hoisted out; he soon swam towards the ship and was towed on Board. A shed was built at the Qr deck bulk-head, Under Which he was chained by both legs.

" 'It appeared that there was some discontent amongst the Crew from hard duty, and being at Allowance, altho the Latter was a very Large one; Besides which, one half of the Peoples chests had been ordred put below, to make room & give air in the Steerage. This they appeared to be Dissatisfied with. The Mate, therefore, calculated that the most part were ready to Undertake aney Mischeif he should sett them about. As for himself he had much neglected his duty, and Slept Allways in his watch, in which situation he was several times Caught by the Captain & several reprimands. Last Sunday the Captain found him again asleep, the weather Squally, the wind had shifted, and the ship going 8 points from her course. After putting the ship about he called the Carpenter & put him in the Mate's watch, to see that a good look out was kept.

" 'From this Moment, it is supposed, he was detarmnd in his horrid design, as he got a spare harpoon & fitted it in a short staff about four feet long, altho there was a harpoon properly fitted for use, and the one he put a handle on could be of no service for striking fish; had likewise said to several of the People that it was no Crime to Kill a person. From the whole of the information of this astonishing circumstance, it appears that this ill-guided young man supposed it would be an Easey matter to possess himself of the Ship & Cargo, in those Seas, without any Risque of being Brought to Justice. Had been Inquesative to know of me the number of Shot on board, and about three weeks ago told

Job Casewell he expected to see the guns all mounted ere the Passage was at an end. He now appears to be anctious to Know whether this Plot will cost him his Life, and to be very Penitent.'

"The Captain's orders, in this critical moment, were given by him with pistols in hand, and the accomplices of the mate were so intimidated by the stern bearing of their commander that they did not venture on resistance.

"Of the anxieties of the next three months, the account is best given in my father's own words, and I quote from his private journal. These extracts have been considerably extended beyond my first plan. On reading the journals it has seemed to me that they not only present vivid descriptions of his sea life, but bring out, very forcibly, marked features of his character. The entries were jotted down, from day to day, for his own use, intended for no other eye, and have the life and freshness of the actual present. They are real, undisguised, expressions of his feelings, noted at the instant. No one after reading them can mistake the man. I only wish they had been all preserved. As it is, there are only fragments.

" 'January 30, 1792—Peace and good order appears to be well established, with a visible dread of displeasing me marked on the countenances of the men, or rather an ardent wish to please, with a fear of falling short. I am now in the situation of an absolute prince whose authority is strengthened by the discovery of a plot to overset it.

" 'Feb. 4th—At day-break saw a ship which fired a gun to leeward and hoisted Portuguese colours. At 8 I spoke her, and sent the small boat aboard with a cheese as a present, and to desire the captain to receive my bad subject on board. The boat returned and brought me four bottles of port wine, but would not comply with my request. This ship is from Lisbon, bound to Brazil, equipped like a sloop of war with nearly 100 men on board.

"'Feb. 5—On an examination of water, found full 1000 gallons on board. This will enable me to proceed on to the Isle of France [Mauritius], without stopping at the Cape of Good Hope, although I wish it for the purpose of putting my bad subject out of the ship. However deserving of punishment he is, yet ironed and confined as it is requisite to keep him, I heartily wish him from the ship, and his situation enlarged.

"'Feb. 8th—Moderate and Cloudy. For several days I have derived some amusement from making netting and ornamenting the ship. The mind is never in a better trim than when occupied, although trifles are the object'." (As illustrative of the disposition shown by the above entry, I remark that during this period of conscious insecurity and danger, I find occasional notices of his cat, his pigeons, etc., showing how he could divert himself in the midst of his anxieties.)

"'Feb. 19.—[Referring to means of ascertaining his position]—Can receive no aid from lunar observations, having no assistants, and the minute hand of the watch being broken. But these things are more thought of in general than they merit, for we know that old Drake hobbled round Cape Horn, and the Portuguese doubled the Cape of Good Hope, neither of whom had better instruments than a country carpenter could make in an hour.

"'Feb. 22—A smart breeze of wind from the N. E. Everything appears to go well of late, and I feel quite easy and happy.

"'March 3.—I begin to reap the advantages of discipline and good order. The crew are cheerful, obedient, and the major part with a great degree of acquired activity. The space of one minute is allotted for relieving the watch, and none permitted to lie down or sleep whilst on watch, under penalty of relieving the cook.

"'March 12.—For near three weeks I have been a good

deal out of trim, owing, I presume to the deranged state of my stomach. It just now stands me in hand to attend particularly to my health; it is indeed the first time in my life that I ever felt anxious about it.

" 'March 13.—I was informed that there was much uneasiness in the steerage proceeding from one of the crew being determined to reveal the secrets of others who were knowing to the mate's plot, on which I wrote a billet and sent it to be nailed up in the steerage. The purport was forbidding any person from making known to me any mischief past, forgiving offenders, with severe threats against any who should conceal villainy hereafter. It hurts me to see them unhappy—and otherwise it is impolitic to leave men in dread and their hands at liberty.

" 'March 14.—The mean result of three azimuths gave the variation 15.40 W. Agreeably to the variation chart, this gives me fifty leagues ahead of the ship, a circumstance which I am heartily glad of. If the chart is exact this leaves me but 240 leagues from the Cape, where I have now determined to touch, if easily practicable, for the purpose of clearing the ship of her deck lumber, and lumber of another nature, which is as unpleasing as dangerous for me to retain on board. I have frequently heard several mates of vessels in the India trade, from Philadelphia, much censured for their arbitrary proceedings towards their crews, and particularly by my worthy and respectable owner. There may be some instances which merit it, but commonly 'tis the reverse. I now owe the safety of my ship and life to discipline. I feel conscious of having acquitted my duty with the utmost humanity towards my ship's company, and I presume but for one or two scabbed sheep there never would have been any uneasiness amongst them.

" 'March 20—This afternoon the 2nd mate mentioned his fears lest some of the people who had been concerned or knowing to F.'s conspiracy should liberate him, as they themselves were afraid of being brought to justice, that they were

at variance amongst themselves, threatening one the other's life. Indeed, never I believe was there so large a proportion of rascals on board any vessel, but if this wind continues I will rid me of two or three of the most mischievous, by either setting them on shore at the Cape, or going into the harbor and putting them on board a man-of-war. The equinox is much against this last course. At noon Cape of Good Hope, S. 80 E., distant 80 leagues.

" 'March 22.—Fresh breezes, with showers of rain. Saw gulls, albatrosses and whales, indications of the vicinity of land. I suspect villainy in the steerage, although I have been very particular in my orders the last 24 hours. There is some plot, my agent informs me, amongst the three or four that are afraid of being punished, but what it is he does not know; I am well prepared.

" 'March 23.—Squally, with unsettled weather, in the evening—bent a cable and got all clear for going into harbor for the purpose of getting rid of my bad subject. I gave permission to the 2nd mate to speak to F., and tell him if he had anything to say in his defence, he might write me, on which he sent me a paper imploring mercy, with a full acknowledgment of his crime. I forgive him, and trust his future conduct will not abuse this lenity. I shall therefore set him on shore with a couple of his accomplices, that they may go and try their fortune elsewhere.'

"Extracts from the ship's log-book: 'March 26.—I this day observed to the Captain that it was Probable sum attempts would Be Made to get C.F. clar by sum of the crew, which keeping him on Board was dangerous.

" 'March 28.—C. F. having addressed the Captain in a supplicating manner, he sent me to said F. to tell him that if there was anything to lessen the enormity of his crime he had full liberty to write. This message I Delivered, and he wrote a petition, on which the Captain sent me to tell him, his Life should be Spared.

" 'March 29.—Moderate and cloudy. At sunset five leagues

distant from the land. At 5 o'clock hoisted out the yawl, rigged and victualled her for a fortnight, released C. F., and gave him twenty dollars, with which he put off from the ship to the shore about four leagues from us, and about six to the N. of Saldanha harbor, and twenty from Table Bay. He appeared to be exceedingly grateful for this indulgence. The reason of the boat being provisioned for so long a time was that he might avail of favorable opportunity on one of the small islands for getting to Table Bay, without stopping at Saldanha, where possibly the Dutch soldiers would stop him.

"Extract from ship's log: 'March 29.—At 5 Tacked Ship. C. F., chief Mate, having fully confessed his Crime and Requested the Small Boat to go on shore in, She was this morning Given him with Sails and a fortnight's Provision, with twenty Dolars in Cash. With the which went from along side, with a Pleasant Breess from the Shore. The Land about 6 Leagues from Saldanha Harbor, E. S. E., 4 Leagues From the Land.'

"This was equivalent to sparing the conspirator's life, as his crime was a capital one. I cannot but notice the kind consideration shown for this bad man, and that at a time when my father was obliged to exercise the utmost vigilance against similar nefarious plots. It seems that he was sent away alone. The man made good his escape and return to America, and within my remembrance was living in comfortable circumstances in Philadelphia. My father, having thus disposed of the ringleader, gave up his intention of going into the harbor at the Cape and continued his voyage to Mauritius.

" 'April 14—The steward sold the contents of the late mate's chest at the mast, in which was found the commencement of a journal beginning thus: "Everything goes on very well. I have many strange thoughts come into my mind, the like of which I never felt before."

" 'April 19—The steward informed me that there was

some movement amongst part of the crew concerned with F., who were afraid of being brought to justice on arrival in port. Several of them had separately asked him if I was turned in, and for several preceding days had been whispering together, the second mate and carpenter being of the number. In consequence I took proper methods to prevent any villainy. My fears were chiefly for three well-affected men in the steerage, who, together with the cook and steward, are all I can depend on, but should any lads attempt anything, they'll probably catch a Tarter or take a Scotch prize.

" 'April 21—My head out of trim with faint turns. The last of my poor pigeons disappeared this morning, whose loss I deplore with all the sorrow of a pet-monger.'

"These two extracts, from the same page, exhibit a remarkable contrast.

" 'April 25—Employ is certainly a most excellent preventive against falling into mischief. I observe that the reestablishment of my health has made some demure countenances, and I'll find plenty of work to preserve them a second time from temptation.

" 'April 29—Weather as yesterday, and at night much rain, with thunder and lightning. I caught 300 gallons of water, which is a seasonable supply. In consequence of this acquisition, I ordered puddings and beans to be given to the crew alternately every day, the scurvy having claimed acquaintance with several of them. It being near a month since I got anything fresh, I to-day dined sumptuously off a roasted ship-rabbit, called by the vulgar ashore, rat. The flesh of this animal is exceedingly delicate, and I am astonished that epicureans have not tolerated them at table.

" 'May 3—In the morning a large ship to the Southward, edging towards us, with English colors. The ship proved to be an East Indiaman. Two of the officers came on board, and in the course of conversation, enquired after Messrs. Russell

& Brick, on behalf of a Mrs. Sheppard, passenger on board their vessel. I remembered having a letter to the address of this lady, which I delivered. This rencounter might be considered an extraordinary event on a small scale. It encouraged me to ask after my cousin, Lt. J. Goldsworthy, at Madras, but without equal fortune.

" 'May 6—I this night kept the deck, during which one of the good seamen had an opportunity to tell me that he had over-heard some talk amongst the mutineers, expressing their fears of being brought to punishment,—that the second mate, etc., were present, and at best expected to be turned ashore. He further gave me to understand that some time back they had investigated the cargo, and concluded there was a large sum of money on board, in addition, to purchase cargo, and that this had been no small inducement for them to conclude to give me the coup de grace.

" 'May 7—Squally, unsettled weather. Got all clear for immediate anchoring in case of danger in the night. At meridian an ill-natured cloud stepped betwixt me and the sun, which leaves me to guess at the latitude. Last evening, at six o'clock, went below for the purpose of refreshing myself, being extremely fatigued, intending to rise at eight and keep the deck until morning, as I had the night before. I waked at hearing the watch called, and going on deck found, to my great astonishment, it was four in the morning. This is the longest nap I ever remember taking, and at a moment when, for more causes than one, I ought not to have closed my eyes. All's well that ends well.

" 'May 9—At sunset saw three small islands, situated off the N.W. end of the Isle of France, which I passed betwixt at midnight, the moon shining bright, and by ten was within a league of my port, when the wind took me ahead. It is now favorable and I trust will enable me safely to harbor this night.'

"This arrival terminated more than three months of

imminent, hourly peril from his treacherous crew. The next entry in the journal is dated the day of his leaving the Isle de France, July 7, 1792. During his stay in port, he shipped new officers and crew, and made preparations for a sealing voyage, his destination being Cape Horn.

"He remarks that the masters of the American vessels were on board at his departure. 'My acquaintance took leave with three cheers, and I stood out to sea, to commence a circumnavigating voyage which promises a duration of two years. Attend, my good genius. I will either succeed or bid farewell to cares.'

" 'July 9—Saw the volcano on the Island of Bourbon, bearing S.W., about 20 leagues distant.'

"The ship ran down the Mozambique channel, between the African coast and Madagascar. For insubordination, two of the crew were put in irons. The journal for July 28, notes: 'The men in confinement being ironed on the after part of the quarter-deck appeared so pensive, void of malice, and pinched with cold from the chilliness of the wind that pity induced me to order their release, and the ship's company to be called to the quarter-deck. I then addressed a few words to them, pointing out the ill consequences of neglect of duty and disrespect to their officers; that I forgave the late prisoners, and in future if any man had cause of complaint to apply to me, and he should be redressed, but hereafter insubordination would be punished with severity.

" 'At sunset I had a good view of the land, and by the chart found myself abreast of Muscle Bay, Cape Delgado, bearing N.W., 10 leagues. It is but 48 hours since I was opposite the first point of Natal, which lies 190 leagues to the N.E., and by log have not made above 35° S., so that the current in that time has set me 160 miles. If I was to speak of this extraordinary circumstance I should be supposed to take the privilege of a traveller.

" 'Aug. 21—I this morning set the carpenter at work

cutting out ports for the waist guns. I purpose piercing her for sixteen, although I have but half that number on board. What signifies it? Nine-tenths of mankind are but half what they appear to be, and on the voyage on which I am bound it may be of consequence to appear formidable.

"'August 25—The ship's company having last Sunday been deficient in clean shirts and shaving, they were in consequence told they would lose their wine for the week in future when dirty. I to-day had the satisfaction of seeing a clean healthy-looking set of fellows.

"'Aug. 27—Fresh breezes, with squalls at intervals. I flatter myself that in this latitude (20° S.) I shall have the heavy trade. I am the first ship that ever doubled the Cape of Good Hope to go round Cape Horn. I feel confident that by this northern track I shall arrive at Staten Land earlier than if I had taken the bull by the horns, gone into high latitudes, wrecked my ship and debilitated the crew with the scurvy.

"'Aug. 28—In the morning my lad G. came to acquaint me that Cornwall, a favorite of mine, had been wrangling with one of the French sailors, for which Mr. Le Fort had beat him, and was going to put him in irons. I went on deck, and on enquiry it appeared that the Frenchman was in the wrong. The officer said that Cornwall had been insolent to him. As I suspected some malice, I only reprimanded the man and sent him away. This so exasperated Mr. Le Fort that he went to his cabin, though he resumed his duty on the next watch. He is a good officer, but a fiery, tyrannical man, on whom I must keep a check. As I enforce respect and obedience from men to officers, so I will as absolutely exact humanity to inferiors as deference to superiors.

"'Aug. 29—A light trade wind at E. This morning, Louise, wife of Malbrook, was delivered of six lovely puppies, to the no small joy of that illustrious and amiable couple.

"'Aug. 30—In the evening an American sailor came to

make a complaint against some French, and in the morning French against American. I had strictly forbid all national reflections, from which these disputes arise, and in consequence wrote the following memorandum and caused it to be fixed against the bulk-head in French and English.

"1. As frequent complaints have been made of wrangling amongst the crew, by each other, they are herewith forbid, under penalty of being put in irons, in future to use any aggravating language or gestures, or to cast any national reflections.

"2. All who are not satisfied on board may leave the ship at the Brazils, and those who behave ill shall absolutely be turned ashore.

"3. If there are any two men inveterate against each other and wishing to fight, they shall have permission so to do, on condition of fighting for the space of half an hour; and if either gives out sooner, he shall be brought to the shrouds and receive one dozen lashes from the other."

"This somewhat original peace edict seems to have proved effectual.

" 'Sept. 17—I now devote part of my attention to teaching my lad George the mathematics. His dutiful behaviour during my last passage, when every species of villainy was exerted to corrupt him, merits my affection and services.

" 'Sept. 18—Fresh meat once a week to the crew. They continue in good health, for although thirty-five on board, and upwards of seventy days at sea, there is not one incapable of doing duty. Their national animosities have subsided since they had my conditional permission to fight, and there now appears to be a general tranquillity on board. Tremendous thunder and lightning at midnight. A clap so near as to terrify the watch, who supposed the ship struck. The lightning conductor was at the mast-head, but as the people were momentarily blinded by the flash, they could not see whether it descended by it or no.'

"By October the latitude of 40° S. had been reached,

and the crew began to suffer from cold. The kindliness of the commander appears in the Journal for Oct. 2.

" 'Being informed this morning that several of the sailors were without bedding I ordered my cabin-locked cushions to be served out for beds, and had canvass cover-lids made, there being no woollen for that purpose. It is ten months since I left Boston during which I have been eight months at sea. No one can accuse me with justice of letting my ship catch the scurvy for want of exercise.

" 'Oct. 6—Horrid cold pinching weather with hail and heavy squalls which after 4 P.M. obliged me to lay to under a mizzen stay sail and to haul down that at intervals.

" 'Oct. 13—Saw a number of seals, penguins, etc. Appointed the whale-boats their crews and set them to fitting out their gear, as I probably may soon have occasion for them. Indeed to-day had they been ready I should have made a whaling commencement for the purpose of dissipating my present inactive time, as well as in consideration of profit.

" 'Oct. 15—I now feel impatient to get on the other side [of Cape Horn]. It is now 100 days since I left the Isle de France, 269 of my being at sea, and making but one harbor. In clearing out was found a couple of shot slung by a short piece of ratling each, said to be done by the French sailors to effect the destruction of their English shipmates about six weeks ago when quarrels prevailed. I was likewise acquainted with other villainous intentions tending to the same purpose which had I known at the time would have led me to punish with severity, but as it is shall pass it in silence.

" 'Oct. 16—W. of Falkland Islands. Towards midnight blowing a fresh gale brought me under close-reefed topsails. At 3 it hove up black to the westward,—in a few minutes blew with great violence. Fortunately I had hauled up the mainsail and got in the mizzen topsail, as it was near twenty minutes before the watch below came on deck, their clothes

wet and weather extremely cold. Took in all sail but the foresail and wore ship. She to my great comfort lying off shore. At 6 the gale had moderated.

" 'Oct. 17—Stood on a wind to the S. W., until 3 P.M., when having passed the islands and flattering myself with a good night's run towards Staten Land, breakers and a low sandy island were seen ahead, on which I hauled and stood to the N. Soon after 8 it came on to blow and by midnight brought me under my foresail, which it was necessary to hand soon after for its security. As the wind was to the W. and the ship off shore I had nothing to apprehend but from its shifting.'

"I copy a little more from the log book to show the anxiety and discomfort of navigating those stormy seas with the imperfect equipments and charts of the last century.

" 'Moderated sufficiently to set close-reefed topsails. Stood for Port Egmont with an intention to make a harbor for supplies and to remain until the wind shifted. At meridian squally, saw the land, having been curranted near twenty miles to the E. since the evening.

" 'Oct. 18—Fresh gales and squally. At 2 was within four or five miles of the land, but having no exact description of it, and an imperfect manuscript chart, could not ascertain it. As it blew too fresh to work the ship, or send a boat to examine did not think it prudent to run in, the land within being a long low yellow island. Came to a determination to bear away and pass to the E. of the Falkland Islands. At 6 was abreast of what I judge to be Cape Tamar, and continued on my course for Cape Dolphin. The mates were of opinion that the land was the eastermost of the Falkland Islands and the opening within was not Byron's Sound, but then we must have been amazingly curranted. I continued to stand for Cape Dolphin which is said to be but eight leagues from the last mentioned cape, and ran half that distance without seeing it or the Eddy-stone rocks, and now

began to relax in my opinion and was persuaded to haul to the S. At 8 I brought to, not thinking it prudent to run and likewise purposing to look into Barclay Sound to procure some supplies from the Spaniards. Lay off and on during the night and in the morning bore away in quest of the land. Soon after a large rock was seen bearing N. E. and directly after Cape Dolphin made its appearance. I now repented of my want of firmness having lost a night's run, there being yet twenty leagues to make to arrive at the place where I supposed myself.'

"There is now a gap in the journal until February, 1793, and then only a single page. The interval of four months must have been chiefly spent at Staten Land or vicinity in whaling and sealing. The journal resumes:

" 'Unsettled weather with showers of rain and winds from W. to S.W. At 8 A.M. the wind drawing out the mouth of the harbor I began to unmoor, at half past came to sail and in ten minutes was clear of this dangerous harbor, though not without considerable risk. Directly after it came on to blow. Clewed down and sent away a boat to bring on board another which had got adrift at the entrance. Hove up the anchor which yet remained towing with fifteen feet of cable. By meridian stowed the anchors, hoisted in the boats and bore away to the E.

" 'Variable winds. At 2 P.M. brought to off Squally Cove, and sent in the English boat for the clothes of two seamen who had exchanged berths with two of my people, who were yet desirous to try their fortunes in this inhospitable country. Three vessels belonging to New York soon after came out bound home, one of which I soon after spoke, and all of which I had written by. At 4 the boat returned, discharged her with some few presents, and sent on shore my Indian man Friday to reside at the Factory until opportunity presented itself for returning him to his native woods. The wind became light with rain and having the flood against

me I remained between Cook's island and the Main until 9 o'clock, when the ebb tide swept me away to the E. At 3 A.M. a smart gale came butt end from the S.W. Bore away, and at sunrise Staten Land bore S.W. by S. 15 leagues. Adieu inhospitable country. May snow, rocks and marine animals be in future thy only companions. Unbent and stowed away cables. My ship sails well and is exceedingly stiff.'

"This is the close of the captain's private log. It would have been interesting to be able to trace this eventful voyage to a happy conclusion. It would appear that the original plan was to proceed to the N. W. coast of America and to return home by the East Indies, making it, as called in the journal on leaving Isle de France, a circumnavigation of the globe, a rare achievement in those days. One of the last entries before reaching the harbor at Staten Land is, 'indeed, if I can easily procure a cargo of oil and about 15 or 20,000 seal skins then I shall abandon the N.W. project.' As the project was abandoned I presume the ship was successfully laden at Staten Land, and from thence returned directly to her port in the U. S., either Boston or New York.

"There is another fragment of a journal, kept on a voyage from New York to China, from Jan'y 21, 1796, to May 20th. This was his final voyage, with the exception of the trip to France after his marriage. His growing dislike of a seafaring life is repeatedly expressed in the previous voyage, viz:

" 'March 19, 1792—I have been out of trim for this fortnight past and followed a course of bark and now feel much better. Indeed I never had more occasion for robust health, which for these last eighteen months has not been altogether as it formerly was. I am sensible to fatigue—the sea less agreeable. Fame and money are the common objects of pursuit on it, neither of which can procure me the shadow of that happiness which would result from the possession of my little girl, books and solitude. Return thou wanderer.

Already hast thou partaken of a large proportion of fortune's acid and known enough of the world.' [This at the advanced age of twenty-seven!]

"'Aug. 10—Wind N. with great humidity in the air, to which I have become very sensible, rheumatic pains on the least variation in the weather. It is certain that I have seen my best days and that I ought to retire, which I trust the present voyage will enable me to do.'

"His purpose to retire was overcome, and on the 21st January, 1796, he again set sail. He finds on this voyage much to complain of in his crew and still more in his officers. He issued to the first Mate written rules of conduct of a very decided character, in which he says, 'The ship's duty must be carried on with spirit. Where exertion is required an officer's hand must be foremost. The sailors are to be treated with humanity but never spoken to unless on duty. The deck must be relieved in five minutes after the watch is called, and in uncertain weather no person is to undress when below. 'Tis a sensible gratification to me to see others happy which I shall endeavour to promote as far as consistent with the duty I owe my employers, but an officer materially deviating from the regulations herewith specified can't but be miserable.' He had soon occasion to display his usual firmness.

"'Feb. 7, 1796—The sailors much addicted to sleeping on their watch, and the Mate informs me that several have lately been intoxicated, in consequence of which I sent the steward with orders to them to deliver the rum up to him. The steward reported that the men had not given him any liquor. He was sent again, when some of them bluntly refused to deliver it up and were determined to keep it at all events. Rum is a cursed thing at sea, especially in a ship bound on a long voyage where sailors too frequently consider themselves at liberty to give the law. Desirous to avoid anything serious, but determined to carry my point, I post-



The city of Ning-po, from the river.

poned coercive measures till 4 o'clock to give time for reflection, and the steward, who is a very prudent young man, was directed to use persuasion with them as coming from himself. They were resolved to keep it.

" 'At 4 I ordered the Mate to send all hands on the quarter deck, where, after preparing two cases of pistols which I left below, I went myself, pointed out to them the impropriety of their conduct which further disobedience would compel me to punish with the utmost severity, peremptorily ordered them to lay their keys on the binnacle, which was submissively complied with. The Mate and carpenter were sent into the forecastle to examine their chests, from which they took about ten gallons. The crew were then dismissed with wholesome advice, seasoned with a few threats. One of them I understood hove his liquor overboard to prevent losing possession of it.

" 'Feb. 14—In the morning found the sails much colored with a reddish dust that gave them the appearance of being tinged with bark. The same thing happened to me last voyage when near the Equator, and even fowls, killed the night before and exposed to the weather, had the appearance, when brought to the table, of having been saltpetered. This heavy penetrating oppressive air sets me out of trim and my old rheumatic complaints cry out. Poor unfortunate that I am to be again enticed to expose myself to vicissitudes of climate and to being eaten by sharks, when I had sufficient to subsist comfortably on in a cottage. Man with all his boasted reason is the most senseless and inconsistent of the animal creation.

" 'Feb. 17—To-day I cut out an awning for the quarter-deck to guarantee the ship's company as much as possible against the ardor of the sun, whose influence I expect shortly to feel very sensibly under the Equator. I have lately approached it with rapidity, making a run of 712 miles in four days, although on a wind. The crossing trade winds is prob-

ably the most pleasing navigation on the seas. Neither tack nor sheet has been started during the last three days although the ship has been under a cloud of sail.

" 'March 1—A complaint was made by the cook that one of the sailors had used him in a shameful manner. The offender was of that description of lawless men who delight in mischief and who had been reprimanded by me sometime ago for bad behaviour. I have ever found that where good advice and lenient measures fail coercive ones are salutary. 'Tis an ungrateful task to punish but a man must do his duty, and whoever neglects it becomes a partaker in the offence or crime. I would have ordered the fellow in irons for a spell of reflection, but his labour was wanted. I therefore sent for him on the quarter deck and with a smart hickory stick bountifully bestowed all the strength of my arm on his bones. Should his memory otherwise be weak I think this will recall the affair to his mind for at least a month to come. When a man has an unpleasing business of this nature that he can't possibly let pass he ought to do it so effectually as to impress a dread on his ship's company.

" 'March 2—At midnight observed the Great Bear, or pointers to the North Star, to be considerably above the horizon, and in the Southern hemisphere two spots commonly called the Magellan clouds, but as they are of a fixed consistency in the heavens 'tis obvious they are of a very different matter. There are three, one white and two black. One of the latter is not yet perceptible.

" 'Successful in sail making, but this morning cutting out a jib with the last cloth I perceived that I was wrong with the foot-gore. The discovery was fortunately made in time and I remedied the fault privately in my cabin. If it had not fixed on me a degree of ridicule by the sailors, 'twould at least have lessened their opinion of my abilities. Any man in the station of an officer must be exceeding circumspect before his inferiors to show himself equal to what he undertakes. A su-

periority in all marine affairs never fails to inspire respect, or inability derision, and forecastle wit is sometimes severe.

" 'March 9—Ship in good order, crew tolerably well disciplined, alert and passively obedient, everybody in good health and the wind uncommonly favorable considering the ship is but just on the Tropic. And yet I am not happy. 'Tis a line of life I am weary of and anxiously anticipate its termination. Am tired of being a despot and finding fault. How strange is that passion for power that betrays men to the perpetration of the most unnatural actions! In my early days a large proportion of ambition fell to my share, but now no more remains than what is requisite to stimulate me to my duty, which duty, I trust, after the voyage I am now on will consist in due observance of tenderness for my little girl, affection for my friends, and an independent patriotism for the country of which I am a citizen. I flatter myself with retiring from busy life and in a solitude not over austere passing the remainder of a life, that hitherto has been a succession of enterprise, fatigue and chagrin.

" 'March 13—Yesterday reading a book containing a catalogue of memorable events with the dates, &c., the following inconsistency attracted my attention: —

"1451 years, A.C.—The Jews settled themselves in the conquered country of Canaan, and began to observe the Sabbatical year.

"1406 A.C.—Iron was discovered from the accidental burning of the woods of Mt. Ida in Crete."

" 'Pray Mr. Historian, condescend to inform me with what kind of weapons did the Jews subdue their enemies. The Bible tells us that they smote them with the edge of the sword.

" 'March 22—Fresh gales with considerable of a sea. Had the misfortune to lose my horse-radish garden over the stern —spoiled by the ship's scudding aft and dipping it in salt water. This evil is a very partial one as I have plenty of

that article on board. Besides, altho' two months at sea, I have onions, potatoes and garlic in abundance. Had former navigators paid attention to these things how many lives would they have saved by stopping the ravages of scurvy among their ship's companies. Anson tells us that he lost one-half of his crew in doubling Cape Horn. I think he would have been rightly served to have the Cape doubled on him for his neglect or want of thought in not providing such anti-scorbutics as would have effectually guaranteed 'em against the horrors of that disorder, and which would have been attended with but very trifling expense.

" 'March 23—At midnight the Mate waked me with the information that one of the watches, or half the ship's company, had got into a drunken frolic and had possession of the forecastle, threatening destruction to any that would attempt to come forward. I instantly rose and re-primed my pistols, by which time I was told that they were all hands fighting among themselves. I therefore concluded it prudent as it was night, the weather dirty and fellows crazy, to let them punish each other, ordering all the sober ones on the quarter-deck and vowing a severe flogging to the rioters when the morning should have restored 'em to their senses. At breakfast I ordered them to be sent aft. The poor obedient wretches appeared like thieves before justice. Their faces horribly bruised and their air of penitence softened the resentment I felt against them as disturbers of order and good discipline, and instead of the cat and nine tails prepared I ordered vinegar to wash their faces, and dismissed 'em without a reprimand. The means of their being thus intoxicated proceeded from liquor that had been taken from them six weeks ago, part of which I had lately ordered to be restored.' (This was done as an intended kindness on account of the change from equatorial heat to chilling winds as they ran into high latitudes.) 'In consequence of this abuse of confidence directions were issued to take from them what re-

mained, which together with the part in my possession was thrown overboard. I believe the lads thought themselves well acquit in not suffering otherwise than in their dear grog.

" 'March 26—I begin to have serious thoughts of going into the Cape of Good Hope, being apprehensive that if I proceed to the Isle of France, I shall either find it in a state of blockade or my detention there will bring me too late in the China sea.

" 'April 2—At 5 had a most severe thunder gust. Fortunately all the light sails were handed and heavy ones clewed down. It blew with great violence but the ship flying before it lessened considerably its force. A vein of wind passed at about two cables' length on the ship's starboard of whose force it is difficult to judge, but the white foam it made induces me to suppose it would at least have taken away the sails that remained unhanded.

" 'April 7—Day broke without any indication of land. Probably the ship was curranted much more than I had a conception of when near the Equator, added to which but too little care has been taken in marking the log, and attending to the ship's steerage except when I was myself on deck. Blame particularly the 2nd Mate whom I have often reprimanded for being in conversation with the young empiric [the nominal surgeon] who is too lazy to attend to anything that has not a mischievous tendency. Never again will I carry an idler in the ship, and I hope for an opportunity speedily to send this one back again and debarrass the vessel of a more than useless charge.'

"The ship came into the harbour at the Cape of Good Hope not long after the capture of that important position by the British.

" 'April 10—At 2 P.M., descried the light sand-streaks in the mountains within Seaman's Bay, and at 4 saw a high or rather flat rock called Noah's Ark, and soon after the reef called the Roman Rocks, between which and the Ark lies the

passage into the Cove. At sunset sent away the Mate to lie with a boat and show a light. Soon after on rounding the Point discovered a vessel at anchor, fired a gun and hoisted a light as a signal for her to send a boat. Soon after entered the passage, keeping about a cable's length from the Ark and steered for the anchorage. A boat came alongside belonging to the vessel in the Road, and an officer undertook to pilot me. The same boat brought a British officer on board with a request or rather order for me to come instantly ashore to the commanding officer, who he said was a Major. On my observing that I could not comply with his demand until my ship was anchored he went on shore. About 7 the boat still ahead towing, and myself asking a variety of questions of the pilot, who spoke French, I observed the water sparkle close to the vessel which I supposed to be a fish, but soon discovered it to be a rock, but by the assistance of the boat went clear of it and soon after anchored.

" 'Went on shore and waited on the commanding officer; presented him with a package of newspapers, and after supping with him went on board. At daybreak hove up the anchor, judging myself too far out, and walked in to within three cables' length of the wharf where I anchored in nine fathoms of water. I received a visit from the Commandant whose principal view was to purchase some trifle, but as I learnt no trade was permitted I declined selling, at the same time observing that if there was anything among my own private stores that he wished for 'twas much at his service, which he declined in turn.

" 'We went on shore and I set off on a miserable horse for Cape Town, which lies about twenty miles from the garrison. Waited on the General to request permission to take on board refreshments and know if trade was permitted. The former he readily granted, but told me until he heard from England he could not permit the latter, asked me a variety of questions and was exceedingly civil recommending

me to pay my respects to the Commodore. I presented him with a packet of newspapers which were gratefully received.

" 'I then went to the Baron Von Aitschornes, brother-in-law to Mr. Van Braam, for whom I formerly saved a valuable cargo when captured by a French privateer. This gentleman was overjoyed to see me and recounted to a person present the circumstance I have mentioned. He then informed me that his brother had touched in there about two months ago on his way to New York, having relinquished his employ as chief of the Dutch Presidency at China, and that he was going to reside in America—that since my seeing him he had been ambassador from the States of Holland to Pekin and had now retired with a very ample fortune. I felt great satisfaction at this intelligence as he is a very worthy man, and probably that pleasure was somewhat increased with the expectation of recovering two thousand dollars for extra services undertaken for the recovery of his property, due Mr. Jones and me. As this is a debt of honor or rather gratitude a man of property would be supposed to discharge it more cheerfully than one in mediocre circumstances. The Baron then, (we being alone) gave me a long detail of public matters, censured the pusillanimity of his fellow-citizens and concluded by regretting the loss of his place, being one of the government.

" 'In the morning I went to see Commodore Blanket. The old man in his manners represented my worthy old commander, is about sixty-five and much weather beaten. He condescended to ask me to take a seat on his sofa, altho' a Lieutenant stood at a respectful distance, cap in hand, without daring to meet the old Tar's eyes when addressed by him. The old gentleman as well as the General was very particular in his inquiries about America and Mr. Washington. He asked me for newspapers and I promised to send him a packet.

" 'Now one of my principal objects for seeing the old man

was to get his permission to embark some Swedish sailors, of whom 150 were here, their ship having been cast away in Table Bay. I had been formerly acquainted with the unfortunate Captain and he readily assented to my taking them. The Commodore had made application to him for some of them which was refused, and in consequence would not let them enter on board any other vessel. Thinking that the old veteran in his good humor, wd not refuse me, I respectfully made my solicitation but was deceived.' (This 'ancient mariner' was 'full of strange oaths' which I take the liberty of omitting.) 'His reply was, "Oh, sir, I smoke you, you are I find put in here to get men are you? No, sir, not a man, and if you take any, your bondsman that you'll have to get before your departure will have to pay 500 dollars for each."

" 'I quickly mollified the old boy, by assuring him that I possessed too much respect for his orders, as well as veneration for his person, to disobey the former, that I had conceived those foreigners beneath his notice. "However," said he, "there is an Italian lying where your ship is, bound, I understand, to the Isle de France. If you can get his men you may and welcome." This singular indulgence I thanked him for, and the old gentleman without doubt supposed he had conferred a favor on me by giving me leave to distress another which he had no business with. I withdrew leaving him in a good temper and doing the unexpected honor of rising and accompanying me to the door.

" 'Finding nothing was to be done here I went to the Baron's and past the evening and set off at daybreak for my ship, with a miserable horse, about the size of an ass, which fell with me three times on the road. Found that an English sixty-four, and six Dutch prizes, had come around from Table Bay, one of which having struck on a rock was run aground in the cold, where she filled with water, having on b^{d} a cargo of pepper, &c., valued at £60,000 sterling. The accident I presume was no unpleasant sight for the Dutchmen.

" 'P.M. The ship's water being completed I got on board a dozen sheep and sundry other stock. At sunset an American ship arrived, which I learnt was the Eliza of Boston from China bound home, by whom I was informed that the Malays were extremely troublesome & dangerous. Out of this ship I got a pair of four pounders, 1 cwt of powder, and four black men.

" 'In the morning went on board the Ruby, (64) Capt'n Spanger. He appeared to be a polite, well behaved man, and desired me to tell the Captain of the Eliza that he wanted to see his papers. I accordingly went in search of him but found he was gone for Cape Town. I concluded it necessary to go again on b[d] the Ruby to apaologze for his neglect, when I found that Captain Spanger was already acquainted with it and appeared to be much enraged, at what he considered an insult or at least disrespect. I said what I thought would have a tendency to soften him, but to no purpose. He instantly ordered an officer with a file of marines to go and take possession of the ship, and not to suffer any communication with the shore or anybody to go out of her. At that time my powder, guns and men were yet on board her. On my representing the circumstance he ordered my boat to be admitted.

" 'There might appear some degree of severity in Capt'n S's conduct towards the Eliza but I had every reason to be pleased with him. He was much in want of men and might undoubtedly have much distressed me as near half my crew were English, but he contented himself with asking the number I had on board which he said were too few. He asked me if I did not mean to touch at any place on my way to China. I replied, "Yes, at Bencoolen." Looking me steady in the face he twice said, "And no place else?" I knew that he referred to the Isle de France, where two of my bad subjects, young "quack" [the surgeon previously referred to] and 2nd Mate had given out on shore I was bound. These animals had already much to my satisfaction gone on shore, the

former having robbed the medicine chest of one half its contents, everything that was valuable and profitable. On the whole 'twas a good riddance.

" 'Returning on board in the evening I found to my great surprise four marines in the ship. Demanding of the Corporal what he did there he told me his orders were to let nothing go out of the ship & that he came from the Ruby. I felt sensibly hurt at this conduct & was going on board to remonstrate with Captain Spanger when I had learnt that he had gone to Cape Town. Concluding therefore that 'twas the puppy of a Lieutenant who had sent them on b[d] I determined to resent it without the harbour in the morning if the wind should he ahead. But it coming fair at 3 A.M. I sent to request that the Marines might be withdrawn which was complied with, and at sunrise I got under way and stood out for sea.

" 'I understood, while on shore, that the place might have been defended and the invaders easily repulsed but that party spirit and cowardice together had made this valuable place an easier acquisition to the English. I asked the man with whom I kept how it was the people of the place made such a neat appearance. He replied, "Provisions here cost nothing." I observed that they sold them here to strangers. He answered, "To be sure."

" 'May 5.—Fresh breezes and cloudy. Wind at N.E. with a prodigious humidity of the atmosphere. Rainy, disagreeable weather. My late ill-luck with winds has almost exhausted my patience having had it near ten days contrary in a place where I had the least right to expect it. Otherwise these voyages are sufficiently tedious with fair winds, but a man whose good or ill fortune depends on a blast of that variable element ought to become early a philosopher. I wish a few months back I had become sufficiently so to have quitted this vagabond profession with a moderate competency.

" 'May 7th.—At 4 A.M. wind chopped round in a heavy squall to the S^d^ and promised some intermission to mind. At Merd'n got up top gallant mast and yards to improve the present favorable opportunity and get the ship into the trade winds with all possible expedition.

" 'May 11.—Light airs from the W^d^ & ship short of her log as before. This uncommon ill-luck in winds is a charge on the patience especially in a place where a heavy S.E. trade wind commonly blows. It is not only the désagrément of unprofitably doing nothing at sea, but I begin to have my fears of not getting in good season to China, in default of which I shall be exposed to all the bad weather that prevails in that sea with the shifting of the periodical trade winds.

" 'May 13.—Wind, weather, patience, &c., &c., as before. While scraping off the clams and grass from the ship's sides the carpenter discovered two spike holes open in the middle bend. Fortunately these were just above water and made none except in bad weather when the ship lay under, but had she been loaded a foot deeper they would have furnished very ample amusement to all the hands the whole of the passage. 'Tis astonishing that carpenters or builders should be so careless when the lives of so many depend upon their attention.

" 'I remember on heaving out "The Fair American" that five spike holes were found in the bottom, and the caulkers at Falmouth found four in "The Patriot's" bends. The former were partially stopped with stuff sucking into them as she lay at the dock and the latter were paid over with pitch. Both of these obstructions luckily proved sufficient that one pump was a match for the water admitted, but had they (the holes) cleared themselves I presume they must have been fatal. I think if I ever go to sea again in a new ship I'll confide in no man's eyes but my own.' "

Marriage of Benjamin Lee and Elizabeth Leighton

The journal of this last voyage to China unfortunately terminates at this point. On his return Captain Lee seems to have successfully and permanently "swallowed the anchor," as the old seafaring phrase goes. He purchased a large farm near Boston and settled down to raise Spanish merino sheep, and when during the embargo preceding the War of 1812, Congress patriotically resolved to wear only cloth of home manufacture, Elbridge Gerry, at that time Vice-president and a great friend of Benjamin Lee's, appeared at the Capitol in a suit made of wool from Lee's sheep, and had much difficulty in making his friends believe that his dress was not of imported fabric.

In 1797 Benjamin Lee married Elizabeth Leighton, daughter of John and Elizabeth Leighton of Boston. Bishop Lee tells us:

"His attachment to Elizabeth Leighton, the 'little girl' of whom he writes so fondly in his journal of 1792, had been cherished for a number of years. He had known her from childhood. When she was only a little girl, as a conversation was going on in her mother's house respecting friendship, she exclaimed, 'I know who is my friend, Captain Lee is my friend.' "

After his marriage, Lee made only one more sea-voyage, and that was to France on business. He was so dissatisfied with the careless management of the vessel in which he made the passage out, that he was unwilling to return as a passenger and bought a ship to come home in!

His brother Thomas died without issue and when his widow followed him, Benjamin moved to the large comfortable house in Cambridge which they had owned. Thomas



Emily Lee Tyler, about 1848.

had been surrounded by the good things of this life, and had lived in plenty.

Captain Lee had an excellent stable, and once drove his own coach-and-four to Philadelphia, President Joseph Willard of Harvard University accompanying him. He had a roving foot, and in addition to a house in Norwich, where he often resided, he owned land in Genesee County in Western New York; and spent much time in Skaneateles. His son, the Bishop, thus describes him:

"In person, Benjamin Lee was a man to attract notice. He was six feet in height, but so erect in carriage and well developed that he was commonly supposed to be still taller. Compact and muscular, he possessed in his prime unusual physical strength and vigor, and to the last he was little susceptible to the influence of cold. His hair turned gray very early, and I remember his wearing it powdered and tied in a cue. His first appearance in pantaloons made quite an impression on his children, who had been accustomed to see him in small clothes with high boots and gold knee-buckles.

"His manners were those of the gentleman of the old school, polite and urbane. In his family he was very kindly and affectionate, but accustomed for so many years to absolute authority on board ship, he required prompt obedience and could not brook contradiction. He usually had three or four horses in his stable, fine animals, and his daily recreation was a drive, often with an open carriage and pair. His dogs were always eager to accompany him, indicating their delight with loud barking, the start of the carriage was often attended with a commotion quite exciting and gratifying to our childish ears. Sometimes the dogs were shut up to avoid this uproar, but soon getting to understand this, they would hide themselves before the customary hour, and when the equipage was fairly on the road would come bounding over the fences with noisy delight.

"My father made his frequent long journeys with his own

horses. For these journeys considerable preparation was made. He usually took with him a bottle of essence of coffee, made under his own direction, so that he might not be dependent for that beverage upon country taverns, and some packages of hard gingerbread. He started by daylight and made nearly one-half of the day's journey before breakfast, averaging about forty or fifty miles per day. On these journeys I was often his companion, and have not forgotten how, during the long cold morning drive, I enjoyed the gingerbread. So different was the estimate then of our territory that he commonly spoke of his journey to the Genesee region as going to the 'Western Country.' Highwaymen were not unknown, and his loaded pistols were fitted into the carriage-seat by his side."

Captain Benjamin Lee died in August 1828 at his summer home at Skaneateles. His eighth child, Emily, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1813, and married Daniel Tyler in Norwich, Connecticut, in 1832.

PART III

A Schoolgirl's Impressions of Paris under the Second Empire

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A Schoolgirl's Impressions of Paris under the Second Empire

Correspondence Between Gertrude Tyler and Her Family, 1852–1854

ALTHOUGH the principal characters appearing in these letters are not difficult to identify through the context, it has seemed better to head the chapter with a few words in regard to such of the names as occur the more frequently.

GRANDMOTHER: *Elizabeth Leighton, widow of Benjamin Lee, has appeared as girl and matron in Part Two. In spite of the premonitions of approaching death that appear in some of these letters, she outlived all her children. Gertrude spent much time with her. She had a reputation as an autocrat, that extended beyond her family, for we are told how an old lady in Norwich was asked why she was putting her house in such order, did she expect a visit from Queen Victoria or Madam Lee? It is further told of her that when a local temperance society requested her subscription she replied that she would gladly loan them the use of her pump.*

MOTHER: *Emily Lee Tyler was greatly loved in the family. When at school in Boston, she would hear from family friends: "You are a pretty girl, but you don't compare with your mother." For all that, she must have been a striking-looking person, blue-eyed, with black hair, and possessing great beauty of expression and coloring.*

LUCY: *Lucy Brown was the daughter of a farmer at Brook-*

lyn, Connecticut. She had taught school and was famous in the family as a speller; the children called upon her at all times for help in their lessons. She had a habit of keeping apples in her room, to the great annoyance of Gertrude's mother, who detested them. She held a position as friend in the family and was always spoken of by the servants as "Miss Lucy." She died in 1875, *and General Tyler had her buried in the cemetery at Brooklyn. On the monument is carved:*

SHE DID ALL SHE COULD FOR THE HAPPINESS OF OTHERS.

She left a legacy to her favorite, the "Gussie" of the letters.

Of the children referred to in the letters, Alfred, Ned, and Gussie were Gertrude's brothers and Mary was her younger sister. Alfred was the eldest. He graduated from Mr. Kinsley's School at West Point. His father being detained by business, he was sent to bring his sister home from Paris. Mary married General Alexander Moore, a Moore of "Moore Lodge," an Irish soldier of fortune who had served under Garibaldi before entering the American Army. Gussie was the baby of the family. He was only two years old when Gertrude sailed for France.

The other Gussie who appears in the letters was Augusta Greene. Alfred was an admirer of hers, and the story runs that once when he was calling on her, Gertrude was posted at the window to watch Alfred, supposed by his family to be proposing, leave the Greenes' house. As he came down the park he banged the gate, and Gertrude's grandmother exclaimed, "She has refused him!"

Ben was the eldest son of Bishop Lee of Delaware who was Gertrude's uncle. Ben's wife's letter describing Gertrude's wedding appears at the close of this book.

Leighton Lee was Bishop Lee's youngest son. He was much loved by everyone, and many references are made in the letters to his death at the age of fourteen.

The individual referred to sometimes as the "Bachelor,"

and sometimes as "Mr. Mitchell," was Donald G. Mitchell who under the pen-name of "Ik Marvel" wrote the "Reveries of a Bachelor" and other delightful books. The autographed copy of the "Reveries" which he gave to Gertrude's mother is at present in Gertrude's daughter's library in Oyster Bay.

Dr. Fordyce Barker was a well known New York physician. He married Gertrude's first cousin, Elizabeth Dwight, who is referred to in the letters both as Lizzie Dwight and as Lizzie Barker.

Philadelphia, 14th August, 1852. Monday A. M.

My dear Gertrude,—

I write this to meet you as soon after your arrival as possible although I shall not have much time to write or much to say to you.

I reached New York at 7 PM the day you sailed and gave to your dear Mother and Grandmother a good account of your leavetaking etc. which gratified them very much. On Tuesday at 8 o'clock your Mother, Grandmother and Alfred left for New Haven and I left at 2 PM for this place where I have been ever since except Sunday which I passed at Wilmington. I found Mary Lee and had to give a full account of the rise, progress and departure of your present expedition. All seemed grateful that you had left, not doubting that the voyage would benefit your health and your residence and travels on the Continent would improve your mind. All wished you much happiness and a safe return.

Your uncle is to leave for Norwich this PM to visit your Grandmother and to repay Mr. Morgan for his visit to Wilmington by preaching next Sabbath. Leighton is going to Norwich and may remain in Connecticut at school. No place

is fixed but your Uncle will look for the best School he can find.

Ben has decided to study for the ministry and of course will remain with his Father. Little Julia is suffering with a paralyzed left arm. Dr. Barker was at Wilmington on Monday and thinks her case at least a difficult one. As I have not heard from Norwich since we left, my dear Gertrude, I have no Norwich news to communicate to fill up my letter. I shall talk a little of the discomforts of a sea voyage and a French Boarding School.

Before this reaches you, you will have tried your Sailor capacities to the full; if the experience has been disagreeable it will have passed off and then all that remains is the benefit you will have secured. I do not think, my dear Gertrude, that your school, all things considered, will prove disagreeable. I am aware that the rigid rules and minutia of a French School may not at first be agreeable but a little care and some consideration will soon accustom you to the routine and then matters will go on, if not agreeably, at least without great sacrifice.

You will find great attention paid to deportment and manners. Now my dear Gerty don't get nervous on this point. You, on the candid opinion of your Father, want, as any young lady does, much attention paid to this matter. In society, manners are everything. Every movement and motion of a lady is characteristic of her mind and education and it is in this that our American Ladies are deficient. There is too much bustle and too little repose—the happy medium of vivacity and greatness are not often met and your friend Mrs. Childs mingles the two more agreeably than most any lady of my acquaintance. These matters you will find much attended to by well-bred ladies on the continent and a fussy, noisy person is always considered underbred if not vulgar. Matters of carriage, such as walking, entering a room, sitting down and rising are, as I have understood, all looked after in

the best French Schools. Do not my dear Gertrude undervalue or despise these matters. They are important and it will be my pride to know and feel that both your mind and manners are formed on good and true standards. Now is the time for you to finish an education, mental and physical which shall make you an ornament to society and the pride and happiness of your Parents. I know you will not neglect it.

We shall look with great anxiety, my dear Gertrude for your first letter which will relieve us from all anxiety as to your safety and besides will give us an account of your voyage. You must write us often and let us know all about your health, studies, etc, etc. Write freely and tell us all your wants and wishes.

I need not say that I am confident your voyage has attached Mrs. Childs to you for yourself. I do not think there is anything selfish in your character—and where this miserable element is wanting and the mind is at all cultivated and refined, anyone can make and keep friends. Unselfishness, a regard to wants and happiness of others, a kind, quiet temper, this dear Gertrude makes every body love us—but I have got near the end of the paper and in conclusion will desire you to give my kindest and best regards to Dr. & Mrs. Childs and a thousand kisses to yourself, my dear Gertrude.

Always and ever your affectionate and devoted Father,

D. Tyler.

P. S. This letter will bother you to read but I send it anyway.*

Norwich, Tuesday, August 23rd, 1852

My dearest Gertrude,

There was quite an alarm the other day about William Greene, it seems he and Frank Goddard were shooting together, and a ball from Frank's pistol grazed William's side.

*This in reference to the illegibility of his handwriting.

There was a terrible bustle about it, they had two Doctors, and the whole neighborhood was alarmed, not much harm was done, but Will stalks around quite a Hero.

Alfred went to another small party last night at Nannie Day's. He and Charles Johnson seem to be the standing Beaux. The Laws and Dwights arrived today. Your Aunt Elizabeth came up yesterday from Harbour's Mouth and I think it doubtful if she goes down again. I do not believe she was particularly comfortable there. Last week, I spent down at the Church with Mrs. Day. We had a regular cleaning up, and the carpet in the Sunday school room was put down; it looks very prettily. Our Music is still nothing to boast of.

Your Aunt had a letter from Mr. Adams; he was at Heidelberg. We all miss you so much, dear Gertrude. I miss your music particularly, but keep up a good heart, think that a year from this time, you will again be at home and how much you will have seen and enjoyed, scenes that I never expect to. I do feel dear child, that your advantages will be very great, give your whole thought and attention to means of improvement now within your reach. I know that you will meet with disagreeables at your school but make the best of them. Think how soon the few short months you will have to bear them, will pass away, and yet how lasting will be the effect of your stay. I do not think, dear Gertrude, we are expecting too much of you, but we shall expect to have a highly accomplished and attractive young lady return to us. I am longing for your letter, keep one constantly at hand and write as you can find the time as minutely as possible.

Your affectionate Mother

August 30, 4 P. M., 1852

In sight of Havre.

Here I am, dear Mother, in sight of Havre, but with no expectation of arriving there before eleven to-morrow morn-

ing, as the gates are only opened at that hour. We should have arrived there to-day if we had not been becalmed all day yesterday only 90 miles from Havre. I assure you that many a long face was to be seen and many looked out anxiously for wind and the Captain was asked many times, "Don't you think that we can arrive before to-morrow at 10?"

We have had a very quiet passage of only 22 days. It would have been 20 if we had not been so long in the channel as we were only 18 days to it. We have made a passage 6 days shorter than the William Tell for it arrived Saturday. We have not had a single storm. We have had rain, but it did not make it rough at all, and I have seen waves no higher than you would see in the Sound. I was sick for the first week, and a dreadful sickness it is. I do not think that I should have cared if they had thrown me over board. Now I am very well and the only wish I have is to put my feet on dry land.

I think that you would be perfectly scandalized if you were to see me now. I have on my delaine dress, which I have worn for two weeks steady. I have not put on my brown and white or my morning dress that you got me at Bradbrook's, for if I had they would have been perfectly ruined by this time. I should advise any one coming to sea to bring the oldest delaine morning dress they have. Mrs. and Doctor Childs have been as kind as possible to me. I think that Mrs. Childs is better than when she left. She was sea sick enough, that is to say all the time for the first 9 or 10 days.

You do not know how many times, dear Mother, I thought of you and Father, Gussie and grandmother, and all at home and thought how I should like to be there. The Captain has been very kind to me and he has promised to take home anything that I have to send. I shall write you when you can expect my bundle. I know that you will excuse

the appearance of this letter when you know that I am writing with a quill pen.

Paris, 9 September, 1852

Dearest Mother:

I received your note just a week since and would have answered it before but that I wanted to wait until I had seen Mademoiselle Lyot, for I went to see her the day after I arrived in Paris and she was in the country, as it was vacation time, and would return the next week. I saw her yesterday and she thought as it would be almost a month till the Commencement that I had better commence my music lessons; so to-day I had a visit from my teacher—a lady. She teaches at the Conservatoire and is also a very fine composer,—so Mademoiselle Lyot told me,—who thought it would be well for me to take some lessons of her and then if I wanted to take them of a gentleman to finish. She says this lady is a first rate teacher and she thinks that I will be pleased with her. Her terms are 12 francs a lesson and Mademoiselle Lyot says that the first gentleman teachers ask 20 francs a lesson. I shall not commence my singing lesson till the first of October when I go to school.

Mademoiselle Lyot says her terms are 320 dollars a year which includes French and dancing, board, washing and linen and silver—the same as she did for the Miss Jacksons. She said music and Italian are extra. She only charges for the time that you are with her. I think that I shall like her very much. She was charmed to get the letters that I brought her. I have got my winter hat. It is purple satin and cost five dollars—it has bright pink flowers inside. I have also a purple merino.

I have made a pair of slippers for Father. I do not think that they are very handsome, but you must think that they

are my first pair. I have a cravat for Alfred. I hope he will not think it too light—the gentleman here wear them very light. I have got one also for Ned which I have hemmed and one of the large sticks of candy which he wanted. I got that when the cars stopped at Rouen. I have got for Mary an apron and a small ivory cross which I got at Havre. I have also got a small ivory crucifix for Grandmother and some chocolates for you, and Gussie a little pair of boots. I wanted dreadfully to get him a poplin like one Mrs. Childs got for her little niece, but I could not afford it. I shall send them all by Captain Marsh who has kindly offered to take charge of them for me. I wish that if Father is in New York when the Captain is there that he would call down at the ship and thank him for his kindness to me, for he did every thing for me both on board the ship and at Havre that he could.

We had very pleasant company on board ship, Mrs. and Mr. Kingsley from Cleveland, Ohio and a little Frenchman from Havre with whom I amused myself talking French. The priests we did not have much to do with. The Capt., Mr. & Mrs. Childs and I amused ourselves playing whist every evening for the last week of the voyage. We soon realized that we were in a strange country on our arrival at Havre. It was in the morning when we landed and we passed the market going up to the Hotel. It did look so strangely to see the old hags, for when a French woman gets old you can call her nothing else—seated there without hats for none of the lower class wear them, and instead they wear caps with fluted lace or muslin around the edge, crying out to every one that passed to buy their fruit or vegetables and such things. In Havre I did not see one handsome horse and in Paris you do not see as many as you do in New York.

Sunday, 12 September, 1852

I received, dear Mother, your letter yesterday, and as you say it makes the third that I have had—one from dear Father the day that I arrived in Paris and one from you three days after. Oh! I was so charmed to get them and it was so kind in you to write so soon. Father's was such a nice long one. Oh!, you do not know how pleasant it is to receive letters from home.

I have been out three times in the evening—once to François, once to the Théâtre des Tauches and once to the Théâtre Français to hear Rachel. Oh, how magnificently she does act—it was in Polyeucte that I heard her. I have not seen much acting but I do not think that anything can surpass hers. She was Pauline and was dressed the whole time in a white cashmere embroidered in red, with coral feronière bracelets and earrings. I should call her handsome but you cannot judge on the stage. She has very black eyes and hair and dark complexion. The Opera is not yet opened.

Yesterday we went to the flower market and Mrs. Childs got a most beautiful bouquet of white rose buds, orange blossoms and heliotrope for thirty-five cents, a bouquet that would cost five dollars in New York. The market was filled with the most beautiful flowers in pots—green-house flowers they would be with us. You can buy an orange tree covered with flowers and fruit for 80 cents often. Flowers are indeed much handsomer than with us.

We went to the fruit market also and there saw such fruit as does not often meet your eyes, grapes,—green house ones, —for 16 and 17 cts. a pound. I got the most splendid plums, large white ones and very sweet for six cts. Their peaches are not as nice as ours. We are at the Hôtel des Princes and live very quietly and simply. We have for dinner boiled beef or roast and sometimes a chicken and sometimes lobster

and fruit that we buy at the market, for we can get it much nicer than what they give us at the Hotel. I went this morning to the English Church and must say that the prayers for Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, the royal children and the nobility struck me rather strangely. The music was dismal.

Last Monday, the second of our rainy days, Mrs. and Dr. Childs and myself were out walking and I wanting something went into a book-store while they waited outside, and who should I meet there but Miss Jane Woolsey and as she told me that her Mother and sisters were in the carriage, I went out to speak to them. If you get a chance to send me anything I wish it would be Harpers or some English books.

Paris, 20 September, 1852

Dearest Mother:

I took my first music lesson last Monday, and strange to say my teacher had no fault to find with my playing, and you can imagine that I was content to find that I could go on with my music without the vexation of going back and fussing over an instruction book. I am learning a most beautiful piece of Thalberg's barcarolla and have learnt a piece from "I Puritani." I shall have to learn some exercises too, but I do not dread it. I shall commence my singing and Italian as soon as school begins which is the 4th of October. I think that I shall like it at school and shall be contented to remain 8 or 9 months.

I was very much pleased with Mademoiselle Lyot, and then I am very anxious to get to my studys. Do not doubt, dearest Mother, that I shall do everything in my power to improve the advantages that you and Father have given me. I know that they are great and so much more will be my efforts to improve them. I shall do my best, I shall think of you whenever I am practising my singing and that will in-

crease my endeavors to excel. I am improving much in my French and I think that after a month I shall be able to keep up any conversation.

The things that I send home, dear Mother, have the names marked on them. The reason I send the apron to Mrs. Day is that one day Mrs. Childs went in a dry goods store for something, and after she had got it the clerk asked her if she did not want some silk for an apron, and as he had some that was very cheap—I saw this piece of purple silk and liked it very much, and as he said he would let me have all the silk for 23 francs, I took it. 20 francs is not quite five dollars. We saw some aprons made that we liked, and as Mrs. Childs thought I could do it I decided to make it up in one apron for you and the other for Mrs. Day, but as I have not had the time to make but one, Mrs. Childs thought that I had best send it to Mrs. Day and send the remainder of the silk home for you to do what you wanted with it. I wish that you would look over the apron and if there is any stitches wanted that you would make them. If you think it best you could give the rest of the silk to Maria Lanman, but I had rather have you keep it for I think that it would make you a real handsome apron; if you make it you must trim it with wide black velvet, the way I have done Mrs. Day's is very much worn here.

I went last Sunday to Père La Chaise as I wrote, and saw the tombs there of Marshall Macdonald and several others of Napoleon's generals; Marshall Ney's grave is only a small garden with no tombstone as the government will not allow one. The one that they are building for the Princess Demidoff is very elegant, more like a small temple than anything else—it is built of white marble. There was also a most beautiful monument there of stone made to imitate the trunk of an old tree and almost covered with ivy. I think that I never saw anything of the kind that pleased me more. We also saw the tomb of Abelard and Héloise—it did not

strike me as very beautiful—it is so old that the inscription is hardly visible. Almost all the graves were nearly covered with wreaths of what we would call everlasting, but they call immortelle.

We went into the chapel attached to the burying ground. There is nothing very remarkable in it. There were several old women in there saying their prayers and one handed to us a shell with very dirty holy water in it, which of course we declined taking. What interested me most was that I could hardly move without seeing some name that I have read about. To-day we went to Nôtre Dame. I do not think that it is as handsome as I expected to see it. There are some very beautiful pictures there, but it was almost too dark a day to see them well. They are repairing it now.

Last Monday and Tuesday we went to the Jardin des Plantes and saw there all sorts of birds and beasts. The flowers did not make much show. They have there some very rare trees and I saw a palm tree that was sent to Louis 14th—it could not have grown much. Ned and Mary would be perfectly charmed with the beasts and birds—particularly three great bears.

Going to the garden on Tuesday we were told that Louis Napoleon was to pass that way as he was going to Lyons. We therefore waited and from time to time we would see the carriages of his suite and then came the Prince President as he is now called. He was in an open barouche and on the front seat with him was his uncle Jerome Bonaparte. He was followed by two or three hundred soldiers on horseback; he is now making the tour of the southern part of France and he is received with great enthusiasm as the papers say everywhere the people cry, "Vive l'Empereur, vive Napoléon!" Another coup d'état is expected soon, that is that he will declare himself emperor. The chambermaid told me to-day that "all we poor people want is to get work and be paid for it and that is the reason that we go for Napoleon."

My music teacher says that she does not think that there will be much of an opera this year, though she does not know. She says that Grisi is getting old, Alboni is in America, and she does not know what they will do. She wishes very much that Jenny Lind would help them out. When I told her how Jenny Lind sang she said, "How I should like to hear her, I have heard them all but her."

How is dear Grandmother? I never go to my work-box or use any of the many things she gave me without thinking of her. I shall be so glad to see a letter from her.

Paris, 26 September, 1852

Dear Grandmother:

I do not find that the weather is very pleasant here. For most three weeks it rained every day but now we have had three pleasant days and we commence to think we may count on about three weeks more of pleasant weather, and then comes on the winter during which my music teacher tells me that she does not pretend to go out however pleasant it may be without an umbrella, for it generally commences to rain sometime during the day. It has been cold here for the last ten days and they dress quite as warmly as we do in the winter.

I went last week to the Louvre and was perfectly charmed. Of course the paintings that I saw were magnificent and they say that the gallery that has the finest pictures in it is shut up as they are repairing it. I should think that it would take one at least a week to examine the whole property for we did not begin to see the whole and we were there from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon. It made my eyes ache for two days after.

I shall commence my school next Thursday. I am very anxious to do so for I feel as if my time was lost when I am not either practising or out. I intend to do all I can to im-

prove my advantages. My music teacher for a wonder has found no fault yet with my playing; by that I mean that she has not put me back at all and has given me three most beautiful pieces of music. She is considered as one of the best teachers; if she was not good she would not teach at the Conservatoire. She is going to give me some of Beethoven's music and has given me some of Mendelssohn's—his "Songs Without Words." I liked Miss Lyot very much when I saw her. I should have been glad to have gone right to school when I came but I could not do so as she is in the country and when I saw her she had only come in for a day or two.

It has been vacation for the last four weeks. We have been to some of the celebrated places in and about Paris,—Père-la-Chaise, Nôtre Dame, Le Jardin des Plantes and Napoleon's column which he made from the arms which he had taken in battle; it is very splendid and on the top is a statue of the Emperor. We have been also to Vincennes where is the famous prison for state prisoners. It was there that the King of Spain was confined during the Emperor Bonaparte's time for seven years. The driver pointed out to us the part of the prison where he was and also where the Duke D'Enghien was confined and whence he was brought out to be shot.

I have seen the famous actress Rachel twice; once in "Cinna" a play of Voltaire's and the next time in "Polyeucte" one of Corneille's—She is a magnificent actress. They say that in 1848 when she chanted the Marsellaise the effect was such as cannot be described. She came out dressed in red and white with the French flags, and a gentleman that heard her told Mr. Henry Huntington that he should never forget it. She illustrated by her face and gestures everything that she chanted. When she finished he said she had no applause but the expression of faces round her was more than any applause. They had forbid the singing of it as it excited the people so.

I am obliged to you all for writing me. I have received four letters since I have been here which makes one a week. I like the French very much but I suppose I ought not to expect much sincerity from them. The ladies are not as pretty as ours and I do not know if I see the best class in the street but those that I do see dress with very bright colours, and not at all as I expected they would.

Paris is full of strangers. I should think that English predominated. We can tell an English lady every where we meet them as they are generally dressed in an outlandish manner with some old dress flounced and draggling along and they always contrive some way or other to kick it up behind. However there are exceptions to every rule and there came from Havre to Rouen with us a very pleasant and agreeable English lady. She asked however the most peculiar questions—one was if we spoke any other language than English in America. I did not understand her at first so she said "if you speak English entirely in America?" I told her "yes" although almost any educated person could speak French. I do not know whether she thought we spoke Choctaw or not. She asked me some other questions that were quite as peculiar but I have not time to mention them here.

I think that I shall return quite satisfied with my own country though I enjoy myself here very much. For one thing I like the French people very much—they never laugh at any mistakes you make. I do very well but of course I must make some ridiculous blunders. It is impossible to get any of our magazines here. Dr. Childs tried to find Harpers but was unable to do so. I wish if anyone would be so kind that they would send me Harpers. Capt. Marsh will bring it. I should almost be as glad to get it as a letter. I suppose that you will think that it is better for me to read French books. I know it is and I do read them but I do like to see a little English once in a while.

You do not know, dear Grandmother, how often I think

of you and all at home. I imagine you this evening at home or at our house with Mother, Father, Alfred, Mary, Ned and Gussy for whom I suppose Lucy is waiting at the parlour door, or she is coming downstairs coughing so as to make him hold out his arms to her. How I should like to see you all. Mrs. Childs and Doctor are very kind to me and do everything for me they can. Indeed they treat me as if I were their sister.

The weather is charming to-day—more like an Indian Summer, I should say than any weather we have had since I came. They call it St. Michel. You do not know dear Grandmother how everything you gave me brings you to mind. I cannot go to my work-box or see anything that you gave me without thinking; "I wonder how Grandmother is and what she is doing now." Do give a great deal of love to all, Mother, Father, Mary, Alfred, Ned and dearest little Gussy, Cousin Lizzy, Mary and Ellen, Uncle William and all. I must say Good-bye now.

Paris, 10 October, 1852

Dearest Mother:

Here I am quietly settled at school, and have been for the last ten days. I came three or four days before the school really commenced, so that I might get acquainted with Mlle. Lyot, before the other girls came. There is only one young lady older than I. It is very pleasant here, and Miss Lyot and the girls do all that they can for me, but sometimes I do feel homesick; but I have so much to do, that I do not find time for it often.

I have commenced all my Lessons,—Italian, French and singing. I like all my teachers very much. My singing teacher is an Italian,—Mr. Tiscorti. He seems to be quite pleased with my voice, which he says is a pure contralto, and

very true; he thinks that he would like to train me for the stage. What do you say to it? Will you be present at my début?

Doctor Childs thinks that I had better take lessons on horse back for I must take much exercise and there is very little taken at the school. In your next, will you write what Father thinks about it. I am very well now, much better than when I left home.

In Italian, I have learnt the verbs "to be," the articles, and a few phrases. Miss Lyot says that I have been very well taught, and that I speak French very well indeed. I have little difficulty in speaking, and none at all in understanding.

12 October, 1852

Dearest Mother:

I received yesterday your letter, and you do not know how glad I was of it, and then it had so much news. We are enjoying here now the chestnuts that you have heard so much about. I mean when Captain Marsh goes back the middle of January to send some home; they say that one can keep them easily. I wish, dear Mother, if you want anything that you would send for it soon. You can get most everything much cheaper here. I think that silks here are perfectly beautiful. I do not think that my dresses look strangely, and all of them here are made with quite large basques.

There are very beautiful styles of silks here, one is black or chocolate colored, with stripes of plaid velvet in the skirt —they are quite expensive, too much so to be common. I suppose however, that you have them. You would be perfectly astonished to see the quantity of black and watered silks here; they wear many flounces here, almost always trimmed with narrow or wide velvet, the colour of the dress.

You would say that Paris is in mourning; black hats are also the rage, but I do not think that they dress much different here than over there.

If you cannot get, dear Mother, a good daguerreotype of Gussy, because he is so contrary, I do not think you can have that excuse for yourself, so I shall expect to see one of you in the course of the winter, you do not know what a comfort Grandmother's is to me and how often I look at it. I shall soon commence for you one of the pretty pieces that you see here, and shall send it at the first opportunity, I am learning also to do the English work, it is quite pretty for shirts. I have not however, much time to employ that way, so my work does not progress very quickly.

Louis Napoleon has proclaimed himself Emperor, and they say that a Prussian Princess is here, that he is to marry. He enters Paris next Saturday, returning from his tour in the south of France. He is to be received by military honors, and it is said there will be quite a show. Doctor and Mrs. Childs are coming for me, so that I can see it.

I am now going to tell you what I employ myself with. At seven we arise, and at eight I have bread and milk and then go to my practicing till half past nine, and then three days in the week I have my Italian to recite and that employs me till half past ten. Then I breakfast, and at eleven my singing teacher comes twice a week. At twelve, when I have no lessons I go to my music again, though twice a week, I take my music lesson at that hour. At one I have my French lessons, and they last till three; then I practise till half past four and then I study my lessons for the next day till half past five when we have dinner, and if I have lessons to learn I employ myself with them from seven till eight, and then I read or sew till nine and then to bed. I walk however, about half an hour in the garden if it is pleasant. Dr. Childs says I must take more exercise.

The weather here has been perfectly dismal for the last

week, but now I think I can see some improvement. I do not see how they can write about sunny France. I am sure I have seen little enough sun since I have been here. Oh, dear me, I see that I must end this letter now, so give, dear Mother, much love to Grandmother, Father, Alfred, Ned, Mary and Gussy, if he can appreciate it, if he can't, Lucy can, I know; and all my Cousins, Aunt Adams and all my friends that take the trouble to ask about me.

Norwich, October 17th, 1852

Dearest Gertrude:-

I have been making Julia a visit in New York. I spent a week very pleasantly with her and Maria Lanman, who is also staying there for the present. Your Aunt I did not see much of as Mary was sick and she was with her. I had the treat of hearing the two great singers, Alboni and Sontag, and have no hesitation in saying that I infinitely prefer the former. I was disappointed in Sontag. She cannot equal Jenny. Her voice is very sweet but seems to me deficient in power, while Alboni's voice so full, rich, and powerful made her altogether the more attractive and her audience was much more enthusiastic. Dr. Barker and Lizzie seemed to think as I did. They talk of having them at opera this winter with Salvi and Bodiala, who came out with Sontag, but I think he hardly equals Belletti. I will send you a Home Journal giving a full account of Sontag.

You will receive this, dear Gertrude, with some other letters by Mr. William Ely of Hartford. You remember he called at our house the evening that I came back from Hartford. Being near Norwich he kindly came to tell me he was going to Paris for the winter and offered to take charge of any little packages for you. You will receive two things that I know you will prize, a likeness of Mary and one of

me. After several ineffectual attempts, I have at last succeeded in having one taken. I hope both will satisfy you. I suppose by this time you are fixed in School. I long to hear your account of it. I want you, if it is not too expensive, to have a hairdresser. Employ them either by the month or twice a week.

Leighton is to enter Dr. Hern's school and stay at Mr. Smith's just as Ben did. Alfred intends to go to Springfield next week. He and Mary get on grandly with their music. She does not like French and I think rather tries Miss Millon's patience. Lizzie Greene is talking French with her, so many conversations a week. As Miss Millon goes to her house she charges $20. a quarter. I think Mary is remarkably quick at learning. Mr. Monds gave her quite a talk before she began about her doing him the credit that you had. I think I shall take her out of school after this term for the Winter and have her devote herself to her French and her music.

Mary Strong was married in a very quiet way to Mr. Gulliver. Her Father was so sick that she went up to the Church (Mr. Arms). Hannah Adams was not invited. Anna Rockwell was here this fall. She came to see me and asked about you. I read your first letter to her and your plans for school. She exclaimed "Oh!, what rare advantages Gertrude will have." She is very much improved in appearance with lovely manner and converses very well.

We have had quite a change in the dining room. A chimney has been built against the south window towards Mama's garden. We have a range in the room underneath and a grate in the dining room. It of course shuts up the same window in the nursery and the stove is placed there. Gussy now trots everywhere. I have got for his best dress a bright red and black plaid raw silk, pink, blue and green delainies for every day. He looks very cunning. We talk a great deal of Getty to him. I hope you will be satisfied with the Da-

guerreotypes. I think Mary's is capital. They say my likeness is good but the daguerre is not, but I know you would prefer one that the likeness is good. I had seven taken so you must know I wanted to send you one.

All send love to you, dearest child, but none more than

Your affectionate Mother

Paris, 22 October, 1852

My own dear Mother,

Though it is only a week since I sent off a letter I cannot resist the temptation to commence another. When I am a little homesick there is nothing that relieves me more than writing home, unless it is to receive a nice long letter from you.

There was a great fête here last Saturday to welcome Louis Napoleon home from his tour in the south of France where he has been received every where with the cry of "Vive l'Empereur, vive Napoléon Trois!"—The boulevards were ornamented with arches of triumph, flags, flowers, and the evening with coloured lamps, crowns, eagles and the name Napoleon in gas. You do not know how beautiful it looked. The hotels too of the Ministères were finely illuminated and all the statues in Place de-la-Concorde.

I think that the finest sight however was a hundred and twenty thousand troops to-gether; the boulevards were lined on each side with them. There were deputations from the various markets—from one of the flower markets there were several young girls dressed in white with violet sashes who carried a red velvet cushion trimmed with gold lace and on it a crown made of violets. There was also many from the other flower markets with baskets and immense bunches of flowers. Louis Napoleon passed about three oclock on horseback dressed in the uniform of the French Marshal. It is said

that the Pope is coming to crown him and marry him. There will be a fête then.

I have taken my first Italian song. It is quite simple but very pretty and is by Bellini. "Voya la Luna" is the title. My singing teacher tells me that I learn very fast. I take also the exercises of Bordini. I have not the slightest difficulty with Italian. I practise my singing now three quarters of an hour and my piano three hours.

Yesterday in the afternoon Doctor and Mrs. Childs came for me to go with them to Sèvres. We arrived there however in time to see only the museum and the rooms where the porcelain is sold. Some plates were shown us at 40 dollars a piece. They were most beautifully painted with fruits and flowers. We also saw a picture, a copy from Raphael, which was only fourteen hundred dollars! The sets of porcelain were perfectly magnificent. The tea set consisted of tea pot, milk pitcher, sugar bowl, slop bowl, cream pitcher, cups and saucers and waiter. The prices averaged from fourteen hundred dollars to twenty-five hundred. I did not indulge myself, you may be sure, with the purchase of anything at that price. I bought however a bust of Saint Louis made of porcelain. Of course though, it looks exactly like the parian ware. It is white upon a stand of dark blue and gold porcelain. It is quite handsome and cost ten francs. Mrs. Childs bought a cup and saucer of dark blue and gold for which she paid twenty-five francs.

In returning we passed Saint Cloud. Entrance is refused there now because Louis Napoleon is there. We also came through the Bois de Boulogne, a place of great resort for the élégantes who go there in grand toilette reclining in open barouches so as to show the feet which are generally covered with the most beautiful satin gaiters. We passed one lady in a barouche lined with red, or crimson rather, footman and coachman in drab livery. She herself with a dress of crimson and black brocade, black velvet mantle, ermine, white

hat and feathers, black satin boots and her white muff on the red cushions opposite her. There was also another that was more to my taste—barouche lined with drab, footman and coachman in drab and she herself in drab and blue hat, drab silk dress, drab and blue cashmere and little feet in drab slippers trimmed with blue. The children here are dressed a great deal in plaid poplins and little circles of the same trimmed with broad velvet. Mrs. Childs is taking embroidery lessons. I do not think that I have taste enough to take them and now I have quite as much as I can do without undertaking any thing else.

The weather is as dreadful as ever—nothing but rain, rain all the time. They say that the Italian opera is going to be more magnificent than ever here this winter. The President or Emperor has taken a box and recommended all his ministers to do the same. They say that the Prima donna has a voice finer than Jenny Lind or Sontag. Mrs. Childs has rooms in Rue Vivienne—very pleasantly situated. I go two or three times a week to see her for about a quarter of an hour and then the Doctor does me the pleasure to touch my throat. I shall not need my lessons on horse back now as Miss Lyot has consented to have the Lingère walk out with me for an hour every other day.

I go out once a week with Mrs. Childs. She comes or sends for me at one o'clock. I take dinner with her and return about nine o'clock in the evening. One week I go Saturday and the next Sunday and go to the English Church with her. You do not know how kind she is to me and the doctor also. Miss Lyot also does everything she can for me. She treats me more like a parlour boarder for I take all my meals with her and in the evening Miss Qacca the only young lady here as old as me and myself pass it with her in the parlour.

Tell Father that I wish that he could help Miss Lyot's nephew. He has not yet found employment in New York.

He speaks English perfectly and must have a fine education as he graduated at L'École Polytechnique. You do not know how charmed I shall be to see Mr. Ely coming from you. If it is not to late you must send your daguerreotype by him. I think I shall have to get another dress. I think that it will be a silk or a poplin. You have no idea how much they wear them here. My dressmaker asks $1.50 for making a dress without flounces. Do excuse the looks of this letter for I did not perceive the blots till I had written too much to recommence again.

Paris, 4 November, 1852

Dear Grandmother,

I received your letter last week just before I finished one to Mother. You do not know how much obliged I am to you for it. You are so kind to write to me so often, I am perfectly foolish about receiving letters. I read them over and over till I can most repeat them word by word. How I shall welcome Mr. Ely and the letters he brings. It is very pleasant here at school and Mademoiselle Lyot is very kind to me and then my music, French, and Italian, occupy me so much that I have not time very often to be home-sick, but sometimes I get tired of studying and rest for a few moments and then I think of home, Father, Mother, and you, and I am not ashamed to say the tears do fall, but then again I think that in a year I shall be at home with you all and that encourages me and I go on with my studying or practising with a better heart.

The weather here is dreadful for two weeks—rain every day. I should advise any one coming here to provide themselves with umbrella, India rubbers, and blanket shawl.

I was at Père La Chaise last Sunday and as it was the day before All Saints' Day the graves were covered with bunches

and wreaths of flowers. It is the custom here to decorate the graves on that day. The cemetery was filled with people. I get on nicely with French and before I leave here I shall be able to speak it perfectly. Now I have not much trouble but you know that there are many words that I employ that a native would not but I learn very fast having no one to speak English with. I practise my piano three hours or three and a half a day and my singing one hour that with Italian and French occupies my time. I can assure you I am generally ready to go to bed at nine o'clock. How I should like to see dear little Gussy, how sweetly he must look trotting around. Does he still snatch at Lucy's cap strings?

12 November, 1852

Dearest Mother:

Every one says that we are so fortunate to be here this winter for in December there will be great doings to celebrate the marriage of Louis Napoleon and his ascending the throne, though he will not be really crowned till March when the Pope comes to perform the ceremony, and then there will be magnificent fêtes. I intend to write Father a French note next week. I shall enclose it however in an English letter.

You do not know what an excitement "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has made here and in England. They have commenced translating it in French and my Italian teacher told me that a friend of his had sent from Italy for it to translate it into Italian.

Last Sunday I was riding out by Saint Cloud with Doctor and Mrs. Childs when we saw a company of dragoons. We thought we would wait for a few minutes and see what was coming, when behold there came a long procession of carriages with all the Senate and representatives, the Arch-



Entry of Napoleon III into Paris, December, 1852.

bishop of Paris, Jerome Bonaparte, all in full uniform and followed by another company of dragoons. They were going to congratulate Louis Napoleon and give him their decision,—that is that he should proclaim himself emperor. I have been to the theatre once and the opera once; also I saw "Moïse," it was beautifully brought out. I do not care to go however oftener than once in two weeks.

Norwich, Nov. 6th, 1852

My Dearest Gertrude,

Day before yesterday, I received your letter, of the 12th October, and yesterday morning Tyler finally succeeded in getting the Bundle from Capt. March; or rather it arrived here yesterday. Tyler went to thank the Capt. according to your request, also Dr. Barker did the same, so Tyler thinks that the Capt. can hardly entertain a doubt of your sincerity, and our gratitude. I am very much pleased, Dear Gertrude, with your selection of articles, I think you have shown extremely good taste.

I know you will enjoy the Daguerres. You must prize mine, for I set 5 times at the same place in N. York that yours was taken, and at last I took the most forlorn looking thing. The children did not know it, when I got it home, and there was such an outcry against it that I went down to Case and he took the one which I sent you. My undersleeves are too thick. If I had had more time, I would have set again. I think Mary's was very good. I borrowed one of Hannah's dresses, as she did not take well in a high neck.

I will send you the November No. of Harpers, when the Capt. goes back. There is much about the palaces in and about Paris which I think will interest you. As soon as "My Novel" is out, I will send it by the first opportunity. It must now be very near finished.

You write beautifully, dear Gertrude. You express yourself finely. There are but two things which I wish to change, and those are trifles, but still I wish the Letters to be quite perfect. You use the word "*here*" too much, sometimes it will occur twice in the same sentence, and then you spell velv*e*t with an i. It is nothing uncommon dear Child. I have even after I was married found myself misspelling some small word and that repeatedly. We are all very proud of your letters. I assure you that I am called upon to read them constantly. I wish you the next chance to send something to Lizzie and Gussie Green. Of course, nothing expensive. A handsome knot of ribbon to Lizzie, if they are worn there, or something of that kind. I suppose at the Holidays, the stores will be full of elegant trifles.

The Paddocks' Caroline and Emily are here. They took tea with us, the last week. I invited the Lusks to meet them in the evening, we had music. Emily P. plays and sings quite prettily, and Mary Lusk played very well, too,—Waltzes and Polka. I assure you it sounded very differently from an attempt last summer. It seemed delightful to me to hear something like playing again, after listening to Mary's and Alfred's performances. It brought you back so, darling, that I could hardly keep from crying. Oh, I do miss you, dear Gertrude. I do like Mary Lusk. She is always asking for you and about you. Is Music very expensive there? If not, get something like what you are learning for her and a French song for Lilly. Ned has taken up his music again, and plays and sings some new negro songs very prettily.

I have got curtains for the North parlour, blue and orange; you do not know what an improvement it is. I had them made up in N. York. I have Miss Tracy to-morrow for a week. I shall have the purple silk made, although I had forgotten it entirely, until you mentioned it. I matched it and have enough for flounces. Then I got a very handsome brocade, two shades of brown, in N. Y. I paid $3.50

a yard, and I intend to get a black watered silk, before the winter is out. I am going to Philadelphia, after New Year's, to make Louise a visit.

I suppose you will hear before this the result of the Election;* the whole country has gone Loco. Your dear Father has taken another railroad to build, and will be absent most all winter. I suppose he feels disappointed but I have not heard from him since the election was decided.

Margaret is still with me, and is very good and obliging. Annie is gone. I think she always kept up a quarreling. Margaret is always asking for you; send her a little cross of some kind. Darling Gussie trots everywhere, but he does not yet talk but calls Dan's name, as he thinks he will ride then. I have got for him in N. York a felt hat, trimmed with a reddish brown, which is very fashionable this fall. It has bright china blue rosettes, and I shall get a dark blue coat, trimmed with velvet ribbon, white leggings, and your little boots, which fit grandly.

I have had a very pleasant visit from Mrs. Sam Lee. Mary Pratt came also, and stayed with Mrs. Abbott. She is a perfect wreck, and I should think she had some disease about her. Alfred is at Almy's. He says as soon as his work is done, Saturday, he rushes into Springfield, and spends Sunday with Mrs. Orne. Will Orne is in N. York, visiting Mrs. Whitredge. Alfred wrote me that he was coming here, and would stay with me, but he has not yet made his appearance. Your Father said he must write you to take riding lessons, and thinks he did so by Mr. Taintor; anyhow he spoke of it, and wishes you to do it. You must have exercise, so begin as soon as you choose. All your friends send you much love. I am constantly enquired of, for you. Do you sing exercises, and where do you go to church? All the children send much love. God bless you, dear child.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

*Election of Franklin Pierce and split in the Whig Party.

Norwich, Nov. 14th, 1852

Dearest Gertrude.

Although it is not yet a week since I commenced and finished my last letter to you, yet I think I will begin another to go by the Humboldt, which leaves the 20th. I prefer writing by those Steamers whenever they sail as the letters go so much more direct, and the postage is rather less. I wish now that I had sent you a list of their time of sailing, that you would do the same. I looked a little for another letter from you Friday by the Humboldt. I have just got through a dreadful hard week with Miss Tracy and Joanna. Thankful am I that it is over. Mary is rejoicing in two of your last winter's dresses, the blue merino and the Scarlet delaine.

Yesterday morning, dear Gertrude, Dan came up with a very satisfied look and said, "Here is a letter from Miss Gertrude." It was a delightful surprise, and Mlle. Lyot's was in the highest degree satisfactory. I enclosed it last night to your Father; I am truly thankful you are so contented, and have fallen into such kind hands. You will probably have the pleasure this week or next, of seeing Uncle Adams.

Do ask him if he has selected those pictures; perhaps your Father has not directed him sufficiently about the payment. Tell him your Father left here before the *election* and has buried himself in the mountains of Pennsylvania. It has been a dreadful blow for the Whigs. I think Webster did all the harm he could to Gen'l Scott and it will always be a blot on his memory.

Do write me in your next, if you take dancing lessons; how you sleep and a few more particulars of your new ways and doings. I had a letter from Sarah Cowen,* yesterday. She is still in Philadelphia. I was in hopes that I would have some news of either Julia or Louise to write you, but they still hold on.

*Whose long letter to her brother Edwin is quoted in Part I.

George has bought a big, fine house on Pine St., about one square above where they now are, and they intend moving in the 1st of January. William Orne is staying here for a few days; he is very agreeable, and gentlemanly, he says he is anxious to come out to Europe, and perhaps may see you there in the Spring. Alfred spends his Sundays with Mrs. Orne. She is very kind to him. Mary's apron is made up and looks very prettily. She went to Church last Sunday in that white bonnet that you wore last Winter, the dark blue merino dress and Circle. I had the Scarlet delaine made for her with a low neck, and it is very becoming to her, then she wears your old school cloak. Emma Tyler met her the other day with it on, and exclaimed, "Oh, Gertrude!" I shall get her a new bonnet and small circle for her winter rig. She and Ellen Lee are great friends, and wish their winter attire to be the same, so Mrs. Lee has requested me to purchase Ellen's for her.

Mary goes to dancing school, and last evening as William Orne was here, I let her go down with Mary Lusk and him to the dance. The music was fine, but the company was not very select. Mrs. Hale has left her house and gone to board at Mrs. Pendleton's. She sent me some jars of preserved strawberries. Gussy grows more and more cunning, we teach him to kiss your daguerreotype. He is great at shutting all the doors and is always for Dan to put the horse in. All send you love, dearest child, Ned and Mary, Lucy and all.

Goodbye. Your affectionate

MOTHER.

Paris, 26 November, 1852

DEAR MOTHER,—

I shall have to take back all I said about Mr. Taintor in my last letter for I spent yesterday with him very pleasantly. At 10 he took Alice and myself to Saint Roche where I heard the most magnificent music. Indeed I never imagined anything so beautiful—a full band in the body of

the church with a small organ and every now and then the great organ pealed in. There was a solo sung by a rich bass voice with three harps; it was perfect. It lasted,—that is to say the mass, about two hours. You would have been charmed. Then we came home and had a dinner,—a real Christmas dinner with plum-pudding and mince pie, and what you did not have, capon, trout and stringbeans.

I stayed with Alice all night and came home this morning at ten o'clock. Alice seems to be buying a good deal. Her father gave her a muff and tippet of ermine. They are very handsome. She has also two very handsome dresses,—a brown poplin and blue satin à la Reine. She paid seven dollars for the making of her poplin. My dressmaker would not have asked more than two I am sure. I went to midnight mass the night before Christmas in a little church near here and saw the communion administered to about three hundred persons. I thank you much for the bracelet. I shall be glad to see the hair. It will be most like seeing one from home. I was saying just the day the letter arrived to one of the girls that I expected Mother's New Year's or Christmas present at New Year's.

We have a vacation of three or four days. I think that I shall take the opportunity to go to the French opera as there has been a new opera of Auber "Marco Spada" which had made quite a sensation. I shall be very glad to see Mr. Winslow's son—It is my greatest pleasure to see any one with whom I can speak English.

You do not know how often I dream of home and as there is a rooster near by which crows exactly like Ned's Cochin China, I wake up saying, "What a noise Ned's rooster does make." You cannot imagine how dreadful the weather is; it rains half the time and the other half we are festooned with fogs such as you have never seen; it is perfectly dismal. If we have one pleasant day a week we think that we are very fortunate.

Paris, 27 November, 1852

My dear Mother,—

You do not know how much I think of home. I am afraid I shall act like a perfect fool when I arrive, I shall be so glad; for I must own I am sometimes homesick. There was a fête here day before yesterday but as the weather was very disagreeable I did not go. It was to celebrate the ascending of the throne by Louis Napoleon who is now at the Tuileries with the whole Bonaparte family. Last week Saturday I went with Uncle Adams to the Louvre, for one might go there 20 times without looking at half the pictures.

You must thank Father for his letter and tell him that I think I shall have to postpone taking riding lessons until the Spring for I have not the time to go out more than once a week. You do not know what perfectly dismal weather we have here—for a week we have not seen the sun. It is not very cold however and we have just commenced to have a fire. The grass is as green as in the Springtime. You do not know what a perfect rage there is here for the purple violet—one cannot pass a corner with out having the bunches held out (one for a cent). I suppose the reason is that all the Napoleons or the Imperials wear the flower in their button-holes.

There is not much going on in the musical world here; the concerts have not yet commenced. The Italian Opera is very good but they have lost Alboni, Sontag and Grisi who is in Russia and Lablache also—They say however that Cruselli, the prima donna, acts magnificently and has a very fine voice though not as highly cultivated as the ones I have just named. Do give much love to all of my cousins and when you see Ned Tyler thank him for his letter and the life of that hateful General Pierce. Why does not Alfred write me? Does his music occupy him so that he cannot find the time.

Paris, 12th December, 1852

Dear Mother,

I received last Monday your letter just after giving one to Doctor Childs to mail for me. You see how exact I am in writing every two weeks. As you want to know more about what I do and where I sleep I am going to commence by telling you that at first I slept in the dormitory with the other girls, but unfortunately there were two girls that snored most admirably. You see that if the French are so very polite and refined they do snore, and kept me awake most all night, and that was not agreeable, particularly as I had to get up at half past six. Mademoiselle Lyot was so kind as to give me a little room by myself. I am quite a privileged character here for I take all my meals with Mademoiselle Lyot, for the other girls never breakfast with her and dine occasionally.

I am really not kept as strict here as I was at Madame Chigary's.* I can be just as idle as I want to be but I find there is nothing worse for homesickness. I take care to be occupied all the time. All my teachers seem to be contented with me. I take dancing lessons and have learnt a new dance —the Italienne; it is quite pretty. Though I do see that the French girls are more graceful than ours, I really do not think that they dance as well. My teacher finds no fault with me.

I have sent off my bundle though in such a hurry that there is not half in that I wanted to send. Mrs. Childs told me that I would not have to send it before the 14th. I intended to send some bow-knots of velvet like your wristlets —that is to say the same style though different colours of course. I had got for Margaret a rosary and had sent it to

*Madame Chigary's was the fashionable school in New York in that day.

be blessed; it came home the day after the bundle left, I shall send it by Uncle Adams—the gloves are for Grandmother, the shoes for you and the paper also, the cap is for the morning as you will see. I think it is quite pretty. The little gloves are for Gussy. I wish you would send the length of his foot as I can get him such sweet little shoes.

December 20th

Uncle Adams came to see me day before yesterday. He thinks that Father will do better to purchase his pictures of one of our artists. He has seen no artist that can paint better than they, and then he thinks that Father had better select them himself for then he will be satisfied with the subjects.

I commence to learn to sing without my notes. My teacher says he gives me lessons en artiste and no one can sing well without the knowledge of the words and air perfectly of the song. He says that if I know them perfectly I ought to be able to sing them without my notes.

You would be astonished to see the shops here now. Ned and Mary would go perfectly crazy in the toy shops. The passage de Coq d'Or and that of the Panorama are perfectly darling. The drygoods shops would be tempting for you I assure you. The poplins are very handsome, they wear them a great deal. Mrs. Childs thinks that perhaps I shall have to get one; it will be a handsome dress for next winter and for that reason she thinks it is better to get that than a merino.

I wonder how I shall pass my Christmas, I am fearful not as pleasantly as the last, but then I can look forward to the next. You must wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all my friends for me. You must write me in my next letter all about how the Church was dressed and what music they had, what parties were given, what you

did at Grandmother's, for I am sure that you will dine there. I suppose I shall have my dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Childs at the Trois Frères Provençaux. I dine there with them every other Sunday. You must write me what presents you had. I shall send some to the children by Uncle Adams. It will be much better to get such things two or three weeks after New Year's.

I shall hope to go to the Opera in the vacation at New Year's. I have not yet been to the Italian; once however to the French Opera. Uncle Adams is going to take me out to walk to-day. We have not yet had what we would call a winter's day but forever and forever the dismal, dull rain. I shall be so glad to get to a country where it does not rain 4 days out of the seven.

One day last week I went with Dr. and Mrs. Childs and Mr. Henry Huntington to St. Cloud. We arrived there however 10 minutes too late as the Emperor had just sent an order to let no one enter as he was going to pass the day there. We returned however by the Bois de Boulogne and met quantities of carriages.

I wish Father and you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I am sure that when I come home I will do all I can to make the year for you a happy one and for dear Grandmother also. I am doing all I can to improve my advantages.

Paris, 8 January, 1853

Dear Mother,—

Sunday I went with Mademoiselle Lyot to see the Demoiselles Dego. One of them came out from America in the packet just before me. She had been passing two years between Savannah and Charlestown. She spoke English very well. I think she was at school with Mrs. Laseman.

Monday I went with Mademoiselle Lyot to Passy to see

one of my school mates. Tuesday I went with her to Giraux, a great shop something like Tiffany's and Young's—: then we went to visit a lady who lives near the Champs Elysées. I enquired about the bracelet. I can have one made at the same place where Mr. Taintor bought his for the same price, twelve dollars. It will be beautifully made with a very handsome clasp. Saw some ear-rings there that tempted me greatly, they were five dollars. I resisted the temptation for I have got quite accustomed to see things that I can't buy and never expect to.

16 January

I went out with Mrs. Childs last Wednesday and got a poplin, as my silk I had worn so much every time I went out for the last two months, that it has got so shabby that I was quite ashamed. I have had to take my purple merino for an every day dress for there is not enough of claret coloured that I bought, to make a dress, and the green which I had worn for most three months steady in the house has got to look the worse for wear. I paid 14 dollars for the poplin and have two extra yards for a new waist next winter if I want it. It is a plaid merino, blue green and cherry. It is very rich and is what they call here poplin de Lyon. I am going to have it made à la Pompadour as they call it here —that is open in front and fastened at the bottom with thin bands and bows of plaid ribbon, the sleeves loose, slit up and trimmed in the same way.

I was obliged also to get another cloak, for mine that was like my dress—I mean my purple merino, was not warm enough; for though we have not here snow or ice we have to dress quite as warmly as we do at home for it is so damp. My cloak is a dark brown cloth and trimmed with black watered galloon an eighth of an inch wide. It will make a right handsome cloak for next winter. I paid 14 dollars for

it. I got it cheaper for one reason that it is rather late in the season and for another that Mrs. Childs had bought her cloak at the same place and had paid 20 dollars which is very high here. Mrs. Childs says that I could not get one like mine in America for less than 20 dollars as the cloth is very fine and it is made beautifully. My grey one does not look at all like the circles they wear here. It serves however to keep me warm in the house. You would be frozen all the time here. They make up a fire in the salon when a visitor comes and when he goes the fire is put out.

I went to a concert last Friday; the music was magnificent. There was a sonata played, composed by my music teacher who is quite celebrated; it was really beautiful. There was also the overture of Romeo and Juliet, a sonata by Beethoven, a concerto for the violin by Nicolli. I wore my black velvet waist and silk skirt and in my hair black and cherry coloured velvet. I am getting so fat that I have all my dresses to let out. I tried on the waist of my light coloured silk last week. I got it together at the bottom but no farther.

Uncle Adams came to see me this afternoon and told me that he was going to leave Paris to-morrow for Havre and from there to England, Scotland and pleasant Ireland and from there to Home Sweet Home. I can assure you that I would have been glad to have gone with him.

I have only one intimate friend here. You know I never was very great that way. Her name is Maria Vacca. Her father was one of the Barons of the Empire. She is older than I, most 21. She is very pleasant, the only one that is as old as I here.

Paris, 23 January, 1853

Dear Mother,—

I went last Wednesday to see Alice Taintor for a few minutes. She said she had received a letter from her mother

in which she said she had just returned from Norwich. Louise wrote that she had a very gay time and went out every evening that she was there. I think that Norwich must be improving.

You ask me how much you ought to send to purchase your dress. If you want a real handsome one with three flounces,—they are very much worn here among the élite, it will be 25 dollars, but then the dress is so rich. I saw one the other day of a shade of grey that is ashes of roses and on the flounces wreaths of roses which fell in festoons. It was beautiful. I can get you a silk dress without flounces for fourteen dollars but flounces are so becoming to you I think that you ought to have them. I wish however that you would write the colour that you want.

I went last night with Mrs. Childs to the Opéra Comique to hear Marco Spada. I was quite charmed with it. The prima donna was Mademoiselle Duprey, daughter of the singer.

"Uncle Tom" has been brought out at the Théâtre des Français though you see very little of Eva or Topsy. Uncle Tom and Eliza are the principal characters. The whipping is done behind scenes. I have not seen it at this theatre. It is in five acts, and at another theatre 8 acts. I should think that it was too much of a good thing. I wonder if Mrs. Stowe comes here she will go to see it.

The only topic of interest here, or the principal one, is the marriage of the Emperor with Mademoiselle de Montijo, daughter of a Spanish General; the only thing she has to recommend her is her beauty. Every one is furious about it but they say: "We shall have to submit,—we don't want any more revolutions." They say that the Pope is coming here to marry them and to crown them. It will be almost impossible to get admission to Nôtre Dame where the coronation is to take place for you must have tickets and they will be very difficult to procure.

We heard last night that there had been a dreadful accident on one of the New York Railroads and that General Pierce's son was killed and that Mrs. Pierce and the General were very much jarred.

I have learnt another new dance—it is the Varsoviania,—quite pretty.

Sunday

I have been waiting all day thinking that Mrs. Childs would come for me to see the departure of the Emperor from Nôtre Dame, but as it is now most four I think that I must give up all hope of seeing the cortège. I must say I feel very much disappointed. Here we are so far out of the way that we hear no more of the noise or bustle than if we were in America. You tell me in every letter that I must enter more into the details of my every day life but really I have nothing to tell you for one day passes just like another.

You spoke to me about taking embroidery-lessons. I would if I have the time but every moment is now occupied and then it is very expensive—a dollar a lesson, and as I have not much talent for it, it would take some time for me to learn.

I am really homesick to-day. I just received Cousin Lizzy's kind letter which gave me all the details that I wanted to know about the parties. What gay times you are having in Norwich; it really makes me jealous to read the accounts; but no matter if I do go to bed every night at nine and study and practice all day, my time is coming and you must make up your mind, mother, to chaperone your Daughter Gertrude next winter, who I hope will do you credit which she certainly will, if she follows in your footsteps. Can you believe, dear Mother, that I will be sweet 17 in less than two weeks.

Watertown, Feb. 16th, 1853

Thursday afternoon.

My dear Gertrude,—

In the first place then my dear Gertrude I would offer my sincere thanks for your very pretty and acceptable present which does not fail to remind me of the giver each time I wear it. I have found it most serviceable on sleighing excursions, for my ears have required rather more protection than the present style of bonnet can afford. We have experienced such a great change in the weather that I feel the effects most sensibly to-day. Yesterday I was in Boston and the thermometer stood at seventy degrees and to-day it has fallen below freezing point.

I am sure I think we have had a most remarkable winter. I never suffered so from cold before in my life and I rather think Juliet realized it when she was here. I suppose you have seen her ere this and she has doubtless given you some account of her delightful visit to me. If it had not been for that *interesting* disease with which she was afflicted I should have had a much shorter visit for she only intended to pass ten days with me which was however prolonged to over five weeks. I think she enjoyed enough hearing Thalberg to more than balance all the disagreeable associations of her visit. I am sure I was never wrought up to such a pitch of excitement as at the moment when he made his first appearance on the stage and struck those first chords of Don Giovanni.

I attended a concert given by the Orchestral Union (formerly the Germanica) yesterday afternoon in the Music Hall. The house was filled to overflowing and I was perfectly carried away with the music which it is not necessary to say was very fine. The 4th Symphony of Beethoven and Miserere from Il Trovatore pleased me greatly.

The Mendelssohn Club gave their last of a series of concerts in Watertown last Tuesday evening but I had such a bad sore throat that I knew I could not enjoy it if I went, which was a great disappointment.

Edward Everett gives his great lecture on the life and character of Washington next Monday evening in Boston. Mr. Webster will do all he can to secure tickets which are not easily obtained, they being only in the hands of a few as it is not a public affair. I shall be greatly disappointed if I do not hear him.

Saturday I am going to hear Fanny Kemble Butler read. When I am at home days, I have a fine opportunity to read and practise. I have devoted about three hours a day to history and the same to music. I wish I could run home once a week and take a lesson of Miss Hodges for I know of no one in Boston that I want to take of after having enjoyed her instructions. I do not know when I shall be at home again, as I have so recently had a visit from Mother and Juliet. I think I shall wait a month longer. I should be very happy to hear from you at any time if you feel inclined to write. I have written to none of the girls except Lilly from whom I hear once a fortnight. As I have a letter to write home, I must bring this to a close.

With much love for yourself and Mother,
Believe me your very aff. friend,
HELEN WEBSTER.

Burlington, Feb. 21st, 1853

MY DEAREST GERTRUDE:

Knowing how anxious you will feel after receiving the letter which left here the 12th (I have forgotten the date) I write sooner by some days than I should otherwise have done, but oh!, dear Gertrude, I cannot relieve your suspense but in one sad way; our dear happy, merry Leighton has

left us—he died Sunday morning Feb. 13th. Perhaps I ought to have written you more discouraging accounts of the dear Boy's illness, but I could not bear to feel myself that he would not recover and hoped against hope until he was actually gone. All the events of the past week seem to me like a sad dream. I cannot realize that we never again shall see Leighton and yet I have seen his bright beaming face cold in death and stood by while his body was committed to the earth.

Leighton's sickness took a very unfavorable aspect from the first; it was Scarlet Fever in its most malignant form. He died on the ninth day. He was taken Friday, Feb. 4th. Monday night he began to be delirious and when the Doctor saw him at 7 o'clock that evening, he told Clementina Smith he was very sick and he wished other help called in. Dr. Pepper was sent for; he is considered particularly skillful in Scarlet Fever. Leighton then had his reason. When Clemma returned he said to her, "Cousin, I am very sick, will you pray for me?" She said, "Dear Leighty I do pray for you every day." He then said, "Do you think it is too late for me if I repent to go to Heaven?" She said, "It is never too late, for Salvation is offered us through Jesus and we have only to accept it," he then wished her to repeat some texts of Scripture which she did. He then turned to Ben and asked him to do the same. He then asked them to pray with him, and Harriet Smith read a prayer from the visitation of the sick. As she laid the book down he said, "Read me the burial service." That struck a knell to their hearts. Ben read it, and Leighty repeated very emphatically; "Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord"; he then called Ben and said time never seemed so precious to him and he thought he ought to send a message to his companions and schoolmates as a few days before he was one of the healthiest among them. Sometime after he said, "I believe if I were to die this moment the Lord would receive me into His Kingdom."

What, but the Divine Influence of the Spirit could have enabled that dear boy to face death in such a manner? Truly as he went through the Dark Valley the rod and staff of the Lord were with him. He soon wandered again and had his reason no more until the next night when he wished his Father (who came up that morning with his Mother) to pray with him—The Physician objected thinking it would be too exciting, but Leighton said, "No, No, it may be the last time I shall hear my Father's voice in prayer."

His Father then prayed with him and Leighty joined audibly in the Lord's prayer. He then asked his Parents to kiss him and forgive him for all the foolish things he had said or done to grieve them. That was the last time he held anything like conversation. After that he was either delirious or in a stupor. I never saw him during his illness—His disease was of so malignant a nature that I hardly dared expose Louise's children by seeing him especially as I could do no good. We alternated between hope and fear, Saturday morning he seemed just gone and Dr. Howe read the Commendatory prayer over him, but he revived and brightened up after that and I went to bed that night feeling that Leighty might recover and was not at all prepared for the sad news I received in the morning.

The next morning we went down with the precious remains to Wilmington. The body was carried to the House for it was not thought prudent to take it to the Church. The funeral was to take place at 4 P. M. The house seemed terribly desolate without Leighty's merry voice and smiling face, which were always ready to greet you. The funeral services were very simple; on the coffin were placed several white japonicas. Mr. Bernickle and Mr. Buck conducted the services; the Hymn was the 126th. We carried him to the old Swede Burying ground; the solemn service was read and we turned away and left the body of our dear Leighty to rest in hope.

It is a sad blow to us, dear Gertrude. Your Grandmother and Lizzie Law are deeply afflicted. I hear from Mr. Morgan that poor Ned is almost heart-broken. And your Uncle and Aunt, it is a terrible trial to them. I staid with them until Thursday and should have remained longer but I long to get back to your dear Grandmother. Your Uncle looks as if years had been added to him in one short fortnight and Ben at times is perfectly overwhelmed. I shall go to New York to-morrow and home on Wednesday. Jenny seems very delicate—they all send their love to you. Do not purchase me any dress at present, dear Gertrude, or if you have one you may send it. Perhaps Mrs. Day will take it; but if you have not, do not get it, as before I could wear it it would be old-fashioned.

Your affectionate Mother,

E. L. T.

Paris, 6 March, 1853

Dearest Mother,—

You do not know how very badly the sickness of Leighton's makes me feel. I cannot think but that he will be spared. I am very impatient to receive a letter to know how he is. I do hope that he is better.

I am just as busy as can be and have hardly a moment's time to spare from morning to night. I took last Monday at my singing lesson, the prayer from "Semiramède", it is very beautiful. I practise my singing sometimes 2 hours and a half at one time; my piano sometimes three hours and a half and at other times four hours a day. I should feel guilty if I did not practise well for I think that my expenses here will be a thousand dollars for the nine months. My board, darning, washing are three hundred dollars a year, and the rest will be for Italian, singing, and piano. As you wrote that you

wanted me to have a very good teacher, Mlle. Lyot got the best in Paris. My piano teacher has taught eleven years at the Conservatoire and composes beautifully—indeed she is quite celebrated.

Last Thursday, which was Mi Carême, I went on the Boulevards and saw a great many masks;—men and women dressed up. Ned would have been in his element. There was also a procession of all the characters in the opera of the Prophète followed by a band of music on horseback. I did not see it. Mi Carême means the middle of Lent and it is a day that the French people give themselves up to enjoyment and merriment.

I fear dear Mother that you are not contented with the length of my letters but I assure you that I write them just as long as I can. You know that I have not as much time as Alice Taintor. I cut off that half sheet because I thought the letter would be too heavy.

I went to a concert last week to hear Siami who is making quite a sensation here; he does play most beautifully on the violin. He played the prayer from Moses in Egypt arranged by Paganini (of whom he was a scholar) for one string; it was perfectly beautiful. To-day Mlle. Lyot took me with her to Vespers at St. Roche. The music was perfectly magnificent. I do wish that you could hear it.

When is Mary Dwight coming out? I wish if she can bring it that you would send me a merino skirt for the one that I have is getting the worse for the wear and I do not know where I can get one here; a hundred dollars here will be enough to get me a very pretty watch and chatelaine, and if you will I wish that the money that you are going to give me for the chatelaine you would give me for a set of corals.

Yesterday at my singing lesson I took a most beautiful song of Schubert, "The Tears of the Young Girl." I still keep on with my exercises; indeed my teacher says that I ought always to sing them. I am commencing to touch G

sharp. My teacher says that I have a rare voice for it is a pure contralto and do you know, dear Mother, that when I get discouraged I think that I shall be so glad when I go home if you are contented with the progress that I have made, that I shall be repaid for all my homesickness here. I assure you that I am perfectly contented; the time passes very quickly.

As you want to know exactly how I live I am going to tell you. At eight o'clock in the morning I have a bowl of chocolate—not very strong, and bread; at ten o'clock I have my breakfast which consists of meat, vegetables and water for I do not like wine. We never have butter—indeed I have hardly tasted any since I came to school.

Last night I went to the Italian opera for the first time; it was to a kind of fête given for the benefit of an artist by Rachel. She appeared in the tragedy of Phèdre by Racine. You cannot imagine how magnificently she acted. They say that she is finer in that tragedy than in any other. There was singing by the whole of the opera who sang quite well and after that Rachel appeared in a comedy Le Moineau de Lesbie. She does not excel in that as in tragedy but is far better than the common run. You ought to have seen the diamonds that she wore; her arms were covered almost up to the elbows with bracelets of emeralds, rubies, diamonds and pearls.

After that was a comic song that would have thrown Ned into fits. An old dancer who deploring the way they dance now days, shows how they used to dance in his time; singing sometimes, and dancing or talking at others. I hope that Mary practises well her scales for it is very necessary. I assure you I have taken some very beautiful pieces by Thalberg and two sonatas of Beethoven.

I am expecting a letter from you to know how Leighton is with great impatience.

Norwich, 23 March, 1853

Dear Gertrude,—

Your mother received a letter from you which contained the pleasant news that you are well. I think of you the first thing in the morning and the last at night and offer many prayers that you may be kept in the true way and so you may return to us in *Moral* and *physical* health. Your Uncle Alfred, since the death of dear Leighton, has been anxious to hear from dear Gertrude. He says they will never be as happy again since the dear, merry boy has gone.

But he died so happy, sure that Christ would receive him. His last words were "Good-bye dear friends, good-bye, Amen! Meet you all in Heaven; all in Heaven." May you, my dear, be one that he may meet—think of this. He is perhaps one of the last of our family circle that you would have expected never to have met again this side of the grave. When his mind wandered he said he wanted a carriage to go and see Grandmama before he went away. God's will be done; if we are as well prepared as he was, we may meet again. He requested the 23 Psalm to be read—said it comforted him, also the burial service.

What is all the folly of the world to a happy death bed. I could fill pages about him. I do not like the thoughts of you being left alone if Mrs. Childs should leave; should you be sick. I have not seen Mary Dwight this winter. She is in N. York and I do not think she will come without your Father, but I know nothing about the matter. I wish you not to put too much trust in anything, but be continually prepared for disappointments in this world. Ellen Dwight has inflammatory Rheumatism. Mrs. Young is near gone with consumption. Your cousin Mrs. Cowan was here the other day, fat as ever. E. Law has been quite well this winter and sends love. Jenny Lee has been unwell all the winter, her

mother is very much alarmed respecting her. We have had a warm winter, the steamboat has come up to the wharf every trip. Mrs. Washburn, Mrs. Hooker's sister, is dead. James Carew moves into the Doctor's house. Mr. Monds sold out yesterday.

Adieu, dear Child,

God bless, protect and keep you ever,

Your affectionate Grandma,

E. Lee.

Paris, 27 March, 1853

Dearest Father,—

Cousin Mary must come with you and we will have a right merry time of it. I am very contented here and never allow myself a moment to be homesick in. Mademoiselle Lyot took me with her this afternoon to the Champs Elysées and there I had the pleasure of seeing the Emperor and the Empress. There were 6 equerry which proceeded them on horseback. They were in a carriage drawn by four horses and followed by another drawn by two horses in which were two ladies of honour.

You may be sure dear Father that I value all the advantages that you are giving me and try all I can to improve them. Indeed it makes me feel sad sometimes to think that you are away from home earning the money that you spend so fast on my education. I only hope that your expectations will be more than realized and that you will never have cause to be otherwise than proud of your

Affectionate daughter,

Gertrude.

Paris, 2 April, 1853

My own dearest Mother;

I have now about half an hour to myself and I think that I cannot employ it to more advantage than in commencing

a letter to you. Last Wednesday Mademoiselle Lyot took me with her to the marriage of one of her old scholars. It was at eleven o'clock in Church. The young lady whose name was Mademoiselle Dubois was dressed in a plain white silk, two flounces of point lace and veil of the same which fell below her knees; it was very handsome; her dress was made high neck and long loose sleeves, she had in her hair pearls and orange blossoms and a bouquet de corsage of the latter, all together the dress must have cost almost two thousand francs.

The weather here is quite like Spring. The leaves are commencing to make their appearance on the lilac trees in the garden. I think it is time, for here we are at the first of April. My Italian teacher the other day, in talking of the Americans to whom he had given lessons, asked me if I knew a gentleman from New York, Mr. Benjamin, whose father was editor of one of the papers in New York. I told him that I did not know him though I knew very well his sister. He said Mr. Benjamin was very peculiar and hated to be taken for an American.

I wish that you would send me the length of Gussy's foot for it is such a pleasure for me to get things for the dear little fellow. I am sure that he is handsome. I do want to get his daguerreotype.

I wish that you would write whether I can stay or not as Mrs. Childs will leave the first of June and I shall want to know some time beforehar d. Do write that I can stay, for I do not want to come home to you half finished, but with the highest polish. I want to come changed in everything but my love for my Mother, Father and Grandmother and all my relations and my love for America. I do not see how anyone can say that they would like to live always in France, to me there is no place like America.

6 April

I think that you would have laughed if you could have seen me the other day when I tried on my summer dresses. That brown and white striped dress that I had made the last thing before leaving home and that I wore the last September would not come together anywhere but at the bottom of the waist; it was so tight across the shoulders that by no effort could it be brought together. My dressmaker was perfectly astonished and could hardly believe my figure had changed so much in six months. My purple muslin is very much admired here. My dressmaker wanted to know if I had enough for flounces. She says that when I go home I must have my dresses made with flounces. I will now give you some news that will give you pleasure; that is that I am complimented here very much for my beautiful colour. I that never had colour without a headache.

There will be a great fête here the eighth of May to inaugurate the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon first.

I wish that when you send me some books you will send among them the Harper's of October for nothing would give me more pleasure than to read them for I know nothing of what's going on in America. I heard that they were preparing in New York for a World's Fair. Is it true, and when is it to take place? How is President Pierce liked? Have you still Margaret with you? I sent her a rosary by Alice Taintor which has been blessed. To-day, Sunday, the weather is dismal—nothing but rain, rain. I mean to send you some gloves to try and see how you like them. They are made by Jouvin who some people prefer to Bowen. They ought to be nice for they are 65 cents a pair. I hear that gloves are a dollar a pair at home. Is it so? I have been to one of the famous concerts at the conservatoire. The music was perfect. My teacher got me a ticket. It is very difficult for a stranger to get a place as the places are taken from year to year.

Norwich, April 6th, 1853

My Dearest Gertrude:

I received yours of March 7th last Wednesday, we all feel for you and think and talk so much of you now, knowing how badly you must have felt when you received my letter which announced dear Leighton's death to you. His parents have him constantly brought before their minds at this Season. The morning that he left for Philadelphia after spending the Holidays at home he said to them, "I shall be here again the Saturday before Easter"—Dear Boy he is there again, but cold and stiff in the old Churchyard. Ben went up to town a short time since and brought back his trunk from Mr. Smith's. Your Aunt Julia writes that they never had resolution to open it, but placed it in his little attic chamber unopened.

I sent by one of the Salesmen in Alfred Edwards & Co. employ, a rigolette,—the lock of my hair, and Gussy's Daguerreotype. He sailed last Saturday in the Baltic. I suppose you will receive them about the 1st of May. As I did not know what kind of a person he might be, I directed the package to Greene's care, I was anxious to send, "My Novel", but Mr. Edwards requested me to make the bundle as small as possible as the man would only take a carpet bag. I hope you will like the rigolette. I think they are very pretty and becoming, they are generally worn the point in front à la Marie Stuart, but look pretty either way.

Miss Hodges has arrived and played for us last Sunday. She played delightfully, but oh! the singing. I am going to call on her this afternoon and make arrangements about Mary's lessons. She has commenced going to Mr. Spooner's school and as she still takes French lessons of Miss Millon (whom she abominates) she has her hands full. I have been to call on Miss Hodges and now resume my letter. I found she had whisked off to Boston this morning to get a



"Gussie," Augustus Cleveland Tyler aged ten or eleven.

piano. She intends fixing her price at 20 dollars—five more than Mr. Monds had. I do not think she will have as many scholars on that account.

Mr. Monds seemed quite touched when he bid us good-bye. I think I wrote you about the gold pencil, a joint gift from you, Mary, Hannah and the Lusks; he wrote a very kind note in reply and spoke of the satisfaction he had always had in all of you as scholars. Ned said he thought it was well his name was not in the note for Mr. Monds could not have put that in, as his recollections of the music lessons were anything but satisfactory. I hear Miss Hodges intends to have boys in the choir; perhaps she will make something of Ned in the way of a singer.

April 7th

I went to New Haven yesterday with your Grandmother and Lizzie; they proceeded on to New York and I spent the night with one of our friends, the Gerrys, and have just returned. I saw at the Miss Gerrys, Mrs. Ely of Hartford; she was calling there. She is the mother of Mr. Ely who took the letters etc. to you last Fall. She said her children were still in Italy. I should have thought Alice Taintor would wish to see something else besides Paris.

Mr. Mitchell comes to see us often and talks over his engagement; he appears very happy and is to be married in June. He has applied for your Uncle William's house, but Lizze thinks he will not succeed in getting it; then he spoke of Mary's house (Mrs. Child's) Do you think she would like to rent it? You can tell her what I have written. Perhaps they may go abroad after they are married; he told me in that case he should see you. Did I ever write you that Mrs. Charles Reynolds had another daughter, making the 5th? She was exceedingly disappointed that it was not a Boy and wishes to

name it Charley. Is it not a queer idea? Maria Lanman is making preparations to be married this Fall, perhaps she will come abroad. Anna Jeffries is very feeble and does not recover from her confinement, she cannot nurse the Baby, and Gussie Green tells me that Anna intends to paint his hair and eyes because they are so light.

Poor Gussie at present is suffering Martyrdom from James Lanman who has taken her in Anna's stead. Last Sunday several gentlemen were obliged to speak to him to prevent his following her up from Church and she does not dare to walk out for fear of meeting him! Should you write her do not allude to it. Lucy Perkins has been away since New Years visiting in New York and Albany. Mrs. Goddard has intended writing you and got some paper from me for the purpose but is now going out of mourning and her children have had the scarletina, a light kind of scarlet fever, which has kept her very busy. Alfred Goddard is in a concern in New London. I hear that Miss Hodges expects her pupils to come to her to take their lessons. Mr. Monds told me that he intended to write to you.

I had such a pretty present from Mrs. Davis Holland when I was in N. York—it was a most unexpected thing, a beautiful breast pin; it was a black enamelled cross covered with knots and bows of gold. Can you not write Mary Lusk a pretty note of congratulatory nature when Mrs. Childs returns. Write it in French. She told me to tell you that she did not think Charlotte Learned was engaged. Mrs. Lusk is much better. Mr. Charles Adams is going to live in Rutland, Vermont. If you have purchased me a dress Mrs. Day says she will take it.

I think you will see Mary Dwight in someway or other. I will tell you something if you will promise not to breathe or tell it to any living being. She has another love affair on the carpet and she cannot make up her mind whether to be married this Spring and go out in June, or not to be married

at all and come out with your Father. The gentleman's name is Mr. Taft of Savannah. Now do not lisp it to anyone, dear Gertrude, for Mary would not like it. Ellen is getting better. She looks very pretty. Do not trouble yourself dear Gertrude about money matters. Your Father is disposed to be very liberal to you. Do you want the corals now, and how much are they?

Good-bye dearest. All your friends send much love.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

Paris, 17 April, 1853

DEAREST MOTHER,

I shall commence this letter by telling you how many letters I have received this week. Tuesday I received one from you enclosing that of Alfred's which I was charmed to see. I thought that he had quite forgotten his sister Gertrude or thought that she was not worth the trouble of writing to. Tell him if he does not give me the handsomest of the fans that he has sent for, that I shall bring him home no ring from Europe. You can assure him that I sing none of Verdi's music as my teacher thinks it ruinous for the voice and that I am to sing some of the music of one of the oldest Italian Masters Porpora to have me to pronounce well and sing with expression. The more I learn in singing, the more I have to learn, it appears to me.

Yesterday, Saturday evening, I received the long promised package with the rigolette which is a perfect beauty and very becoming. You do not know how much it has been admired here; indeed here they have very few pretty things like that. It made me so happy to think that you made it, that your fingers had touched it. The little portrait of Gussy is a gem, how handsome he is! I think that I should have recognized it anywhere. The boy is so pretty, his eyes are perfectly mag-

nificent. I think that his hair is darker than when I left. I have kissed him I do not know how many times.

I am very sorry that you think that I do not write as well as when I left home, but to tell the truth I think the reason is that I write so much and so fast, for my Italian teacher gives me three letters to write a week and my French teacher three letters, and two or three translations from English into French, but I think that when I leave school and take more time in writing that I shall improve.

Father wrote me in his letter to take riding lessons. Doctor Childs was quite glad as he thought that I needed it, as lately, though quite well, I have had a good deal of headache. He has made arrangements for them; I am to take thirty lessons for twenty-four dollars. He said that he did not think it too much, as riding well is an accomplishment for a lady, and then he thought it would do me much good. If I had taken twelve lessons it would have been twelve dollars. Tell father that I mean to learn to ride perfectly, to leap and do all such things, and that I mean to keep two or three tickets so that when he comes he can see the progress that I have made.

I went last Monday with Dr. and Mrs. Childs and Mr. H. Huntington to see the Prophet at the Grand Opera; it was beautifully brought out and the ballet in it "parfaitement délicieux" as the French say. Telesco was the prima donna and sang very well.

I went out the other day with Mrs. Childs to get me a mantilla. I got a very pretty one, black silk trimmed with two deep flounces and each flounce trimmed with three or four rows of satin ribbon; the silk was very handsome. Mrs. Childs says that it is the best economy to get handsome silk; it cost me eight dollars which Mrs. Childs thought not high, as though very simple the materials were all of the best and it was made beautifully. I did see such a beautiful mantilla that tempted me so for you; one in a new kind of black lace and purple ribbon and only 14 dollars.

Sunday, 24 April

I thank you very much for the corals. I shall not get them till I go to Naples. I think that I can get a very handsome set for 60 dollars, that is necklace, earrings, pin and bracelets; it is the pink coral that I am crazy about.

I wonder how Mary Dwight will decide. I hope she will not get married. She had better come out with Father and enjoy herself with me first. I know the gentleman can wait. I mean to follow her example, and not get married till 25. I mean to enjoy myself first. I will write to Mary Lusk, as you want me to, by Mrs. Childs. When is she to be married? Do you think that I shall be asked to be bridesmaid? I suppose not. Nannie Day has a better chance. It is so long since I have heard what the latter was about. Does she ever ask about me? I dare say not as she never used to trouble her head much about me when I was home. I wish that when you get a chance that you would send me Thackeray's new work. I do not know the name of it.

27 April

Last night I was at a concert given by my singing teacher. It was decidedly the finest one I have been at this winter. Tamburini, the famous Tamburini, sung Largo al Factotum, from the "Barber of Seville." You would have enjoyed so much to have heard him. I never heard a gentleman's voice equal to his. His son-in-law sung with him a beautiful duo by Rossini. He has, they say, the best tenor voice in Europe. I can only say that he pleased me as well as Tamburini. His voice is perfectly delicious; oh, there is no voice like a tenor! I am perfectly wild on the subject of singing and would prac-

tise all the time if my teacher would let me, but he will not permit more than two hours.

Have I told you that my dressmaker has prevailed on me to have my purple muslin made with flounces; most all the thin dresses that are worn here have flounces. I do not go out often now in the evening for I find that somehow or other I am always behind hand in my studies the next day.

How is Lucy? I suppose that she is the same as ever; does she spoil Gussy? I suppose that the Taintors will soon arrive home. I am sorry that you are going to let Mrs. Day have the dress, for it is so pretty and the newest fashion. Oh how soon I have finished this page! I do not think that you can complain that I do not write long letters. Love to all, not forgetting Father and yourself.

Norwich, April 24th, 1853

Dearest Gertrude:

I received yours of the 14th and 20th last Saturday. We are so thankful, dear Child, that you are reconciled to stay and submit so cheerfully to the wish of your Parents; you will be so much better satisfied when you return and feel amply repaid for the sacrifice. Your Father reached home at last on Wednesday of last week.

Friday evening there was a telegraphic message brought in from New York signed by Mr. Amory Edwards saying that your Aunt Charlotte died suddenly that afternoon; (we had heard a few days previously that she and Sarah Henshaw were visiting in Brooklyn). You can imagine how much we were shocked; your father went down to New York that night. The next morning I received a message from him that he should come up that night bringing Sarah and the corpse. That afternoon Sarah Cowen came down from Hartford and the next morning we met after so long a time. Poor Sarah

Henshaw! she brought her little boy with her. Her husband was at the West.

It seems that Friday after dinner your Aunt Charlotte started for Greenwood taking Sarah's little boy with her; he is now rather more than three years old. She was apparently as well as usual. On their return from the cemetery they were in the omnibus. She suddenly fell forward. There were two ladies in the omnibus, who stopped it instantly and they happened to be near a druggist's shop, who was a Doctor. They called him in and he pronounced her dead! they took her into a Hotel close by and used every means but to no avail; the only means they had of discovering who she was, was a letter that happened to be in her pocket directed to Amory Edwards, for little Ned Henshaw could not speak plain and cried so violently at finding himself among strangers that he cried himself to sleep; so they had to send to New York for Mr. Edwards.

Just imagine the shock to poor Sarah to have her Mother brought home dead. On Monday morning we started for Brooklyn to lay her by her husband. Mr. Morgan accompanied us, we left the cars at Killingly and found there several of the relations from Brooklyn; we passed through the village and went directly to the burying ground. Poor Sarah was very much overcome. Your Father had almost to hold her up as she stood by the open grave of one who had been Mother, Sister and Devoted Friend to her.

Your Father thinks seriously of bringing out Ned with him to put him to school in Paris and wishes you to inquire of Mlle. Lyot respecting the different schools, the prices, etc. Mr. Cleveland has promised to come also with him. I think Mary Dwight's affair is off, but I shall know when I see her. Ellen is better but looks quite delicate. She is going to Sharon this summer with her Mother. She has quite a devoted beau in Charles Johnson.

Alfred came from Springfield on Saturday, not feeling

well, his fever and chills hang on so. This morning he started for New York to spend a few days at Lizzie's, treat himself to the Opera and consult the Doctor. He has improved so much in appearance. He has a cunning little mustache and I think I shall have a Daguerreotype taken of him and send you by an early opportunity. He says the Childs are coming out in June.

Mary has commenced her music lessons; of course Miss Hodges put her back to the scales. The girls are all charmed with her; she is very interesting in her appearance and a fine musician, she was in England for the first 18 years of her life and her musical talents have been highly cultivated. She has a fine rich, full voice, a contralto I should judge, and the other day I heard her singing a song from the Stabat Mater in the Church to Mr. Morgan; she was playing the organ herself. She makes our organ sound very differently from what Mr. Monds ever did. I was very much entertained, dear Gertrude, by reading your account of the splendid music at Easter and Good Friday. What a treat it must have been. I imagine Miss Hodges sings something as you do. I thought so when she was singing the Stabat Mater.

Good-bye dearest Child, God bless and keep you is the prayer of your affectionate

MOTHER.

Norwich, May 8th, 1853

MY DEAREST GERTRUDE:

I am feeling just at present rather nervous and anxious, for it is three weeks yesterday since I had a letter from you, dated from the 16th of March up to the 27th. I think sometimes that I had a letter in the cars day before yesterday (as the Asia arrived the day before) but there was a most frightful accident occurred that day to the cars between New Haven and New York at Norwalk. They were precipitated

down the draw of a bridge which was open and 47 lives lost. The train was going at full speed and the engine, tender, baggage and two passenger cars dashed down. It has created tremendous excitement all over the country. I came over the road with the Taintors only Tuesday, and Alfred on Wednesday. The mails were all more or less injured.

I went to New York with your father week before last and, as it happened, we were there when the Baltic arrived on Sunday evening. The Taintors came at once to the St. Nicholas where we were staying; they had only 11 days passage. Alice looks finely and says you have gained more flesh than she has. I went up to Hartford with them and staid a day. A Miss Rotch, a young English girl, came with them, a cousin of Frank Rotch of whom perhaps you may have heard them speak. Mr. Taintor spoke very kindly of you and said he felt very sorry for you when they left and he sent you off thinking the longer you stayed the worse you would feel.

May 12th

Mr. Henshaw got up from a sick bed when he received the telegram announcing your Aunt Charlotte's death and came from Ottawa, Illinois. He was taken sick again in the cars and when he arrived in Brooklyn was so sick they felt alarmed about him, so as soon as he was able to be moved Sarah took him up to Hartford. I found them all very much pleased with him there; he is very gentlemanly and lively, animated in his manners; he has certainly made quite a change in Sarah. They came down here last Saturday and left this (Thursday) morning. Sarah's child is not particularly interesting nor good looking, but I should think a very intelligent child. Sarah sung for us and beautifully, although she said she had not practised for a long time. The Faro was one of the songs.

Miss Hodges has improved Lilly's voice very much. She

sings finely herself and is improving the music in Church very much. She dresses in the most eccentric taste. Lizzie Bentley and Dr. Allen were married in the Church night before last; old Deacon Bentley is very much vexed that she should have Mr. Morgan marry her and would not go to the Church to witness the ceremony. She looked very beautifully.

We shall soon be looking for the "Bachelor"* and his bride; they will be married about the first of June. He conned over the marriage ceremony and seemed to think it would be very hard to get through. Their plans are very undecided, they may go abroad. He said in that case he should see you. Mrs. Day celebrates Nanny's coming out by a large party to-morrow night. I presume it will be very brilliant but of course shall not go myself. Alfred is still at home and is anticipating much pleasure. He is as devoted as ever to Augusta; how kind she has been in writing to you.

Mrs. Carew's Father, Mother and Sister are here. I think poor Jemmy will have his hands full if they are going to live here. They have moved into Dr. Hooker's house. Miss Millon called and was quite shocked at their pronunciation, regular patois. Mary Dwight's affair is entirely off, she told me she could not bear the man; according to custom, she seems to hate them as soon as she is engaged to them. Did I write you that Mr. Cleveland was coming out with your Father; the latter tells Mary Dwight he will bring her if she does not flirt too much with Cleveland.

It was nine months on Monday since you sailed. Does it seem so long? Your dear Grandmother is still at Wilmington, but will return in a fortnight. They say Ingleside does not seem like the same place, it is so sad without dear Leighton. Gussy begins now to say several little words. We all try to make him say "Getty", he is full of mischief. Ned takes singing lessons of Miss Hodges and sits in the choir. I gave the rosary to Margaret, she was very much gratified. The

*"Ik Marvel," Donald G. Mitchell.

chemisette and sleeves were very pretty. Henry Goddard has the candy. All send you love, dear Child. I must get a letter in a day or two or I shall be very anxious.

God bless you.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

Norwich, May 25, 1853

MY DEAREST GERTRUDE:

This morning I received yours of the 17th and 24th April, which was a most unexpected treat to me, I enclosed the first instantly to your Father as it was so long since we had a letter from you. I knew he would be anxious, indeed, we are so all the time, dear Gertrude; your Father particularly. Now that the Childs are going to leave, we feel more so. Do be very careful never to step your foot out of the house alone, and remember that all privations and restraints will be amply made up when your Father comes out. You must not think, dear Child, that we have heard that you are not circumspect in your conduct—far from it. We only feel the natural anxiety of Parents for a child far from her home and Friends; and Fathers are particularly sensitive about a Daughter, just growing up. Of course someone will go with you to riding school. I like the plan of your taking lessons.

Mr. Mitchell has obtained the consulship at Venice. As you will perceive, he is to be married next week and will be in Paris in the course of the Summer, he told me of the plan sometime since and spoke of seeing you; he will probably stay abroad two years.

I had a very pleasant visit in Springfield at Mrs. Orne's. She is living very quietly but prettily. Linda is quite pretty. William is at Sea, and Dwight is in a machine shop with Edward Foot. She asked constantly about you and has your mats in her pretty parlour. She said you were always a favourite of hers. Leila Childs has improved in her appearance

and for all I can see, dresses as prettily as any young lady of her age, which, by the way, is 18. I did not know she was so much older than you. She, with her Father and Mother, sail the middle of July for England. I do not suppose they will get to Paris before the 1st of September as they are going into Wales. They do not intend to be absent more than four months.

Ellen's hair has all come off in consequence of her sickness and she is going to have her head shaved to-morrow. I am sorry for her, for it will be a harder job than she thinks, and I do not think caps will become her. I hope you have your hair attended to regularly. Lizzie thought hers improved very much while in Paris. She had a hairdresser whom she engaged by the month.

I do not know of any new book that Thackeray has written. There have been some old things republished that I do not think are worth the reading. I will send you "My Novel" by the Mitchells if you wish, and some numbers of Harper's. I do not think May will be married for sometime. Nannie Day is just the same, not at all interesting; her mother gave a large party a week since; of course I did not go, but I heard several remarks on Nannie's plainness. Be careful, dear Gertrude about your spelling. Studies is the plural for study. Gussy now says a good many words. He calls Hannah (Adams) Eddy Arm.

Your affectionate
MOTHER.

New York, Sunday, June 12, 1853

MY DEAREST GERTRUDE:

Yesterday I went down with Dr. Barker and Lizzie to see the Steamship Atlantic sail. She was crowded with passengers, 200 was the number; it was really a splendid sight and I looked forward to the time I should be on that same

spot and see you come in, perhaps on the same steamer. I told the Dr. and Lizzie that if I had to wait a day and night, I should stay on that wharf to meet you. Then we went on board the Arctic and saw the stateroom taken for Mr. Mitchell and his Bride; they sail the 25th, in just a fortnight. We received most liberal supplies of cake, the boxes were quite an extra size. They arrived here last night; we have not yet seen them, but expect them to tea this evening with us. Dr. Barker has seen her and thinks she is pretty.

I shall send by them an excellent Daguerreotype, which I had taken of Alfred and Ned for you; they are both in the picture. Lizzie Barker says that she took lessons of the same Italian teacher,—that Mr. Benjamin recommended him. Last Sunday was Confirmation, there were 28 confirmed, among them were Miss Millon, Sarah Kerini, Lilly and Willy Lusk that you know. It was also Communion Sunday and Mary Lusk and Augusta Greene joined the Church. Hunt Adams has gone out West to visit his Father and spend the summer. Mary Woolsey is to be married on Thursday to Mr. Howland, an Episcopal minister. Mr. Flagg is going to leave Norwich, he has had a call to a Church in Baltimore as Assistant Minister. Mrs. Flagg is very much out of health. She lost her father in the winter and now has lost a brother.

Ellen Dwight's beauty is by no means improved by her shaven head, and I will tell you something very funny if you will not mention it. Charles Johnson is devoted to her; they walk together every day. I do not imagine it will ever amount to anything more.

Monday, June 13th

Well, dear Gertrude, at last I have seen the Bachelor's Bride, they took tea here last night. She seems to be about 22. I do not think her pretty. Dr. Barker does. She is very sociable

and chatty and I think you will like her. I hear that Mr. John Rockwell of Norwich is going out in the same steamer that they sail in. I shall see him when I return home and tell him that he must go and see you; as he is a staid middle-aged gentleman, I think there can be no objection.

Mary is coming out grandly in her music. She is now taking "La Favorita" and others of those pieces by Beyer. She has also a very fine voice and I make her sing a scale every day. She strikes B. flat. I think you can be of great service to her when you return. She is rejoicing at present in the pink muslin, which Mary Dwight gave you, the pink striped calico and the buff muslin, nothing that you ever wore will go round her waist. She is very stout and large and much taller than Ned. I wish he would grow faster. I cannot bear to have him short.

Tuesday

I went last night to Francorie's Hippodrome and saw wonderful performances with horses, chariot racings, etc. etc. William Bond says it is larger and better than the Francorie in Paris.

Your affectionate
MOTHER.

Norwich, Tuesday, July 26th, 1853

MY DEAR GERTRUDE:

For a wonder we have had Madame Anna Bishop and Buisha, the great harpist here. She also sung "Je suis la Bayadère." They now have a fine opera at Castle Garden, Sontag and Stiffanove. At Nobles, they have English Opera, Madame Thillon. I heard Stiffanove in Norma. They say she is the best Norma that has ever been in America, but

I prefer Alboni's singing "Casta Diva," although I heard Jenny sing it.

I am sorry to say Miss Millon has left for good. She has but five scholars promised for the next term,—that following the vacation,—and she does not dare to stay lest she should have none the following winter. I am sorry; she is a great favorite in town. As it was, Miss Ingersold, Mrs. Lush, Mrs. Ball and myself were the last to stay by, although it was a regular waste of money as it regarded Mary, and so Miss Millon said. One day her Father undertook to hear her French lesson, but finally got out of patience and threw the book down in disgust. She gets on well in music. She is now playing "La Fille du Régiment" and the bass of that duet which you played with Mary Lusk so long since.

James Lanman has been sent to the retreat; he troubled others beside the Greenes and there was so much complaint that the Town took it up and sent to the Family giving them a week to take care of him or they should do it. So they packed him off last week and I suppose that Augusta breathes again.

You do not know how much Ben Lee has improved in appearance, he has grown tall and altogether is a very fine looking young man. Uncle Alfred, Mr. Law, Ben, and his friend Rosengarden have all gone to Montreal and Quebec. As to Gussy he is growing completely boyish and is not half as interesting as he was a year ago. I wish I could put him back to a Baby again.

Will went to Harvard with the intention of entering, but could not be admitted; their examination is very strict and although Will is wonderfully advanced for his age, he was rejected. I am glad of it for he is too delicate to study so hard; he will go as John did.

Alfred came home last Saturday, he is looking quite well again. He says Bob came up to Ann's to select a sword

and seemed to quite scorn him in his working attire; the worse of Bob is that he is awfully conceited; he graduated the 22nd.

I was in New York the day the Crystal Palace was opened. I did not go to the ceremony or care much for it, especially as the price of admission was ten dollars. Your Uncle Alfred had a ticket sent to him and he took Lizzie Barker, they said the performances were really worth seeing. I saw the procession, but missed seeing the President as he was on horseback and the papers said he would be in a carriage. Dr. Barker said he would send you a paper giving an account of it. I will send you by this same mail the Times that we take and in future you shall have papers often. I was quite sick after my visit in New York. I think the fine table at St. Nicholas was the cause. I never saw anything like the gorgeousness of that establishment, and then it is very comfortable.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

Paris, 31 July, 1853

DEAREST MOTHER:

I think for the future that you will not have to complain about not receiving my letters for I mean now to write as I have always done every two weeks and send by England. I sent one Thursday which cost me 50 cents for I finished it in a great hurry and not knowing it put in a half sheet too much of paper and the servant who carried it to the post office knowing that I was very anxious to have it go that day did not bring it back to me to take out the paper. I think however, that you will not grudge the price if it reaches safely Norwich. For the future I intend to send by the American Steamers which leave Liverpool every other Wednesday.



St. Nicholas Hotel, New York City, about 1852.

There is going to be a great fête here the 15th of August which I shall hope to see. It is for the old Emperor's birthday. They have already commenced to make the preparations.

There is the greatest quantity of fruit here this year, more than usual—strawberries, raspberries, cherries, currants, gooseberries, pears, plums and apricots. I go often to the market of flowers in front of the Madeleine. I see there the greatest quantity of flowers and you have no idea how cheap they are. One can have a beautiful geranium, heliotrope, carnation or rose for 20 cents—when I come home I mean to bring some flower seeds.

I have just learnt a long piece of Italian poetry—21 verses on "The Death of Napoleon." It is very beautiful. I suppose that there is now in New York great excitement about the World's Fair—how I should like to see it. You must write me all about it, for without a doubt you will go to see it. You have no idea what a quiet life I lead—one day passes just like another and all of them very quickly.

Sunday, 6 August

I have just come in from visiting Père La Chaise with Mlle. Lyot; it is looking now very beautifully. Last Wednesday I was at the Conservatoire to see the examination of the pupils for the Opéra Comique. It interested me very much as each pupil appeared as the principal character in the act of an opera; by that means I got an insight into 18 different operas; the "Domino Noire"—the "Ambassadeur," the "Diamants de la Reine," the "Toreador," "Fra Diavolo," "L'Eclaire" and "Le Pauvre Fortune," "les Mousquetaires" and the "Barber of Seville" of Rossini and several others that I do not now remember, all in costumes. I think that I shall never have another chance to see any-

thing like it, and as you cannot buy the tickets very few strangers have the opportunity that I had. It was my music teacher who teaches at the Conservatoire who gave me two tickets; she also gave me others to be present at the examination of those who learnt the piano; how they did play!

Norwich, Monday, August 8th, 1853

My dearest Gertrude:

It is just a year to-day since you left me and it is now about the time that I kissed you for the last time. I thought then the year would never pass away and I dare say you thought the same, but I should not like to have you gone much longer. We have been wonderfully preserved in health and strength, and how much cause we have to be thankful! Your dear Grandmother is wonderfully well and I have no doubt when you see her she will look as young as ever; she thinks and talks much of you. Alfred came home from the Ornes feeling quite poorly. He has now gone with Henry Bond to Niagara and intends before he returns to go to Skaneateles and see his Grandfather's grave.

Since I wrote the last, dear Gertrude, I have been to Boston with your Father and Uncle William. The tremendous heat drove us back last night and to my great delight I found two letters from you. You have reason, dear Child, to be thankful you were not here last night. I hoped it would be cooler here than in Boston, but I was mistaken. I could not sleep in my bed and had to get up and set in the piazza. The glass stood 84 at midnight.

The yellow fever at New Orleans is making frightful havoc. George Thomas, Mrs. Wm. Thomas and her son are all dead with it, sometimes there are 200 deaths in one day, people are leaving the city and dying in the boats.

'The pestilence that walketh in darkness' is indeed frightful and terrible.

The Mitchells did not expect to go to Paris before the middle or last of this month. I sent nothing by them, but the song and some crochet cotton. You have never mentioned that which I sent by Mr. Goodman; do tell me if you have received it. I sent by Dr. Doremus a Harpers for July. Dr. Barker says he sent you a paper giving an account of the opening of the Crystal Palace. I sent by the Humboldt a paper. I will always send you one by the Havre Steamer; the Franklin goes the last of this month. I will send you some Home Journals soon.

Guss has learnt, when we say "where's Gerty?" to run and get your daguerre and kiss it; how I long for the other, you must try until you get a good one.

Alfred returned this morning (Sunday); he has had a very pleasant trip. He went to his Grandfather's grave; he heard him spoken of so highly. The very black man who took him out there said he should have asked anyone else a dollar but as it was Cap't Lee's grandson he would ask him 75 cents.

I have not gone to Church to-day, it is tremendously hot. Miss Hodges has gone off for her vacation and Mr. Learned is occupying the organ. You cannot imagine how sweetly Ned sings. Miss Hodges says he has the most beautiful boy's voice she ever heard. He sings a solo from the Messiah delightfully.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

Paris, 11 August, 1853

MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,—

Last Friday afternoon Mrs. Deming came over to see me and kindly gave me an invitation to pass the evening with her to meet some Americans, which I accepted. Mad-

emoiselle Lyot kindly conducted me there and sent a servant for me with a carriage. Do you believe that it is more than a year since I have seen so many Americans together! I suppose that you, Mother-like, will like to know what was my toilet. It was my silk that I had for Cousin Helen's wedding that I wore. You know that I have had it made over, open in front with bows of ribbon and pretty inside handkerchief of valenciennes lace and sleeves to match. My hair plainly dressed with large puffs in front. I was just dressed about right.

I mean to have made, if I go out again, a spencer of white muslin either plain or stitched with basque trimmed with Valenciennes opened in front with very large loose sleeves trimmed with ruffles, bordered with the same lace as the basque; and I shall wear it with no matter what coloured skirt and trim it with ribbons to match the skirt. It will cost about three dollars. They are very fashionable here for young girls and even married ladies.

Now to return to my party I met there about 25 or 30 Americans most all of whom had been in Italy. Among them was a Mr. and Mrs. Robinson from I do not know where. The gentleman said that he had seen Father in Georgia and also at the City Hotel, New York. I saw also a third Miss Doremus who looked very much like one of the Woolsey's. I do not remember which, and many other persons whose names I do not remember.

There was a Mexican there who spoke French sometimes with me. He complimented very much my pronunciation and asked me if I had not commenced it very young. I myself think that I speak it a little differently from most Americans. You must tell Father that I think that I do more honour to the family in that way than Mary. My Italian teacher says that I make great progress in that language. Do you know that when I come home I mean to learn either German or Spanish or perhaps both, for they say that I

have great facility for languages and you know that I am never more contented than when studying.

To-day Sunday—the day before the great fête of the first Emperor Napoleon, I went with Mlle. Lyot to see a great review of the hundred and fifty thousand soldiers. You do not know what a magnificent sight it is and some of their uniforms are almost covered with embroidery in gold and silver. You cannot imagine how beautifully the Tuileries were decorated. I went there in the morning with Mlle. to see the preparations for the illumination as in the evening there would be such a crowd there that it would be impossible to enter the garden before the palace.

There were large vases filled with artificial flowers which were to contain in the evening little lamps. In the woods or at the edge of them there were long rows of niches hung with different coloured glasses filled with oil, but it was the arch at the entrance of the Tuileries which was the chef d'oeuvre, it was quite as high if not higher than Grandmother's house and hung all over with the coloured glasses surmounted by an eagle illuminated, and hanging from the middle of it, a crown with the letters L. N. All around the Place de la Concorde were the niches, as in the Tuileries, and also on both sides of the Champs Elysées as far as the Bassinère de l'Etoile. Mlle. Lyot took me to see the two latter places in the evening, when I saw also the arch at the entrance of the Tuileries. I cannot describe to you how beautifully it looked, all illuminated. I am sure that often I thought that I was in Fairy Land. I never imagined anything like it before. I think our sober Yankee Land will never see such a sight.

The next morning as I was finishing my music lesson the servant came to me and said that there was an American gentleman down stairs to see me. I assure you I waited only to smooth my hair and then rushed down stairs.

It was Mr. Rockwell who had just arrived in time to see

the fête and was to leave the next day for Switzerland and did not know whether he would return again to Paris or not. He is visiting Europe à l'Américain is he not? He was very kind to me however, though he did not stay more than five minutes. I told him that if he came again to Paris he must come to see me and take a package home for me. He promised that he would do so.

The daguerreotype of Alfred and Ned charmed me very much indeed. It is perfect. I think however that Ned must be thinner and Alfred fatter than when I left. I only hope that mine will be as good. Mlle. Lyot will go with me this week to have it taken. The book also that you sent me pleased me very much. It is very well written.

Oh here I am at the end of my paper and I have got so much more nonsense to tell you but I cannot write on this paper. Good-bye dearest dear Mother; write soon—love to all. I hope that this letter will reach you.

Norwich, Saturday, Sept. 10th, 1853

Dearest Gertrude:

Have I ever written to you that Ned is trying very hard to enter the Navy. His Uncle William is very anxious that he should, and is using his influence to get him a Midshipman's warrant.

I wrote you of the sad deaths in the Thomas family of Yellow Fever. They have again been afflicted. William Thomas left New Orleans with the children, and died at Cincinnati on board the steamboat. The fearful ravages of Yellow Fever have been like nothing else but the plague in London, so many years ago. It is now decreasing, but still frightful. Mr. Trumbull died last week.

Edward and William have gone to California and Julia and the baby are quietly established at her Father's. Her

boy is a splendid looking child. Marianna is to be married the first of the Winter, and I rather think there is a chance for Maria. I hear she is hesitating between two beaus. Louise Taintor is engaged to Mr. Kneeland of New York. Mr. Taintor requested your father to make the necessary inquiries about him, which were very satisfactory. He belongs to a very good family, and is a fine young man.

Sunday, Sept. 11th

I think of you more on Sunday than on any other day, dear Gertrude, and long for the time to come when you will again go with us to our own simple Church. You must not let the gorgeous Temples you see there make you despise these, this side of the water, but I do not fear it; the girls all say that Gertrude will bring back the same warm heart.

Monday

I shall also send by Mr. Huntington a pretty Spanish song "El Periquita," one that Madame Anna Bishop picked up in Mexico. It is a lively pretty song. I like to think that you are singing and playing music that I send you. Gussy now begins to talk quite fast; he is running away all the time and keeps Lucy in a regular ferment. It is nearly time for me to begin on his fall and winter attire. Mary has again commenced her music. She has been playing those pieces you learned at Madam Chegary's and Miss Hodges threatens her with "Salut à France" for her next lesson. I have made her learn what Music we had in the house and Miss Hodges has been very willing to give it to her.

Mrs. Abbot still retains her predeliction for young company. She is constantly having the Girls and Boys to tea,

and I tell Ned and Mary when they have a party they shall invite her. There is a little church opened at Yantic. Elizabeth Williams plays a Seraphim and I suppose Winslow sings, as none of the Family have been at our Church since it opened. Clara Dwight says the Miss Bebee who went out with the Childs speaks very good French (New Orleans French) and that is the reason they invited her to go with them.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

Paris, September, 1853

I received last Tuesday, your letter, Dearest Mother, and very much pleasure it gave me, for I was feeling most dreadfully homesick. I see by the complaints of not receiving regularly, our letters cross each other. I must own, however, that I have not as much cause as you, to scold, and for the future will be a good girl, and hold my tongue.

Yesterday morning, I received a very pretty little note from Mrs. Deming inviting me to come over sociably, and take tea with her. Now dear Mother, do not think that the tea drinkings in Paris are like those of our good sober town of Norwich where one goes at six and is at home before the uptown bell rings. Here it is the fashion to go at nine, or half past eight, and drink tea between ten and eleven, and return home between eleven and twelve. Now I have finished my dissertation on Paris and Norwich tea drinkings, I will recommence my story. I, of course accepted Mrs. Deming's kind invitation and as she asked me to, I took my music with me. I could not play, as I had most foolishly cut my finger, the day before, so I sung. I must own that I was a little frightened as there were between 20 and 30 there, but I think I got along passably.

Who do you think was there at the tea drinking,—Dr. and

the Misses Doremus, who had returned that morning from their travels. The Dr. kindly repeated his offer to take anything for me that I had to send, so that to-day I have had my daguerre taken. It is an establishment American. I hope that you will be contented with it. I set four times. I think that it is very well taken, but perhaps the dress would have been better darker, for it is a blue silk with little white stripes, but I think it is impossible to have that blue in a daguerreotype. Here they think that the likeness is good though, perhaps the expression of the face is a little stern, and that the eyes might have been wider opened, but no matter, I hope that you will kindly accept it and look at it with all the indulgence of a mother's eyes; you know that I am no beauty. I think the case quite pretty. The whole affair cost me about 3 dollars, as the person who took the daguerre is a New Yorker.

I saw at the rooms the N. Y. Paper. How awful it is about the yellow fever in New Orleans, and how you must have suffered with the heat. I cannot sympathize with you, in that particular, for I have not been more than warm this summer, and never even thought of being hot. You have no idea what a pleasant lady Mrs. Deming is, and she makes every one at home directly. She said again how very sorry she was not to have known me last winter for she had very often at her house little dancing parties. She also told me that when the Misses Doremus were gone that I must come over very often to see her and take dinner, and spend the day. She has a lovely little baby about half a year old.

I must now tell you who the different articles that I am sending with Dr. Doremus are for. I will commence with you; there is the under handkerchief and sleeves to match. I hope you will not think them too simple; when I got them, I though of your handsome set of lace, and thought that they would be pretty for a kind of between, the embroidery is very distingué; all who have seen them here think they are very

pretty. Then there is the handkerchief with your initials worked, and the shoes. The light pair will look very pretty with your embroidered muslin dress, and the chemisette trimmed with embroidery and lace. I fear that you will think it a piece of extravagance, but it cost only 3 dollars, and is so pretty I could not resist the temptation to buy it for you.

The little dress is for Gussy. I hope that you will think it pretty. The porte-monnaie for Mary, and in your black slippers is a little cravat for Ned. I have two books for Alfred and a real pretty robe and a Statue of St. Louis that I got at Sèvres, and a little affair for Lucy, but fearing to have my bundle too large, I shall not send them. I hope that Mr. Rockwell will come along, so as to take them. The robe is for Grandmother. Now dear Mother, I must bid you good-bye for I have no more time to write. Dr. Doremus will be here soon for the bundle.

I do hope that Father will be here the first of November. I hope that you will excuse the looks of this letter for I am in such a hurry, Good-bye, dearest, dearest Mother, Love to all.

Paris, 20th September, 1853

Dearest Mother:

I have not written you, I think, that Mr. Rockwell was in Paris about a month ago and that he did not take the trouble to come and see me, and the way that I knew he was here was that a servant of the house went to a fête at Versailles one Sunday and she said to me that she saw him there. You must ask him if Versailles is pleasant on a rainy Sunday. I rather think not.

You cannot imagine how very much astonished I was to hear that Ned wanted to enter the Navy. I suppose if he gets

his warrants he will not come out with Father this winter. How much I should like to hear him sing in the choir! I hope that when I come home you will not want me to go up there for I declare that it would set me wild to sing the old chants and psalms that they sing every Sunday, and then you know that it is so ruinous to the voice. By the bye —I have some news for you about my progress in singing which I think will give you pleasure, that is that I now strike A quite nicely.

A week ago Mr. Mitchell came to see me; he had just arrived in Paris. He invited me to dine the next day with his wife and himself. I found the lady very pleasant and agreeable and quite pretty. She had such a beautiful complexion and her manners are very lady like. We took dinner at a restaurant and in the evening we returned to their rooms, which were on the Boulevard des Italiens, very pleasantly situated indeed. In the evening who should come in but Doctor and Mrs. Brewster. I didn't know that they were in Paris. Mr. Mitchell presented them to me and at first neither of them recognized me. After some time however, the lady said to me, "Why, Miss Tyler, I must shake hands with you." The doctor looked on in surprise. She said then to him, "Why, do you not remember seeing her in Norwich at her Father's?" He started up and said "Yes" and then gave me such a shaking of hands. On leaving he invited Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and myself to dinner.

That same day I had to commence and think what I should wear, for it was only the next evening that the dinner was to take place. Fortunately my dressmaker had just sent home that crimson and black plaid silk that I wrote you about, and very prettily it is made—trimmed with black and crimson velvet and open in front with bands of velvet; so I had that all ready, but I had no underhandkerchief that was pretty enough to go with it, so I had to get one of valenciennes lace—the only kind that young girls

are permitted to wear here. I had some very pretty handkerchiefs that I wrote you about.

I had my hair nicely dressed with a black and crimson band and they all told me I looked very well and was dressed à la Parisienne, but you do not know, dear Mother, how well I appreciate the good taste with which you used to dress me, and how much I miss you when I dress to go out, and then I have to choose all my things myself and you do not know how I fear that you will think me extravagant.

But now to return to the dinner! Mr. and Mrs. M. came for me and we arrived safely at Doctor Brewster's at about seven o'clock; everyone most had arrived; there was an Episcopal minister, Doctor Oliffe, that Doctor Barker knows, and his brother—a queer sort of man who has written a queer book on the United States; the new American Consul; a Syrian all dressed in his native costume, which was very pretty—a kind of blue cap on his head with a long tassel—a vest all embroidered in gold and a kind of loose blue jacket—large, red pantaloons; and as he was very handsome that costume became him very well; he spoke English most perfectly. There was also there the Mother of Mrs. Brewster.

We had a very beautiful dinner and as I was placed next to Mr. Brewster he talked to me a good deal; he said to me, "Your Father has been married twice, has he not? And you are the daughter of his first wife." I said to him, "No, Sir, my father I am happy to say has never been married but once." He declared that it was most impossible that I could be your Daughter; he said that Father ought to have written him that I was in Paris and to have given him my address.

Before the dinner was half over who should come in but a real Indian Prince dressed in the costume of his country, a most magnificent Cashmere shawl and turban. Mrs. Brewster said that she had two but she would exchange

them both for either of his. You do not know how very ugly the other gentlemen dressed in their black coats looked —by the side of the Prince and the Syrian. Mrs. Brewster looks very pretty now. I think much more so than when she was in America; she was also dressed with much taste.

The doctor told me that I must come over and eat baked beans with him some Saturday. He expressed himself as very sorry not to be here when Father comes. He is going to pass the winter in Sicily and Italy. Both he and Mr. Mitchell desired to be remembered to Father and you, the latter has been very kind indeed to me during his short stay in Paris. He left this morning for Italy. The Brewsters have very pleasant rooms in the Champs Elysées.

I hope that in your next letter you will write me exactly when Father intends coming out, for I am in a most dreadful state of uncertainty. I should be so glad to come home if I could get a chance, for though I do go out more now I get so homesick and it is just a year that I have been at school. You know the longer I stay the more I want to see Mother and Grandmother. I do so hope that Father will be here sometime in the first of December.

I am sorry to say that if Cousin Mary comes out she will not have the pleasure of seeing Rachel who goes to Russia for the winter. They say that the Emperor is to pay her 80 thousand dollars for six months. I hear that Jenny Lind has a son and that Mr. Benedict is to be the Godfather. I think that I wrote you that Mr. Deming was to sail on the Humbolt the last of the month. He left Paris for Havre Thursday and kindly took my package for you—a dozen pair of gloves, the little stockings, Saint Louis from Sèvres and the pitcher in crystal. You will give one of them to Grandmother from me, will you not?

Do you know that they talk so much about the several railroad accidents in the United States that I do sometimes get dreadfully frightened. When will they learn to be more

careful? I fear to open every letter thinking it may contain the news of an accident arrived to some one of the family.

Mr. Mitchell told me that Grandmother looked very well: he also added that you were as young and handsome as ever, that Gussy had a most beautiful shaped head and fine eyes—in short was quite a handsome boy. Mary is growing very pretty, so pretty, I fear that I shall have cause to be jealous of her. Ned is as handsome as ever; and the last news he gave me made me feel so sad that I could not help crying a little—that is that Father is working so hard and that he did not fish at all this Spring. Do you know I feel as if in some way I was the cause of that, for my education is so expensive, but do you know that when I come home if Father's business takes him off as it does now that I mean to go with him.

They give me the gayest horses in the riding-school. I am very much complimented on the way I leap. Give much love to Grandmother, Father, and all my relations, not forgetting Lucy. I hope, dearest Mother, that you will excuse this pack of nonsense that I have written you.

Norwich, 22 Sept., 1853

My darling Gertrude,

I write you on my birthday of (77) seventy-seven years. At this age it is not probable that I shall ever write you another; still, dear, I do not feel so old and my prayer is that I may once more embrace you. It will make me very happy. Since dear Leighton's death I feel more the uncertainty of meeting even the young. I have had Emmons paint him from a Daguerreotype, which I hang over my Chamber Mantle, the last sight at night and first in the morning.

The girls have all left the Pequot house. Mary has been

sick since she returned home, Jenny much better. Mrs. Barker left her home last eve. Giles Eaton is dead, Mr. Henry Huntington better; and I hope will go out to Paris in a month. E. Law sends her love;—goes to Boston to-morrow morning on a visit to Mrs. Brooks. Mary and Augustus grow fast. Edmund does not. I expect to be quite enchanted with your playing, as I prefer instrumental to vocal music, and I feel that you will have much to amuse and entertain me with on your return——

Mr. B. Paddock has moved here to take the old Church and lives in the house George Meech lived in, who has gone West. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer still here. Miss Ingersoll returns to Savanna this Winter with the Washburn children.

Adieu dear, your ever affectionate

Grandmother,

E. Lee.

New York, Sunday, Oct. 9th, 1853

Dearest Gertrude,

I have been here now since Thursday together with Grandmother, Lizzie Law and her Father. Perhaps you may not remember that the General Convention of our Church meets once in three years. You know three years this fall Grandmother went up to Cincinnati to attend it. It is now in session here which is the occasion of our coming down at this present time. Your Uncle Alfred is also here. I intend returning home the first of this coming week. We are staying at the St. Nicholas but after I leave, Grandmother and Lizzie are going up to Lizzie Barkers to spend a few days.

Last Wednesday the Convention opened in Trinity Church. Dr. Roath who sings there managed to get us good seats: the music was very fine. Miss Hodges came down

from Norwich to sing. There were present in addition to our own Bishops, the Bishop of Madras and Archdeacon Sinclair, being a Deputation from the Church of England to our own Church. The archdeacon is brother to Miss Sinclair who wrote "Holiday House," "Modern Society," etc. I was introduced to both of them. This morning I went over with your Uncle Alfred to Brooklyn where he preached very finely.

I have seen Dr. Doremus twice since I came here. He speaks very highly of you and your accomplishments as well as kindly and affectionately.

I went Thursday night to Julien's concert—the music was very fine—the finest orchestra I have ever heard but it seemed to me very long and you know I am not particularly fond of violins, flutes and etc. So, much to the horror of Dr. Roath and Lizzie Barker, I was tired to death. Sontag commences a series of concerts next week, perhaps you may yet hear her after you return. I hear she intends living in this country. Two of Kossuth's sisters have opened a millinery and dressmaking establishment in Broadway; they have splendid laces which they import from Brussels, and another has opened a boarding house; they are very destitute. You must excuse the looks of this page but the fact is that Lizzie Law and young Trimble from Baltimore are rattling on at such a rate that I hardly know what I am writing so I will stop until tomorrow.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

Paris, 29 October, 1853

MY OWN DEAR DEAREST MOTHER,

I must commence my letter by telling you that *I am so homesick*. What would I not give to be able to talk with you and dear Father or any one that loves me dearly. Do

you know that I am a real child and that whenever I think of you, home and the dear ones there, the tears do come into my eyes. Do not you think that Father will be here the very first of December?

Mr. Rockwell came to see me last Wednesday, he had just arrived in Paris from his travels and was to leave Friday morning for Liverpool. He asked me if I wanted to go home with him. Oh! how glad I should have been to have done so but then it was too late to write for your permission. I think that if I had had it I should have started right off without giving a moment's thought to the pleasure of travelling this winter. For some time past it has seemed to me that I should never get away from school. Do you know, dear Mother, I feel that I am not reasonable to write this, but you, I hope, will excuse me. I have also had two or three dreadful dreams which have made me feel very badly.

Mr. Rockwell showed me some very beautiful jewelry which he had bought for his wife. I really think sometimes if I had six months more to stay in Paris I should like to change schools for this one has very much altered since the death of Madame Frigant. There is never anything going on, we hardly ever go to the salon to dance, and a niece of Mrs. Demings is at one, kept by three or four young ladies, where they go to the salon every evening for tea, and Wednesday they dance and Friday evening they receive their friends. Where I am does very well for a year but afterwards it is very dull, though as I am here now and shall have to stay only such a little while longer, I do not want to change.

Mrs. Brewster recommended very highly the school where is Mrs. Deming's cousin; she is very well known there and she said that they never would have refused to let me sleep at her house. She is just one of the sweetest ladies that I know and has been so kind to me. The advantage also of the school that I have just spoken of is that

it is kept by Protestants and I could have gone to the Calvinist church with them which I so rarely do here.

To-morrow, Sunday, I shall again spend with Mrs. Brewster and shall go to church with her in the morning; it seems so pleasant for me now to hear read our beautiful service. I should like much to go often to the Calvinist church which resembles much our Presbyterian for they have a minister that preaches magnificently, even the Catholics own it. I have never yet heard him for I am sure that if I should urge Mlle. Lyot to go we would hear a thundering sermon against the Roman Catholic church and that would not be pleasant.

I met at Mrs. Brewster's last Sunday a Mr. Ogden from Chicago, an old bachelor and very rich. He intends staying in Paris all winter and said that he should be delighted to make Father's acquaintance; he had heard of him by reputation. I had so many compliments showered on me about Father that though I was proud of him before, I am much more so now. I hope that I shall not find him much changed. Mrs. Brewster has two darling little boys—the elder the image of the Father.

Good-bye for to-night.

Paris, 12 November, 1853

Dearest Mother,

I received last Monday your letter by the way of Havre. I think that it had been most 20 days on its way. You don't know how perfectly charmed I was to hear that you thought Father would leave about the 20th. How glad I shall be to see him. I do not know yet whether I shall laugh or cry. I fear however the latter. When I see him it will have been sixteen months that I have not seen a near re-

lation. It seems to me that when I get with him that I shall be too happy and then when I am reunited to you dear, dear Mother and Grandmother, what else can I desire. I am sure that I shall have nothing to wish for. I am expecting with the greatest impatience your next letter in which you promised to write the day of Father's sailing; when I receive it how I shall tear it open!

I am sorry to say that I have just bid good-bye to Doctor and Mrs. Brewster. They have started for Italy and intend, as I have written you, to pass the winter at Palermo in the palace of a Russian Princess. They both expressed themselves very much disappointed to be obliged to leave before Father's arrival. The doctor said that it would have given him so much pleasure to have performed the part of cicerone to Father as Paris had so much changed since he was here. He says that when we are at Naples that we must cross over to Palermo to see them.

I did feel badly at their leaving for they have been so very kind to me, and Mrs. Brewster particularly, on whom I had not the least claim, has been as kind to me for the short time that I have known her as a near relation could have been. I went there last Sunday to spend the day—it being the last one that they should pass at Paris and we went to church together. She told me that when I wrote to you that I must give her best regards to you and a kiss to Gussie.

I wish that you knew her well. She said that you were one of those who made the most impression on her in America. I think that she is one of the most intelligent ladies that I have ever met with. When I went to bid her goodbye she was just on her way to make a call on an Italian Princess who had just sent her oh! such a beautiful pin but she hastened back to see me for she said, "I could not go away without seeing you" and she kissed me so kindly and seemed so glad to hear that Father was coming soon

that she quite set me up in courage and good spirits. One does feel so much, kindness in a strange country.

The weather is very cold here for the season and the fires are just commenced; now you need not picture to yourself a large generous fire like what one sees in Connecticut,—not at all,—the fires here are made about nine o'clock in the morning and of one little log of wood, and last till about noon, but I wrap up as much to stay in the house as I do to go out.

The day after All Saints Day that is called here the Day of the Dead, I spent at Mrs. Deming's for here at school it was forbidden to play or sing a note. Mrs. Deming is very kind indeed to me and would be glad to see me often, but here they do not like me to go out, so I submit with as good grace as possible knowing that I have not long to stay. You don't know how jealous I am of Leila Childs. She must be so happy. She is with her mother, but I shall be soon with you, shall I not, dear Mother? and I hope not to leave you for a long, long time. I am just of the age now to be a companion for you. How I hope that you will be proud of your eldest daughter; and only think, in three months I shall be eighteen years old. Can you realize that you have such an old Daughter? I wish that if Father has not started when you receive this—I hope however that he will be on his way—that you would send me the song of "Old folks at home."

Good-bye dearest, dear Mother. Love to Grandmother and all.

15th Nov., 1853

My dearest Gertrude,—

You will see by the date of my letter that I am still here at work, as hard as I can, to get my business closed so that I can leave. There is great trouble all through the country

in business affairs and many families are looking around with great anxiety to see what is to be the result. It obliges on all sides a close and careful attention to business affairs and great prudence. I made my arrangements last summer to close up all my affairs and to get entirely out and therefore the storm found me in a far better condition than many others. My object now is to close up everything before I leave and then I can go with safety and with some degree of pleasure. I never should forgive myself if any damage came to my hard earned property by leaving it insecure at this moment. I am too old to begin again and there are too many dear ones dependent on what I have got by hard work, which I can never do again.

I do hope to close up early next month and be with you by a little before Christmas, but I can't leave until we are all safe. Be patient, my dear Gertrude, you have as much at stake as anyone of the family and you are enjoying advantages for improvement that cannot be afforded to any others of the family. Do all you can to profit by these advantages and rest assured that I will come out the moment I can leave with safety, and that I hope and expect it will be very soon. I have seen Mr. Deming and thanked him for his great kindness to you. Your Mother feels as tho Mrs. Deming has laid us under very great obligations by her kindness to you.

I hope you go on with your riding lessons. I want you to be a graceful and good rider and I think your health will be benefited by the exercise.

I am in some doubt as to your money affairs in Paris. I remitted $400. since Dr. Child's return and I think I will write by the Franklin to Mr. Huntington to call and see what your wants are and to supply them. I suppose your dear Mother and your other correspondents keep you informed as to Norwich news. You will find many changes when you return, but it is the same beautiful village. I can not as yet

make any plans for our travel in Italy. It will be time enough when I get out, but I shall not wish to stay long in Paris. Take every proper opportunity to see all you want to see in Paris before I arrive out and then you may be able to tell me what is most worth seeing.

Now, my dear Gertrude, don't be broken-hearted because I may be a little later than you had expected on my getting away, but be thankful for the many comforts and privileges you enjoy. Be prudent and cautious in your intercourse with others and *get ready* to give me a cordial meeting at such time as a kind Providence may permit us to meet. May God bless and protect you ever.

AFF. YOUR FATHER.

Norwich, Tuesday, November 15th, 1853

MY DEAREST GERTRUDE:

Since I last wrote you, your Father has received a letter from your Cousin William from California; he writes in very good spirits as to the success of their speculation there and I am in hopes that the mail of the last of the month will bring news which will enable him to leave for France by the 1st of December. I do not believe, dear Gertrude that you want him to come more than I want him to go. We have also had a letter from Ned Tyler from California; he is doing very well, but is not yet ready to come home; he and Charles Rockwell are in Company together.

I received a few days since, dear Gertrude, a letter from Mlle. Lyot in which she complained in a very mild manner about your being out one night. I presume from what you have written me about an engagement with Mrs. Brewster that it was on that occasion or perhaps with Mrs. Deming. I know it must have been with one or the other. Now it seems to me, as no doubt it did to you, perfectly natural and proper, but then I can easily imagine, dear Gertrude, that to Mlle. Lyot it would seem highly improper.

I wrote at once to Miss Jackson, who seems to be a medium between us, telling her what our reasons were for wishing you to visit and that you were no doubt getting rather tired of being at school, and we wished Mlle. Lyot would allow you as much liberty as she thought proper for a girl of your age; but that as you were under her care and she had the responsibility of you, she must be the Judge. I wrote, dear Gertrude, with the advise of your Grandmother (your father not being at home). I want you to have all the amusement a girl of your age ought to have. I want you to see all you can and enjoy yourself as much as possible, but I know that the French do not think it proper that young girls should be free to come and go as they choose and I do wish and hope dear, dear Child, that you will yield the point for the short time you remain. Then all your restraints and trials shall be amply repaid to you when your Father comes.

I know it is hard for you; that the delay of your Father almost breaks your heart, but wait patiently darling, for a few short weeks and your trials will be at an end. Remember, dear Gertrude, that an imprudent act, no matter how innocently done, may injure a young lady's reputation irreparably, and do not forget how Mary Dwight at the age of 21 was restrained at Madam Chegarays. Do you remember a Miss Stebbins who was here visiting at Sarah Lee's. She was at Madam Chegarays last winter and was not allowed to go to Mrs. Whitredge's to tea or to stay from Friday to Monday, when there was no school, without a written permission from her Mother so as to clear Madam Chegaray from blame. Now I will say no more, dear Child, because I am confident that you will do what is right, even if you deny yourself by it.

We have lost our best dry goods store, Joe Miner failed last week. We shall miss the shop so much for he had every article as nice as could be bought in a New York store; it could not be supported here. We had delightful music last

Sunday. The full choir would chant one verse of the chant, then the boys take the next. Ned leads them and his voice was so powerful and yet sweet. Ned Chappel has as good a voice as Ned and will sing as well in a short time. When they chant the Amen's after the prayers, I think Mr. Monds would stare to hear them. Miss Hodges calls the boys her infant Samuels. Mrs. Webster, the widow of Professor Webster, died last week in Cambridge; immediately after the funeral her two unmarried daughters sailed for Fayal, never intending to come to this country again.*

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

Paris, Tuesday, 15 November, 1853

DEAREST FATHER,—

I have just received this afternoon your letter of the 1st of November, and when, on opening it, I saw your handwriting, many sad forebodings came into my mind and I said to myself, "If there had been good news to give me, Father would have let Mother write me." It is really for me a very great disappointment, dear Father, to find that it is possible that I may not see you for two or three months, for during the last two or three weeks I have not ceased to think of the happy days which would reunite me to you after so long a separation. But I assure you that I should always reproach myself if any misfortune should arrive to your business during your absence and that I do not desire you to come for me till you can do so with the most perfect safety and ease of mind.

The Doctor & Mrs. Brewster expressed themselves as so sorry to be obliged to leave Paris before your arrival, and

* Professor Webster, of Harvard, was involved in the notorious Webster murder case; the "cause célèbre" of the generation. He was executed on August 30th, 1850, for the murder of Dr. Parkman.

the Doctor gave into my charge a bottle of whiskey and another of fifty year old brandy for you.

I think that I can remain where I am very well till the last of December, but then I must have some change. I will tell you what I think that I can do. Miss Doremus was in a French family last winter and was very pleasantly situated in the family. There were two young girls, and another advantage, they were all Protestants and very well acquainted with Mrs. Deming. Now why could I not, if they would receive me, board with them for the months of February and January? I know that Mrs. Deming who is very kind would make the usual arrangements for me, and you might inquire of Miss Doremus about it and then write me what you have decided upon.

I will most certainly submit cheerfully to your will if you want me to remain here, but I must own to you that though I have been one year here it does not seem to me now that I could commence another, but for yours and dear Mother's sake I will try. So, dear Father, do not leave home till you can do so with a light heart. I wish that in your next letter you would write me what you think about my plan. I will ask of Mrs. Deming all information necessary about that family and will write it to you in my next letter, which will be soon.

Would you, dear Father, permit me, if I get a good opportunity, to return home and then when your business would allow you, you could return here with me and then we would travel in Germany and Italy. I think that it is very possible that Mrs. Deming may know of someone going to America in December. How many excellent opportunities I have lost lately. You must write me as soon as you receive this letter what you have decided upon. If I have three months longer to stay here, I wish you would let me commence German or Spanish—the one that you think would be the most useful to me, for I must have enough to occupy

every moment. I am very happy to be able to say to you, dear Father, that all my different Masters are perfectly contented with me and my progress, and I think when at last you see me you will find that all the great advantages you have lavished on me have not been thrown away, and that if ever any misfortune should arrive to us that the talents that you have given me the means to acquire will not remain idle.

You must tell Mother that I received yesterday morning the bundle that she sent by Mr. Henry Huntington and though I have not yet seen him I expect to have that pleasure to-day, and do, dear Father, say at home that if my absence is to be prolonged that I must be written to every ten days for my letters will be my only comfort.

Doctor Brewster said to me that there was a great crisis in the money markets in New York but he thought that it could not influence you. He said that we must come and see them at Palermo. Last night I hardly slept, when I did I had such awful dreams. I thought that you wrote me that you could never come for me and that I should have to remain always in France but I hope that there is no truth in that.

Good-bye dearest Father. Be assured that I shall call up all the courage that I possess to enable me to support this absence from home.

The following letter from one of Gertrude's contemporaries was found in a truncated condition among the papers. It has not been possible to identify the writer.

Norwich, Monday, 21st November, 1853

Dear Gertrude:

I received your last letter, about a month ago, and should have answered it before, but we were just preparing for a visit to New York. Father had tried to get rooms before, but unsuccessfully. Now however we were certain of them at the

St. Nicholas. So two or three days after the arrival of your letter, our party set off. Father, Mother, and Will, in the morning; Lloyd, Mattie, Lilly Lusk, Lizzie, Ben, Mr. Chappell, and myself, at five in the afternoon.

At daybreak some one announced that we should not arrive in New York before half past one, or two,—not very agreeable news, but it proved correct. So we determined to have a gay night of it, and none of the party were allowed to sleep. First stories were told, then we played games, and what with one thing and another, managed to keep pretty wide awake till we arrived; but there our trials were not to end. The keepers of the St. Nicholas declared that they had no rooms for us to sleep in.

However,—after waiting sometime, which Lilly and I passed in promenading the halls till we came upon a company of sleepers at one end, and thought it best to retire to the parlor,—one of the waiters appeared, and with a great flourish announced that he had a nice room for the ladies. So we followed him through the longest hall, up all the stairs in the house, to a little room, with a small single bedstead in it. At this we exclaimed, and in the course of time, two extra blankets and a bolster were procured. We then set to work and taking the mattress off our bed, arranged it on the floor for Lizzie and Mattie, while Lilly and I took to the bedstead. It certainly must have been made of uncommonly soft wood, or else we were very sleepy, for neither of us woke till eight the next morning, while Lizzie and Mattie were by that time nearly ready to descend. During the day Lilly went to her Aunt's, who she came down to visit, and the rest of us removed to our own rooms which were very pleasant, beautifully furnished, and seeming splendid by the contrast with that in which we passed the night before.

We passed little more than a week in New York, shopping, (Mother purchased for me a new party dress, which I think a beauty, it is white silk, striped with blue satin, and

is to be made with flounces to my great joy, for I have never been allowed to wear them yet), going to Burtons,—which is always amusing,—to the Opera, and last but not least, to the Crystal Palace. I wish you could have been with us, I made three visits there, one in the evening, two during the day, and I do not think I saw more than half of the things on exhibition. Things of all sorts were there, beautiful silks, jewelry, silver plate, statuary, paintings, steam engines, a most amusing representation of Gulliver awaking amidst the Lilliputians,—indeed everything one could think of, and much that might never otherwise have come into any one's head. The visitors themselves are worth remarking were it only for the queer sprinkling of the Quakers' grey dresses, among the bright ones of us inhabitants of the gay world.

When we were in the Hotel, our parlor was always filled with visitors, which made it very pleasant. One in particular, quite a handsome man of about forty, pleased me, he could tell so many stories, and was so kind and attentive, that I really felt sorry when we parted from each other. Lizzie and I did not return with the rest but went to Staten Island to pay Carrie McCurdy a visit. She has a very pretty house, with woods all around it, and a brook running directly through the grounds. A day or two after we came, Mr. McCurdy brought home one of his groomsmen to make a visit, and we had most amusing times. First there were walks in the woods, when Carrie would take the baby. Once we dragged her down so steep a flight of steps, that a man passing by declared "we should kill the child;" fortunately he proved mistaken. The baby seemed to enjoy it much as any of us. Then we rode a great deal, and as Mr. McCurdy alone knew the roads, and he went in town to his business every day, we always took a map of the Island with us, and so stopped every little while to consult, and then went on. Once in a while we lost our way, but it was soon found again, and it was very pleasant exploring.

Friday Afternoon

I have just bid our Friends farewell, dearest Gertrude, and have again set down in our solitude to fill up this sheet to your own dearest self and as much more as I can find time to do, for the letter must be ready in an hour for Ned Tyler, who goes to N. York at 5 o'clock, and he will deliver it to Mr. Deming.

In the midst of all our gaiety, dear Gertrude, yesterday my heart was very heavy and sad for I felt that you ought to be here with us. I ought to have another letter from you; it is near four weeks now since I heard and I feel so unhappy without I have constant letters from you.

Sophy Cowen is left here for a few days. She will probably go up to Hartford with Alfred on Monday. Mary wore the scarlet delaine last night, it looked as pretty as ever. I make her curl her hair in front now and it is very becoming to her. I shall let you get two pretty Spring or Summer dresses to bring home for her, as she has not had a new dress since you left, excepting common calicoes. Gus wore the pretty plaid you sent him and looked very well. Rebecca Adams is engaged to a widower with two children, a man much older than herself; everyone says they pity the children.

Good-bye dearest Child, I will write more at length next week.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

Paris, 27 November, 1853

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—

I received last Tuesday your letter of the 6th of this month and you do not know how much good it did me and how it encouraged me. Oh, what letters can equal those of a mother! After reading it thro I felt so very much ashamed

of the last two or three letters I have written home and which have no doubt given you much pain that I ought to have spared you, but you will forgive me for it, will you not dearest Mother? When I wrote them I felt such a want to pour out my little troubles and vexations to you but you have raised my hopes about Father's coming.

Do you really think that he will be here by Christmas? I should be perfectly contented if he arrived only the day before, for though I know that it is dreadfully childish, I cannot bear the idea of spending another Christmas away from all my family. I only have thought of that day since I received Father's letter. Oh what pleasant times we used to have at Grandmother's that day! I can assure you that I have learnt to appreciate them now. How kind dear Grandmother is and how much pleasure it gives me to hear she has such good health.

I have found "La Periquita" very pretty indeed and as it is quite simple I have learnt it without much trouble. It is just such a pretty little simple thing as I wanted. As for Liszt's Chromatic Galope, alas dear Mother I must say again no; my hands are not large enough to play it for it is full of passages where one has to stretch nine and ten notes. I have learned however a piece of Thalberg that is quite as celebrated—quite difficult and very pretty. I think that for the last two or three months I have improved a great deal. I have much more execution than I had. I only hope that when you at last see me that you will be contented.

I assure you that the life that I lead cannot be called a gay one but I suppose that better times are coming. I do not go to the theatre for I can not afford to pay four or five dollars everytime that I enjoy that pleasure, so that I shall hear neither Alboni or Mario till Father comes. I am crazy to hear the former, it will do me so much good. They say that she sings so well in the Cenerentola. I must hear her.

I think that when Father comes he will have need of re-

pose and I think that travelling with five or six ladies will not give it to him. I went St. Cecilia's day to hear a mass in music, oh you cannot imagine how beautiful it was, a chorus of about fifty, and such a magnificent orchestra; there was a duet, soprano and tenor with the accompaniment of three or four harps. I wish that you could have heard it. The Archbishop of Paris officiated with a golden crook in his hand and a mitre on his head. You do not know how it made me think, to see him bowing and kneeling and performing all sorts of antics, of our beautiful and simple ritual.

I have received by post this week two Home Journals which interested me very much. In one of them there was a long article on Jenny Lind by Miss Berman which gave me much pleasure. It seems to me that New York does not lack in amusements what with Sontag, Madame Anna Bishop and the French opera. How much I thank you dearest mother for your present of a Hundred Dollars—indeed I shall be quite rich when I come home with the handsome outfit that Father has promised me and Grandmother's watch and chatelaine. But what a dreadful looking letter I have to send you dear Mother, but I have such a little time to write that I cannot send very elegant looking epistles. How much I should like to see little Gussie with his curling hair—what a darling little fellow he must be.

Norwich, Dec. 8th, 1853

My dear dear Gertrude,

Last night your letter of the 15th was brought in. Touching indeed was it to me. Your Father is not at home so I shall forward it to him to-day. You cannot imagine dearest Child how unhappy I have felt since he wrote, but now I feel the worst is over for both of us and the few weeks that must elapse before you see him will, I hope and trust, pass

away smoothly and quietly. You shall have letters at least every ten days and often every week. This will follow just a week after the last one I wrote you and Tyler will send you papers. Everything shall be done, darling, to enable you to get over the time as well as possible.

I do not think your Father would approve of you changing your abode for so short a time. If you could make some arrangements by which you could pay only for the Lessons you take I think you could begin German or Spanish, either; you might perhaps be able to lay a good foundation so you could study the language to advantage after you left school. I think German is the great favorite on account of the Literature which certainly is far beyond the Spanish, and then your Uncle Adams would be able to lend you a helping hand. However, suit yourself dear Child—you certainly have a right to, but it is to be understood that you will not in all probability make out a quarter.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

Learn I Segretto, the drinking song from Lucrezia Borgia —that is one of Alboni's great songs. I heard her sing it. They call it here La Briadise.

Norwich, Dec. 18th, 1853

MY DEAREST GERTRUDE:

I will send "Old Folks at Home," "Lilly Dale" and some other late Negro Melodies. And now dearest Gertrude, for my news; last week we had the pleasant intelligence that the Peytona had arrived out at San Francisco in fine order and William had already been offered a good price for her, and then your Father has decided not to go for you but to send Alfred who will leave the 4th of January. Perhaps you will be disappointed at first, dear Child, but your Father has at present so many irons in the fire that I suppose he

could not leave without injury to his affairs before Spring and that I know would not suit you. I suppose Alfred will be with you about the middle of January and remain in Paris long enough to see everything and then go with you to London, stay there perhaps ten days or so, and then for Home.

I feel sorry to have the Italian trip given up and I fear you will be disappointed. Your Grandmother is particularly anxious that you should go but I doubt if your Father consents. I should think after Alfred comes you had better stop all your lessons excepting the singing. I suppose when you go out with Alfred, say to the Opera etc., it will not do for you to go without a chaperon, but Mlle. Lyot will know about it. One thing, you will gain the Opera by Alfred's coming instead of your Father, for you know it is a regular bore to him.

And now I want to talk to you about Alfred. I think you will find him a very fine looking young man. I think all he requires is to hold himself better; he has a good figure but stoops and is round shouldered; now it seems to me there must be places in Paris where they pay attention to that kind of drilling. I want him to take Dancing Lessons and have his walk etc. improved. Do talk with Mlle. Lyot about it. I think she would be likely to know. It would be an immense improvement to his personal appearance.

I do not mean, dear Gertrude, to limit your purchase to what I mention, but will leave it all to your good sense and taste. Your Father thought from 3 to 4 hundred dollars ought to buy your wardrobe—look round at once and let us know how far it will go. Are shawls much worn by married ladies, and what kind and prices? You will want a pretty fan for evening. Among your flowers get a set of carnations. You will need a handsome dark silk, and do let me know if silks are much cheaper than here.

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

Norwich, Dec. 26, 1853

My dear Gertrude,

Your dear Mother's letter will have prepared you for a change of my plans and as this will be handed you by your Brother, you will see to what the plans are changed. Aside from the great difficulty of my leaving at this time I think the voyage will do Alfred good, and besides, his going out will return you to us earlier than if I went.

Now my dear Gertrude the tour into Italy is only postponed. If I live we will make it in the next eighteen months or two years. Now we want you among us. Your Grandmother's patience is almost exhausted and she yearns to see you again. She is ill and may leave us very suddenly and I want you to see her and satisfy her. She has always loved you dearly and she wants to see you. But I need not say more on this matter. The plan is made to get you home as soon as possible and I believe you love us too well to want to stay away another moment.

Your dear Mother has written you as to a wardrobe. Get everything that you can get of a good quality; nothing extravagant but everything very good of its kind. Get you a neat riding-habit so that we can ride together. Get it complete. As to jewelry, get a few articles at a time and diamonds for preference, so that little by little you can get enough stones to be reset into a fine set of diamonds. This is my view, but if your mother counsels different follow her advice.

I want you should get a dress for your dear Mother as a present from you, and I suppose it can be partially made and finished here. Get something rich and valuable. You know your Mother's taste too well to fail to please her. As to shoes, gloves, etc. for yourself; get a full supply and come home with a full wardrobe of well chosen articles. Let them be in such taste as you think your dear Mother would ap-

prove and made according to the Paris fashion. Alfred goes out, my dear Gertrude, to devote himself to you until your return. He has promised to make your engagements paramount to his own and when you return I shall know whether he has carried out his intentions in this respect.

I want Alfred to stay long enough to see Paris, but I suppose by the time your wardrobe is complete he will be ready to return. I suppose you will pass through London, and if you wish to see the Lions, remain long enough to do so. Have all your plans for your journey made in advance and then carry them out. I have written to Mr. Henry Huntington to look about for a school for Ned and if he can find one and will take care of Ned I shall certainly send him out.

Ned's musical talents are, I am told, of a high order and his singing yesterday at Church has determined me to give him musical advantages. All these things determine me to send him out provided Mr. Huntington will be so good as to take charge of him.

Love from all to you my dearest Gertrude.

Affectionately yours,

D. Tyler.

Paris, 9 January, 1854

Dear Mother:—

I will commence with my reasons for not remaining with Mlle. Lyot till I leave; firstly—she is not the kind of a person to help me at all about buying my fitout, and as I wrote you she goes out very rarely and that only Sundays. You know that it is quite impossible for me to go out only with a femme de chambre to purchase my things, for she could not aid me at all with her taste, and they make a great fuss here if, when I go out with any woman, I stay more than an hour and a half. I shall be so near to Mrs. D. that I can run in there any time when Alfred is away, and then as I said before, Mlle. Lyot would not like at all my going out often,

and then it is so sad and dismal here that I shall get sick if I do not get soon away; as it is I am far from well. I fear that you will be disappointed in seeing me so thin as I am.

Mr. Huntington seemed to think that Alfred had better commence French lessons as soon after his arrival as possible; and he said that if he would bone down to it every day for an hour or two that he would soon speak fluently. He also said that he knew a very good teacher that he would introduce him to. Both he and Mrs. Deming say that he must go to dancing school; to Celasins and learn fencing. How many places and things I shall have to see when he comes, the Gobelins, Fontainebleau and Versailles; indeed I have not seen half that there is to be seen in Paris.

Jan. 11

Will you let Alfred and myself together get an opera glass. Mr. Deming said that he would select one for us, and for between twelve and fourteen dollars you can get as handsome a one here as for 20 in New York. During New Year's week I went to two parties, one at Mrs. Demings where I wore my pink tissue. I have had it very prettily arranged with five flounces, two of pink crepe tissue and the others of the same material as the dress; you do not know how many compliments I had made to me about it. Mrs. Deming would have me dressed at her house and the next evening she took me to another party given by a Mrs. Henshaw, an American lady that lives in Paris. As you can imagine I enjoyed myself greatly dancing, but Mlle. Lyot gave her consent very ungraciously to my going.

I have just heard of a very nice private family who would take boarders. I think that I shall ask Mr. Huntington to call there and see what it is. The situation is very good, quite in the center of the city, near the theatres and every thing of that kind, but a little way from Mrs. Deming's.

The shawls that are fashionable here for this season are the French or India Cashmeres. You can get a magnificent one of the former for I think about sixty dollars. I am not quite sure, I think that I shall get a handsome velvet cloak and I suppose that I shall have to pay about thirty dollars for it. I think that it will be most useful black. I think also that I had better get an opera cloak. I can have a handsome one for eight or ten dollars. The hour for the arrival of my letters has passed by and nothing yet arrived. I fear that I shall have to send this off without receiving one from you.

I think I shall get a set of garnets. They are very becoming to brunettes and corals are not as handsome or as cheap up here as in Naples, which place I do not expect to see. I shall also get a plain pair of ear-rings for every day, for I need them much. Do you know dearest Mother that I only look forward to the day that will see us all united. I suppose that it will certainly be before Easter.

12 January

Alfred, darling Mother, has arrived and you do not know how affectionately he received me. I am sure that I shall never forget it and I am going right off with him to-day and I mean not to leave him till I see you. Do you know that I am real proud of him and find him a right fine looking young man. I wasn't feeling well at all when he arrived but the sight of him most cured me up. He arrived in Paris last evening and came right up to see me. I must now say

Good-bye for I write in great haste.

Monday, Jan. 30th, 1854

DEAREST GERTRUDE:—

You cannot imagine how charmed I was on Saturday morning when Ned came rushing in screaming, "A letter

from Al and a letter from Trude." I saw by the paper the day before that the Atlantic was in and therefore hoped that I might hear. I had also seen the Asia reported twice which was an immense relief to us all, for we could not believe that Alfred did not get caught in that awful storm which seemed to strew the ocean with wrecks. He must have come upon you very unexpectedly, just as I meant he should do.

I hope, dear Gertrude, that you parted pleasantly with Mlle. Lyot, for she has meant to do her duty by you no doubt, but you have stayed too long with her, and became wearied and nervous with the restraints which she thought best for you. I shall look anxiously for your next letter.

Your Father says on no account send your baggage by Havre for you will have to pay higher duties and he would rather you would keep it with you. He has paid at Tiffany & Co. the hundred dollars for the watch and fifty for Julia's purchases which you can go on and execute for her. Your Father is also anxious to know if Mr. Huntington ever received some money from him. One of your letters certainly must have been lost. Do search Alfred's trunk for that work which I am sure was accidentally put in. I suppose you have received the Negro Melodies which a cousin of Mrs. Doremus took out.

I do not know what to say about the Flounces. I do not exactly want them for I do not visit enough to require them. Enquire the price of a very handsome shawl, French Camel's Hair I think they are called. I have seen beautiful ones at Beck's for 200 dollars, but do not make any purchases until you hear from me. I hear that necklaces are coming into Fashion; if so, do provide yourself.

I think if you have much to do you had better wait for the Steamer of the 22nd. I dread their rough passages; the Niagara had 18 days passage and the Atlantic 17. Both were coated with ice and showed other marks of bad weather. If the old Proverb be true that "March comes in like a lion,

but goes out like a lamb," you would stand a chance of a pleasant passage by waiting.

I am glad to find that Alfred can do anything to straighten himself up. Do encourage him to do so all you can; he ought to take lessons every day and make the most of his time. Dancing and riding lessons are also necessary, dancing cannot be expensive, and he needs them very much.

Mr. Simons, a young man who came on with Ned Tyler to the Fancy party, fell violently in love with the youngest Miss Rogers who personated Pocahontas, and has written to Sarah Cowen on the subject. She did indeed look very pretty. I have had a very pleasant visit from Mr. Beach and Helen this week. He was as full of fun and frolic as usual. I have promised to go to Philadelphia in May with you as they will all be anxious to see you, so have something particularly for Helen and Louise; but your first visit must be to Hartford and I want you to have some pretty articles for your Aunt and get a pretty head-dress for Sarah Cowen who is again losing her hair. I will send the measure of Mary's foot in my next.

We have just heard a very bad piece of news, which is the Buckingham's mill at Colchester was burned down night before last and a man burnt up in it. It will be a very heavy loss for it cannot be rebuilt before June. Rebecca Adams has broke her engagement. She says she does not like the man well enough to marry him, but it is quite a secret as yet here, so do not allude to it to anyone. Your Father has very encouraging news from the Peytona and the idea seemed to be that she can command any price at San Francisco.

Good-bye dear children. Dear Alfred, Mary Dwight says she would not travel with you on any account, do not give Gertrude any reason to say the same.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

Paris, 3rd February, 1854

Dearest Mother:—

I think that Alfred and myself will be quite ready to leave Liverpool by the 8th of March, and the Spring and Summer fashions will be most of them out by the last of this month. If I go to the shops and say I leave for America and want such and such a thing for the summer and Spring they will let me have it. I have already got some beautiful barége dresses, one for you and two for me. Yours is flounced and of that beautiful border that is so fashionable and so new. I cannot describe to you the design of the flounces but it is something entirely new. Mine are pink with three flounces and brown with blue flounces. I got them at a wholesale place and necessarily much cheaper than elsewhere. I paid seven dollars for the pink and eight for the other two. I also got you at the same time a very pretty foulard silk dress. I hope that you will like it. I have not yet got my velvet coat. I really cannot find anything ready made that suits me perfectly and you know for a thing as expensive as a velvet cloak it is best to think sometime before buying.

Now I am going to give you, dear Mother, some news that I think will astonish you a little; that is that I have been with Alfred to a ball at the Hôtel de Ville, and how I did enjoy myself! I wore that corn coloured silk that I wrote you about, flounced, with red and gold flowers in my hair, which was most beautifully done. My dress was very much admired and I can tell you, for you are my mother, that I had many compliments on my looks. I met there one of my old school mates who was with her cousin and his wife. The former is a Colonel in the army and a Count into the bargain. He is very pleasant and was very kind and attentive to me. Alfred danced with the young lady and got along very nicely in speaking French with her. I danced till my feet

were so sore that I could hardly move, for the wood floors are so hard and of course I had on satin shoes.

We went there with two nieces of Mrs. Deming's and a young gentleman, Mr. Holdship. I met there Mrs. Childs and Miss Beebe. Alfred went up and spoke to them but I did not. I suppose that I ought to have done so, but I was enjoying myself so much dancing that I did not think of it. I danced with any quantity of gentlemen that I did not know at all. They would come up and ask me to dance, we would go off and whisk around for about a quarter of an hour hardly saying a word. The gentleman would escort me back to my seat—say "Thank you Madame," bow and leave. Was it not a queer way of proceeding.

Mrs. Childs and daughter have left for Italy. I have seen them but once since Alfred came and surely did not want to see them more. That Colonel who calls himself Monsieur de Cammas has been exceptionally polite since the ball to Alfred and myself. Monday his wife took me out to ride in her carriage and Tuesday he took Alfred and Mr. Paulding to see a caserne, that is the place where soldiers live. Afterwards we all went to the Gobelins and the Hôtel de Cluny where there is a great collection of antiquities. He is going to get for Alfred and myself tickets to go to a ball at the Ministry of War, and as both himself and wife and nieces will be there it will be very pleasant, not saying anything of the Ball, which it is said will be one of the handsomest of the season. We will see there all the big guns of the season. I think that I shall wear my pink poplin with pink illusion flounces.

I forgot about the money. We most certainly shall need more, for I want to get everything that I shall need for a year to come. I have got a very pretty little dress for Mary and some collars and embroideries for presents. I must now really (here Alfred has taken the pen and what follows is in his handwriting) close because Alfred is fretting about seeing

the Hotel des Invalides and I shall really be too late. I think that we shall want from four to five hundred dollars more, as Gertrude's purchases are rather extensive and her watch and jewelry have yet to come. I have not bought anything as yet that I could not have bought as cheap and good in New York.

Perhaps if Father could pay E. K. Collins in New York for the return trip of the Artic, two passengers, it would save trouble in remitting. If you send any more money I had rather have it on Tiffany & Reed, Father knows best.

Love to all,

ALF.

Norwich, Feb. 8th, 1854

DEAR CHILDREN:—

We had yesterday the pleasure of receiving your two letters of the 10th and although they were very acceptable we should have been better pleased had they entered a little more into detail. I wanted to know how you, dear Gertrude, parted with Mlle. Lyot, and if Alfred thought you much changed; had you been to the Opera at all, and if Alfred had commenced his fencing Lessons? Your Father as soon as he receives Alfred's letter containing the accounts, will write. He intends that you shall have what money is necessary, and thinks with me, that you had better take the Steamer of the 22nd of March. As he wrote recommending the trip through Belgium, in preference to going direct to London, you will know how to time your departure from Paris to do that, and allow a week in London.

I hope you are now perfectly well, and regaining your flesh. I have no doubt that you are enjoying yourselves exceedingly together, and we are happy to think it is so. I think you will always look back upon this little episode of your lives, living together in Paris, at your age, with pleasure as one of the bright spots of your Existence. Excuse blunders,

as Gus is climbing on my chair, and tormenting me in various ways till I hardly know what I am writing.

I hope, dear Gertrude, you are still taking Singing Lessons; there will be a great deal to be learnt in two months. Grandmama was so charmed to hear of the safe arrival of the Pudding. She is recovering slowly from the effects of her fall.

Do not buy a scrap of lace in Paris, but save your money until you get to Brussels, where you can spend 30 dollars to more effect in that line, than 50 in Paris. There are fine old Cathedrals to see in Antwerp and Brussels, and some of the very old Pictures, which I wish you to be particular and see.

Tell Alfred he can certainly get shirts cheaper in Paris, than in New York, and handsome cravats; also he must work hard at his French and fencing. Your Father would like you to wait for the Steamer of the 5th of April. I think, on that account, he is quite pleased with the idea of his taking those Lessons and has taken the matter up more warmly even than myself. If he comes back improved in Manner and appearance I know he will be good natured about any deficit in the money matters, because, as he says, he shall feel that the money has been well spent.

Have you been to the drilling Master? I should think that with your knowledge of French, dear Alfred, you ought, if you will study while you are there, to speak it quite well, and one thing do oblige me in; do converse for one hour every day in French with Gertrude. It will be of immense service to you. To-morrow Miss Fitch is to be married; the ceremony takes place at Fitchville in the Church there; then we are invited to go to Mr. Asa Fitch's, and then the bride in the evening gives a party at her own house. The weather to-day, is not at all propitious for the travel up there to-morrow. Snow and rain are struggling for the mastery. Good-bye, dear children, All send love,

Your affectionate MOTHER.

Paris, 12 February, 1854

DARLING MOTHER;—

I am enjoying myself most highly in Paris for though I have lived here most eighteen months I can say that I never have really seen it till now. I have been quite often to the theatres since Alfred's arrival though I have not yet heard Alboni. She has really not sung in any very tempting opera for sometime. I however must hear her before I leave Paris, at least once. Last Friday Alfred invited Miss Beebee to go with us to the French opera to hear Cruvelli in the Huguenot. She went with us and seemed to enjoy herself. Cruvelli sang most magnificently and I enjoyed so much every note that she sang. She is now the rage in Paris and rivals Alboni as to popularity.

I received a letter from you Wednesday and another yesterday, and Alfred one from Father. I am really afraid that he will feel disappointed at our not getting along with the Thousand dollars but you must assure him, dear Mother, that we have not been in the least extravagant and we live in a very simple way; but you see that we have made some expensive purchases, for example my Garnets which are very handsome bracelets, earrings and a pin which is a cross and can be used for necklace or pin. The whole cost a hundred and ten dollars, but they are very fine stones and would have cost me in New York two hundred at least. Mr. Reed said so. He advised me to get garnets by all means. They are very much worn now. Love to grandmother, and all others.

GOOD-BYE.

Norwich, February 20th, 1854

MY DEAR GERTRUDE:

I have just received yours of the 3rd and as I do not suppose that a week later a letter from me would find you in

Paris, I shall write you a few hasty words in reply. I had rather you would have written an account of the opera than all the Balls in Paris, and I should like to hear you say that Alfred was trying to improve in Fencing or French, but you mention nothing of the kind. I am afraid his Father will be sadly disappointed if he has not improved in some respects and he was very much pleased with the plan for taking fencing lessons. If he has not taken them or done anything to set himself up, I shall be sorry.

Your Father, dear Gertrude, is not altogether pleased with your making French acquaintances; he says if the gentleman is unprincipled he may do you and Alfred a great deal of harm. He hopes you have not made any engagements without consulting Mrs. Deming as she has been so kind as to interest herself in you. You say nothing about your singing lessons, and in short, dear Gertrude, for the last two letters you have not told anything that I wish to know, and Alfred goes certainly on the non-committal system.

I really anticipated much pleasure in reading your description of the operas. Has Miss Bebee gone to Italy? For Heavens sake, do be prudent, dear children. This letter leaves us both feeling uncomfortable. I feel grieved and disappointed that Alfred does not write more particularly. He knows how anxious I am for him to improve himself, and also how much I want to hear about you. All the letters I have had since he got to Paris have been short and hurried, but I will not say anything more about it.

You speak of getting a pretty little dress for Mary. I should have thought Alfred might have told you that Mary is as tall as you or I, and much larger. I am sorry you have got a Foulard for me, for after all I had rather strained the point and had the moire antique, but perhaps it may not be an expensive one.

We are sorry, dear Gertrude, that you did not speak to Mrs. Childs. She is an old friend of ours, even if she has

neglected you; but now I will not scold you any more, but do wake Alfred up to the necessity of doing something for himself in the way of improvement. This is the last letter I shall write to Paris, but if Alfred sends any questions, will write to England.

Goodbye, dear children, your
AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

PART IV

The Quereaus

PART IV

The Quereaus

Isaac Carow, Gertrude's Father-in-Law

THE Quereaus were Huguenots who had fled from France after the revocation in 1685 of the Edict of Nantes. Like many of their faith, they went through the Netherlands to England on their way to America. Ships were few and the family waited long, and made acquaintances in strange surroundings. At last the call came, and they hastened to board the ship, leaving a little daughter who was staying with some English friends, to be brought to them at the next sailing. The child never came; all traces of her were lost. To later generations she was known as the Broken Branch, and legends of beauty and charm clung to her name.

The Quereaus settled in New York City, and perhaps on account of their sojourn in England did not affiliate themselves with the Huguenot Church but were christened, married, and buried at Trinity.

Isaac Quereau, son of the second generation, went to the Island of Santa Cruz in the West Indies to make his way, and there married an English girl, Ann Cooper. He died young, and his only son, Isaac Quantine Quereau, returning to New York, took his cousin Eliza Mowatt to wife. According to an entry in the family Bible, and to the regret of his descendants, "on January 1st 1797, to adapt the orthography to the pronunciation of his surname, he began to write his name Isaac Carow."

The family continued to live in New York, first on Cortlandt Street, later in Saint Marks Place, and their youngest child, following his grandfather's steps, sought a wife away from home and married Gertrude Elizabeth Tyler.

Isaac Carow established, with Captain Robert Kermit, the mercantile house of Kermit & Carow, and Mr. Leslie Jones, in a letter in 1902, thus describes the old offices:

"It may interest you to know that the building in which Messrs. Kermit & Carow had their office, some sixty years ago, is still standing as it was. It is on the North West corner of Maiden Lane and South Street, New York City and is unchanged except that the entrance to the upper floors is now on Maiden Lane instead of South Street, as in their day.

"Their ships (of which I remember the 'West Point,' 'Waterloo,' 'Andrew Foster' and 'Underwriter') lay in the slips opposite, the jibbooms almost reaching the office windows, and it was my delight to climb the rigging and perform those 'stunts' that mischievous boys usually find attractive. I was permitted to do this as my chum of that day was a clerk in the office and his father was master of one of the vessels; thro them I came under the notice of the heads of the firm.

"They had seen my capers and Mr. Kermit predicted that I would become a sailor and have a ship of my own; Mr. Carow thought it quite as likely that I would break my neck. Neither was quite right, but their kindly manner toward me warmed my boy heart and is not yet forgotten. Passing the old corner, yesterday, my memory of those days impelled me to express myself to you.

"Their type, as men and merchants, has passed away and the world is greatly the loser thereby."

In addition to the vessels mentioned by Mr. Jones, Kermit & Carow operated a service to Liverpool known as the Saint Line because each ship was named in honor of a Saint. One of them, the St. Andrew, made a phenomenally fast run



Charles Carow
at the time of his marriage.



Gertrude Tyler
at the time of her marriage.

from Liverpool in 1834, and by bringing advance news of a sharp rise in the price of cotton enabled her owners to pocket a substantial profit before the news became general.

Isaac Carow had a wide range of interests. His taste in literature was catholic, as may be witnessed by a slip of paper in his diaries, consisting of a list of books which he had recently read:

Burnet's "Life of Rochester"
Crawford's "Embassy to Ava"
" "Embassy to Siam"
Grenville Temple's "Travels in Greece and Turkey"
Landor's "Adventures in the North of Europe"
Hogg's "Visit to Jerusalem"
"Chevy Chase"
La Fayette's "Memoirs"
Madam D'Arblay's "Diary"
Clarendon's "Diary"
Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion"
"Life and Times of Lord Burghley"
Michelet's "History of France"
Mahon's "Chesterfield"
"Scenes and Adventures in Spain"
"Memoirs of the Pretenders"
Sir Simon D'Ewe's "Diary"
"Life In Denmark"
"Letters of Sir Horace Mann"
"History of the Girondiste"
Grammont's "Memoirs"
Fryxell's "History of Sweden"
Miss Berry's "Social Life in England and France"
Jesse's "Memoirs of the Court of England During the Reign of the Stuarts"
"Memoirs of Henry Fifth"
"Memoirs of Edward Sixth and Mary"
Bishop Goodman's "History of His Own Times"

Trench's "Diary of A Journey in France and Spain"
D'Aubigné's "Reformation Up To The Time of Calvin"

He made a number of trips to Europe for business and pleasure and has left us journals describing two of these voyages. The conditions of travel are so strongly in contrast with those of the present day that the following excerpts from the journals will be of interest. About half the contents, dealing with the ordinary experiences of guide-book sightseeing, have been omitted. Occasional incidents have been retained to preserve its identity as a journal.

A Voyage to England in 1815

(*from the Journal of Isaac Carow*)

27th. Dec.-1814. Embarked at 2 P. M. on board the Portuguese Ship "Donna Anna," at New York; immediately made sail to proceed up the Sound. At 6 P. M. anchored at Throgs Point to wait for the tide, and to send on shore the Pilot, and a Maniac that had been put on board and had remained unnoticed in the crowd of Passengers until this time.

28th. Got under weigh before day light, and arrived opposite New London about 3 o'clock P. M. Was boarded from the Superb, Admiral Hotham, and ordered to anchor.

29th. All that was apprehended of the insufficiency of the Captain, Crew etc. begins to be realised; a total want of order and subordination, and a great degree of improvidence in every particular;—insufficiency of ballast, and no shifting boards or any other precautions taken to prevent its being thrown all on one side.

30th. At 10 o'clock the papers returned from the blockading squadron, accompanied by the Admiral's despatches,

who sent a boats crew to weigh the anchor and to get the ship under weigh, which was effected just at 12 o'clock. While we were at anchor here it appeared the Pilot (Williams) had frequent intercourse with the Admiral, for whom a quantity of butter was brought in the ship. Mr. Wilkes and R. L. Lee accompanied the Pilot to the British 74, and went on board. Here also it was discovered we were short of wood, and after an application to the Admiral were permitted to take on board two boat loads from Fishers Island.

Jan. 2nd. 1815. A disagreeable night from the rocking of the Ship, and the cracking of the partitions in front of the berths between decks. The first two days after sailing we had three meals and a luncheon, the third day began to omit the luncheon, and to day we are noticed that there will be but two meals hereafter, and that we must wash in salt water.

3rd. Appearance of the Ship making a great deal of Water.

4th. Nearly a quarter of the passage accomplished.

5th, 6th, 7th. A gale from the S. E. with a few hours intermission. It appears the spiritous liquors are already consumed and nothing but very inferior beer and cider to be had—but the Ship evidently grows tighter.

11th. to 16th. Gales and head Winds; the accumulation of filth and difficulty in getting the commonest necessaries renders our situation very unpleasant. Longitude 30 degrees.

17th. to 22nd. Head Winds till Friday. Latitude 54 degrees off the Western coast of Ireland. The liberal provision made by Chas. King has been almost the only comfort we enjoy; he gave us this evening Saturday a supper from an excellent paté of quails and partridges.

23rd. About 7 o'clock A. M. we were saluted with the agreeable cry of "Land!" supposed to be Misen Head on the coast of Ireland. Among our other deprivations in the article of stores, we are not allowed more than a cup of chocolate, lest there may not be as much left as the Mates

may require. While the passengers are limited to one cup, they have all they want, usually 3 or 4 cups; but in this stye in which we are condemned to wallow there is nothing more loathsome than the stinking table cloths.

24th. Head Winds.

25th. Saw the light on the Island of Scilly. Soon after it began to blow from the S. E.

26th. The Gale has increased to a tremendous height; we lay to under a close reef'd Mizen Stay sail, not a spare yard of rope or canvass on board, to replace any of our miserable Sails and rigging that may be blown away.

27th. The gale abates, and we are now 120 Miles S. W. of Scilly. It has been announced by the steward, that if we have a fire in the Stove, we are hereafter to be reduced to 1 Meal a day.

28th. Wind fair, but great discontent in the cabin.

29th. Land seen, uncertain whether the Bill of Portland or Isle of Wight. Spoke a Dutch Brig from Bergen; told us the land in sight was the Isle of Wight. Also spoke a Dutch Hoy, they confirmed the account that the land in sight was the Isle of Wight, and told us besides that a treaty of Peace between England and America had been signed at Ghent. Stood for the Isle of Wight, and got a pilot on board, and for the first time put the ship in stays, which could not be done without the assistance of the passengers. The passengers continued to work the ship, until she was brought to anchor about midnight on the Mother Bank.

30th. Boarded by a Health Officer from the Isle of Wight, and afterwards by a Custom House Officer, who told the passengers they were at liberty to land. We in consequence bargained with a pilot to take us to Portsmouth for 5 guineas, and immediately began to get the baggage on board. At 2 o'clock the baggage and passengers being all on board the Pilot Boat, we bid adieu to the "Donna Anna" and made sail for Portsmouth, and after a tedious passage, and

being soaked with rain, arrived about 7 o'clock within 100 yards of the Landing place. Here by the artifices of the pilot, we were compelled to give 30/ to a Sculler to carry us on Shore, and about half past seven landed on English ground, the night rainy, and unusually dark. We were immediately beset by the Waiters of the different Inns but in consequence of a previous arrangement went to the Crown. The lighted streets, the whirl of the splendid Mail Coaches with their Lamps, and with the guard sounding the bugle, animated our drooping spirits, but above all the cleanliness, the elegance, and the civility we found at the Inn, where we ordered a magnificent Supper for our party consisting of 20 persons.

4th. Feb. Leave Winchester in the Coach for London, breakfast at Alresford, pass thro Alton, where I mount the top and am joined by an intelligent young architect, who gave me much interesting information on the subject of building, and the objects we pass'd on the road, which from our "height of speculation" we were enabled to see to advantage.

17th. West India Docks. Covent Garden. Miss O'Neil in "Mrs. Haller," and Young in "the Stranger."

18th. Spent within doors at the White Bear, Basinghall Street, where I joined the Sandersons on Thursday last.

19th. Dined at Islington;—Whitfields Tabernacle.

20th. to 22nd. Kean's "Richard," Miss O'Neil in "Mrs. Beverly." Greenwich Hospital & Park, Blackheath, Deptford to London.

23rd. St. Stephen's Walbrook, the altar piece by West, the death of St. Stephen. Took custards and jellies in the Lord Mayors Shop, he being a pastry cook.

25th. In the Evening at the Opera House, Monsieur Festris and Signora Del Caro; the Dukes of York and Devonshire.

27th. Relieving guard at the Castle. See the Princess

Sophia, the Queen, the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary and afterwards the Princess Augusta feeding her horse. St. George's Chapel; the Paintings on Glass, particularly the etherical appearance of the Angel in the Annunciation of the Nativity to the Shepherds. Leave Windsor in a Post Chaise, dine at Maidenhead and arrive at night at Reading: this has been the first unclouded day I have seen in England.

28th. Proceeded to Bensington, and thence to Oxford, where we arrived in the Evening and stopped at the Mitre. Dined on boned and stuff'd Mutton, a college dish.

March 2nd. Leave Oxford in a Post Chaise and at Fairford examined the Church, the painted Glass, each of the Persecutors of the Church in the custody of a devil, and one devil employed in trundling a Woman to Hell in a Wheel Barrow, for scolding her Husband. Arrive at Cirencester.

3rd. Walk in Lord Bathurst Park, set out in a Post Chaise, and arrived in the afternoon at Bath. The Houses we saw as we entered the Town; the magnificence of the Town; take a Warm Bath.

4th. Visit the Pump Room, taste the Waters. A harp in the Orchestra; the Dancing Rooms, Card Rooms, Supper Rooms and News Room; the Abbey Church, the Town built entirely of Stone, the Circus, Basements under ground, a Collonade of Doric along the first Story, of Ionic along the second, and of Corinthian along the third, each collonade supporting its appropriate entablature. The Parapet Walls ornamented with pine apples, the Crescents, the covered Walk in front of some of the Shops. Queens Square, Pulteney Street, Sidney Place, the general cleanliness of the Streets and the number of fashionable Loungers: Mr. Dores and the Theatre.

5th. The Abbey Church. Indisposed this day.

15th. Wolverhampton. Went out this day, & heard of the Ratification of the Peace by our President & Congress.

April 3rd. to 11th. Occupied with business, & occasional

visits to the Manufactories & constantly on the rack of expectation for Letters, the Caroline Ann having arrived at Liverpool.

27th. Went on board the Liverpool Packet Capt. Nickells for Boston, expecting to sail immediately, but found her sailing was deferred. Came on shore, & visited the Botanic Garden, the Hot House; extensive collection of Exotics.

28th. The Ship having gone down to the Rock, with our baggage on board, which had been previously examined at the Custom House, Barney, Sanderson [his son-in-law] & myself accompanied the Captain to the boat, & left the Pier Head at 7 o'clock P. M.

29th. Got under way at 1 o'clock from the Rock & proceeded to Sea with a fair Wind.

30th. The wind continues fair, & I cannot help contrasting the circumstances under which this passage is commenced, with those of my passage in the Donna Anna. My fellow passengers are 9 in number, no ladies.

May 2nd. to 12th. For the greater part of these ten days, head winds & gloomy boisterous weather, which has worn down my spirits, so that I have been constantly suffering from the tedium & impatience incident to a sea life.

13th. to 24th. Excepting two days, there has been a continuance of head winds. Spoke a Ship from Glasgow 42 days out (we, 23) & saw two Islands of Ice—Long. 47 W., my anxiety producing incoherent dreams & my health failing with my Spirits.

4th. June Discovered the Land, which proved to be Cape Cod. In the course of the Evening, saw Cape Ann & Boston Light House—and got a Pilot.

5th. Left the Ship in a Pilot Boat at 4 o'clock A. M., 5 Miles outside Boston light, & landed in Boston at 10 A. M.

6th. Got my Baggage landed and repacked.

7th. Left Boston, & arrived the same evening at Hartford.

8th. Left Hartford, and arrived the same evening at New Haven.

9th. Left New Haven in the Steam Boat, and at 5 o'clock P. M., Landed in New York.

Travel in England and On the Continent in 1827

(*From the Journal of Isaac Carow*)

1827 April 8th. Embark'd in the Packet Ship, Silas Richards for Liverpool, accompanied by my daughter Jane and her husband Mr. E. F. Sanderson. The ship immediately got under weigh. Looking round we find there are eleven passengers, of whom six are ladies. A light breeze from the northward carried us to Sea, and at 4 o'clock this afternoon we had an opportunity to send back by the Pilot our last adieu.

9th. The wind was light and baffling through the night, and we find ourselves this morning but a small distance from the Hook. At noon the wind rose, the Sea became rough, and all is cold & gloomy, leaving us unable to think of anything but the safety & comfort we have left behind.

10th. The Rain continues and sea sick or otherwise discomforted as we all are, every body is still good natured.

11th. The wind has fallen, the Sea is smooth, and we have had a reviving day.

12th. Adverse winds.

13th. The wind has at length come round to the West, and we begin to sail on our proper course.

17th. Last night it became calm, and this morning we had the unpleasant information of a Sailor being sick of the small pox, and that four others of the crew have never had it. On the authority of a book in Edward's medicine chest, I



Courtesy of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

Isaac Carow.



Mrs. Isaac Carow.

directed salts to be immediately administered to the sick man, and at night laudanum; and that salts should be given to the four who are exposed. It is consoling under these unpleasant circumstances, that the wind is again fair, and the Ship proceeding rapidly on her course.

18th. & 19th. Fair winds and fine weather; all who have been sea sick at table.

20th. & 25th. Light baffling winds. The sailor with the small pox has broken out, and the four who have not had it have been inoculated by the Mate.

25th. The wind begins to waver, and as the change of the moon is at hand, the Captain encourages the hope that it will come out from the West.

26th. All our hopes of a favorable change have been more than disappointed—a violent gale set in last night from the Eastward.

27th. The gale continued through the night with great violence, and has to day blown away the foresail.

28th. The gale attended with floods of rain continued through a part of last night. This morning the wind changed and the day begins with bright sunshine, and a fair strong wind, before which we are advancing to our Port at the rate of 10 Miles an hour. Every countenance is brighten'd, and all begin to hope a speedy deliverance from our rolling & pitching prison. Spoke the Sally from Cork, a little Schooner with her decks cover'd with Passengers for St. Johns, N. B.

29th. One of the inoculated men has sickened; it seems probable he was infected before he was inoculated. The Indian corn which form'd a part of our Cargo has shifted during the Gale and the Ship shews a considerable leaning to the Starboard side. Wind light, but still favorable.

30th. The favorable breeze continues, and we expect tomorrow to see Cape Clear. In spite of the precautions to prevent a knowledge of the fact of the small pox being on board, getting to the ladies, Mrs. Dey had overheard the

steward's talking of it, and was so much disquieted, that it was found necessary to inform her of every particular.

1st. May. The Land in sight; it is Mizzen Head on the South Coast of Ireland. In the afternoon we had a fishing boat alongside—30 Miles from the shore.

2nd. Light Winds, so that our progress up St. George's Channel is slow.

3rd. The morning was foggy and the progress we had made uncertain, we therefore carried very little Sail and continued to sound till 11 o'clock, when it clear'd off and we found ourselves opposite Holy Head. All sail was immediately made, and having got a Pilot we stood in and anchor'd about sunset outside the Rock; the state of the Tide to our great annoyance prevents our getting up to Liverpool till tomorrow.

4th. Two of the passengers left us in an open boat directly after breakfast, and at 12 o'clock a steam boat came alongside and carried us to the Town. Taking leave of our fellow passengers on the Dock, we went to the Waterloo, where we found Mr. Sanderson and soon after were joined by James & his two nieces. The meeting was most cordial & pleasant, & the day being noted as the birthday of my dear wife, was celebrated by an excellent dinner, and by indulging in recollections of Home.

6th. Mr. Brown call'd and took us in his carriage to Church, where we had a Sermon on a very debateable doctrine, by which I fear we have neither been enlightened or improved. It was the Chapel of the Asylum for the Blind; the Minister, Mr. Hull.

8th. Continued our journey to the House of Mr. Sanderson at Darnall, where a most kind and friendly reception awaited us.

9th. A clean quiet room and an excellent bed last night, has set me up again, so that I was in time to walk through Mr. Sanderson's extensive garden and grounds, and to look

over his large old fashioned house before breakfast. In the course of the morning, my friend left his other guest Mr. A. with one of the ladies, with whom he had an affair of the heart to manage, and walk'd down with me to the works at Attercliffe, and afterwards down to Sheffield, where I met Mr. T. Sanderson and Mr. Naylor.

11th. I had the satisfaction to see Mr. Barney, who came here from Birmingham to meet me, and with whom I dined at the house of our friend, James Sanderson, with all the Sandersons and a most pleasant day it was;—a good Dinner, good wine, a most hearty welcome, and cordial feelings among old friends.

12th. Set out from Darnall with a party in a coach and post chaise. Leaving the carriages at the village of Baslow, we walk'd through the Park to Chatsworth. From Chatsworth we went to Haddon Hall, four miles distant. This is an ancient Castle, uninhabited, and nearly a ruin, belonging to the Dukes of Rutland. It encloses two quadrangles and gives an idea of the comparative discomfort and coarseness of living two centuries ago. The old Woman who shew'd us through the appartments, gave us her story at great length, which seemingly for the benefit of the young ladies of our party, she mixed with many sly insinuations of the dissipated habits of modern ladies.

14th. Brought several matters of business to a conclusion, and dined again with Mr. Barney and all the Sandersons, at the house of Mr. T. Sanderson.

24th. Resumed our journey in a Post Chaise from Warwick, arrived at Stratford upon Avon the birthplace of Shakespeare, his house is yet standing, part of it in its original state; his monument in the Church is also extant. Leaving Stratford we pass'd thro' Blenheim Park and were set down just at dark at the Angel in Oxford. Traveling by Post Chaises is so safe and agreeable, that I must say a word in explanation. They are like a Chariot, except that there is

no box for a coachman, tho' some of them have a small Dickey, which may be occupied by one of the party if there happens to be four, or by a Servant. The Chaise contains but one Seat which holds three, and being open and sash'd in front and over the doors, there is nothing to interrupt the Travellers view in front or on either side. Even the Post Boy is out of the way, as he rides one of the Horses. Imagine us then all three seated in a row, with our faces to the horses, rolling on a fine mild morning over smooth hard roads, fenced with hawthorn hedges in bloom, enliven'd by the chirping of birds, our smart Post Boy (that is an old fellow who we thought look'd like Guernsey) in his white top boots, leather breeches, scarlet jacket, and gold tassell'd jockey cap, bobbing up and down in his stirrups as the horses trotted rapidly on.

26th. Arrived in London about 2 o'clock and stop'd at the new London Hotel, Bridge Street, Black Friars, where we have a Parlor & two Chambers, living according to the English practice, entirely to ourselves.

27th. Went to the new Caledonian Chapel and heard a sermon from the celebrated Edward Irving. Mr. T. Cotterill call'd to day, and at his suggestion we went to Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, where there was a crowd of Nobility and Gentry in splendid equipages—the display was imposing, was I may say surprising.

28th, 29, & 30. Occupied in riding and walking through this immense City, in gazing at its magnificent display of Shops and buildings, and the great concourse of carriages and people. Accustom'd as we are to the noise of a large City, we find the incessant noise here very disagreeable.

9th. June. At last got clear of London, departing by the Brighton Coach, which I had reason to remember, for our Trunks were carried suspended by Chains under the Coach, and were injured in consequence. On getting to Riegate 20 Miles from London, I remonstrated and got the Trunks put

in the Boot. We arrived about 9 o'clock at Brighton, and took Lodgings at the Glos'ter.

10th. Finding there was a Coach for Portsmouth at 11 o'clock, I got into a Fly and was driven round the Pavillion, to the Chain Pier, and about the Town, which is airy, clean, and handsomely built. The bathing here must be very fine, the Sea washing up clean and clear, over a smooth pebbly bottom. We departed in the Coach for Portsmouth, went through Shoreham to Arundel, where a magnificent Castle of the Dukes of Norfolk arrested our attention. At a little distance from the Road in the same neighbourhood, we saw a respectable looking old Mansion, which we were told belonged to the celebrated Percy B. Shelly.

Southampton 12th. The hour of our departure being at hand, and our baggage pass'd at the Custom House, we were row'd in a barge to the Steam Packet lying at a little distance from the Pier. We had scarcely got under way, when a Horse that had been taken on board, alarm'd at the motion of the Wheels attempted to break loose, kick'd furiously, and even pent up as he was, it was doubtful if it would be possible to control him. The Boat was again brought to Anchor, and with assistance from the Shore the Horse was landed. The anchor was once more weigh'd, and we proceeded with every appearance of fine weather, but about 4 P.M. it began to blow; the Sea was high, and our situation not only extremely disagreeable, but dangerous; at length however we got into Port at Havre at 2 A.M., and were immediately conducted to the Custom House, where our persons were examin'd, as were also the Ladies by a Female. We were then permitted to go to our Inn, the Hôtel de L'Europe.

The appearance of a French Inn was altogether new to us; the House is 60 feet front on the Street; in the middle of the front is a large gateway which passes under the second story, and issues in a quadrangular Court, on all sides built

up. After entering through a Wicket in the great Gate, our guide knock'd at a side Door, close to which was the Porter's Room. He rose and gave us admittance, & we were shewn up stairs to a room uncarpeted, the floor made of pieces of board about 2 feet long laid obliquely; the floor was painted or varnished of a brown color, the Windows with very clumsy folding Sashes turning on hinges. Here at our request Tea was served, and we were shewn by a Man to the Chambers; these were large rooms also without Carpets. At the end was a recess closed by folding doors, in which two Beds were placed; the Rooms had the usual furniture of a bed chamber except Soap. The Beds in the Recesses were good & furnished with clean linen.

13th. The objects that have attracted our attention were the Quay, the Pavements of large blocks of stone, the great height of the Houses, the women performing the labor with us exclusively done by men, and as the evening came on the Crowds in the Streets assembled round Ballad Singers, Mountebanks, and others. We took our Meals at the table d'hote, & were well served, especially with excellent Coffee.

14th. We set out from Havre in the Steam Boat for Rouen. The company was decent and polite, every person ordering from the Restaurateur on board what he pleased, and at what hour he pleased. We were served with Soles, Beef Steaks, pease, Sallad, Strawberries, Claret and excellent Coffee at a very moderate price. We met on board Mr. & Mrs. La Rue so long inhabitants of New York, who proved useful and agreeable companions. We landed together and went with them to the Hôtel de France. The voyage up the Seine has proved very agreeable, the Country pleasant and picturesque, and presenting many objects quite new to us. We arrived at Rouen in the evening.

15th. Visited the Cathedral and ascended to the top of its principal Tower, whence in this clear day we had a full view of the City and environs; then took a Coach and were

driven through the principal Streets, and round the Boulevards. At 10 in the evening left Rouen in the Diligence for Paris.

16th. Our journey through the past night was easy and safe, but at 8 o'clock this morning we were upset by the wantoness of the Postillion. The overthrow of this ponderous Machine was of course attended with great danger to all it contain'd; the inside Passengers escaped with slight cuts and contusions, but of those on the outside, one was badly hurt, and another it was fear'd mortally. A messenger was sent back to Mantes, a Town we had left less than half an hour before, for a Surgeon, who very promptly gave his attendance, directed the two unfortunate sufferers to be taken back to Mantes, examin'd the rest of us, & recommended us all to be bled on our arrival at Paris. The Blacksmith and Wheelwrights from Mantes, having in the course of three hours fitted up the shatter'd vehicle, we left a miserable Auberge by the roadside, in which we had taken refuge, and once more got into the Diligence; pass'd through Meuban, St. Germain en Laye, arrived at Paris in the Evening, and took Apartments in the Hôtel Montmorency, Rue St. Marc.

17th. Provided with a valet de Place, and with Tickets of admission to the Gallery of the Tuileries, we were just about to set out, when we were call'd to see a religious procession pass through the Street. It consisted of Priests, some of them bearing the Host, a number of Girls dress'd in white with long white veils, and carrying baskets of flowers which they strew'd in the Streets, a large band of music, and a military Escort.

As soon as the procession had pass'd we hasten'd to the Gallery of the Tuileries, and found it crowded with a well dress'd company, waiting to see the Royal Family go to Mass; the occasion was the Fête de Dieu. After waiting an Hour, there was a stir indicating the approach of Royalty, and along came the King, the Dauphine, and the Duchesse

de Berri blazing in diamonds, attended by their Dames d'honneur, and a great number of others, who all proceeded through the Gallery to the Chapel. After the service they return'd and we got into the Chapel, where high mass was again celebrated. From the Chapel we went to the Garden of the Tuileries and spent several Hours admiring its deep Shades, its parterres of Flowers, its Statues, Fountains, Urns, and the gay company in the Walks. After dinner we walk'd on the Boulevards, and took coffee at the Café de Paris.

22nd. On Thursday evening we were at a party at Mr. Storrows. There we were amused by four Tyrolese who had been hired for the purpose; their compensation is about $10 for an evening; they were 2 Brothers & 2 Sisters of the same family; they sung & play'd the airs of their Country very sweetly, & concluded the Evening's amusement with waltzing.

24th. When we first arrived in Paris, we hired a Glass Coach by the Week for 126 Francs, which has come to us at 9 in the morning, and with the exception of 2 hours in the course of the day, has attended us every where until dismiss'd at night. We order'd the Coach for 8 this morning, and immediately set out for Versailles. On the road we were pass'd by a procession of splendid Coaches, with a retinue of Servants in laced Cock'd Hats and plumes; they were the carriages of the Foreign Ministers going to the Court at St. Cloud.

Returned to the Inn where we took a late dinner at 7 o'clock,—the usual dining hour is five, and set out on our return to Paris. As we pass'd the Champs Elysées, perceiving a number of coaches had been stopp'd to give the persons in them a view of the scene, we order'd ours to be stopp'd also, got out & wander'd through the crowd. Here would be seen a juggler playing his tricks for the amusement of the Crowd round him,—another crowd would be gather'd round a Band of Music, generally there were violins & harps only, accom-

panied by singing. In one place we found a Boy not more than 4 years old, with a few lighted Candles on the ground before him, playing a fiddle; he too had his audience, from whom he collected Sous. It getting late we got into the carriage, & were set down at the Hotel about 11 at night.

25th. & 26th. Running after new sights.

27th. Dined with a Party at our Ministers, the Dinner conducted entirely in the French style. In the evening while sitting in a window of the Saloon conversing with Mr. Sheldon, my ear was struck with the name of Madam La Roche Jacqueline, as she was announced on her entrance. This celebrated woman of course immediately drew my attention to her appearance, & to her conversation, in which there was nothing more than ordinary.

29th. Sauntering in the Palais Royal and on the Boulevards.

30th. In pursuance of an arrangement with Mr. Curtis, we set out early this morning accompanied by several others, in a Berline drawn by 4 Post Horses for La Grange. Passing through Vincennes, Brie & Aussois—where we breakfasted,—we continued on through Fontenai & Rossy to La Grange, the Chateau of General La Fayette, where we arrived about 2 o'clock, & met from all the Members of this numerous family, a reception which could not have been kinder, if we had been most intimate friends.

I was introduced by the General to his son George Washington La Fayette & his Lady; to their three daughters Natalie, Matilde, & Clementine; to the General's two daughters Madame La Tour Maubourg, & Madame Lasteyrie, and their Children, to Mr. La Vasseur* and his Wife, and several others.

After going over the Farm—700 Acres being kept under cultivation—& considering from different points of view the

*It was Mr. Le Vasseur who gave Daniel Tyler a letter to his son in Metz. (See page 36.)

chateau, which altho in good repair is more than 500 years old, we returned to prepare for dinner. At five we were assembled in the Salon, where all the Portraits but two are American. There were Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, the two Adams', General Greene, and others of less note. Conversation went on with much animation until dinner was announced. The moment it was over, we rose and return'd to the Salon, & after a very interesting evening retired for the night.

1st. July. This morning after a stroll about the pleasure grounds of La Grange, and a breakfast à la fourchette, we took our leave of General La Fayette and were escorted a few miles on our return by one of his Grandsons. On arriving at Aussois we found it was the fête day of the Village; a large circular tent was erected in the Square, round the inside were preparations for lighting it; a raised Orchestra in the middle, and the pavement covered with gravel. After dinner the village girls began to assemble, and the Musicians were at their post, but we could not wait.

On our way to Paris we observed several large flocks of sheep attended by Shepherds, and were struck with the sagacity & thorough training of their dogs, all watchful to keep in those sheep inclined to wander, & doing it without hurting them. Passing through the Wood of Vincennes, we saw dancing in the Public Gardens, and great numbers promenading in the wood. On arriving at Paris I found that Edward & Jane had departed for Brussells, as had been previously settled.

2nd. and 3rd. Got my passport put "en règle," took leave of friends, & made every necessary arrangement for departing.

4th. At 6 A. M. left Paris with Major Crutchfield in the Diligence for Geneva, where we arrived at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday 7 July—after travelling 3 successive days and nights, and part of the 4th day. It may be

readily imagined we were glad to meet a warm bath, a good dinner, and a comfortable bed, for since the night of the 3rd July we had not rested on a bed, & had fared but poorly in the Inns at which we made short stops, for a dish of Coffee, or a dinner.

9th. Left Geneva in a Calash, at 6 A. M. pass'd through Chêne, enter'd Savoy and came to Bonneville to breakfast, where a number of beggars stood ready to beset us. We contrived to get round them only to find ourselves waylaid by another set at the foot of the stairs. This annoyance has not been mention'd before altho' it has occur'd through our whole journey on the Continent.

The moment a carriage stops the doors are beset; if the Traveller alights, the beggars surround him, follow him about, and compel him to take refuge in the dirty Inn, repeating constantly their whining supplication, "Chante Monsieur, un pauvre malheureux." Bad as is this thing in France, it is far worse in Savoy, for there not only the regular beggars by trade are most distressingly numerous, but the moment a carriage is heard children run out of Cottages by the road, even as young as 3 years, and if they have chance to be no otherwise importunate, they stretch out their open hand; those that are big enough run by the side of the Carriage, and it seems to be settled among all of them, never to take no for an answer.

10th. This morning after a good breakfast, we found every thing ready to proceed to Montanvert, the Mer de Glace, and the other objects of our excursion. Our guide Simon Tournier had been to the summit of Mont Blanc with Dr. Clark; he brought us two mules, was accompanied by his son, took care to have us provided with eatables from the Inn, with a bottle of Wine and a flask of Brandy, and furnish'd each of us with a mountain staff 6 feet long, an inch in diameter, and with a strong iron spike at the end.

We mounted the mules and commenced the ascent at 8

A.M. At first we got on better than I expected; the narrow path however became steeper, encumber'd with loose stones, and was occasionally cross'd by a ledge of rocks, but the most unpleasant circumstance was that it frequently ran along the edge of a precipice, where a false step of the Mule would have been immediately fatal.

After ascending to a great height we met a party—a Gentleman and two young Ladies descending on foot—for riding down is out of the question. They had just come to a stand to let our Mules pass, at a place where the path widen'd—the Ladies were looking down the Mountain leaning each on her Staff; their appearance in this wild solitude with their Leghorns decorated with fresh flowers, brought at once to our minds the Shepherdesses of Pastoral poetry, and surely two sweeter Shepherdesses, poetry never imagin'd. They were all French. Bowing to these lovely objects we pass'd on, and at last reach'd the summit of Montanvert.

Some time being spent in contemplating the sublime objects arround us, we descended to the Mer de Glace, an inconceivably immense body of ice, filling a space said to be nearly two Miles wide & 40 long, winding between immense mountains. The surface is supposed to resemble the ocean agitated by a storm, being thrown up in large ridges; it is also in some places split by crevasses of unknown depth.

From the Mer de Glace we returned to the summit of Montanvert, where we found an English Lady, her two daughters and a son. We rested a second time to prepare for our descent, the most arduous part of our undertaking. The English party went on half an hour before, but we had scarcely set out when we found our task extremely laborious, having constantly to support ourselves by driving the end of our Staff in the ground, avoiding to look down the fearful steep from the edges of the precipice along which we toil'd on our way.

We had been told that the English Ladies who ascended,



Model of the *St. Paul,* of the Kermit "Saint Line," about 1840.

generally equipped themselves in Pantaloons; the Party we found on the mountain made no display of this sort, but about half way down we met a party coming up. They were French, two ladies and a Gentleman, the first Lady seem'd about 25, somewhat embonpoint for that age; she was mounted astride on a mule, had on drab color'd pantaloons & gaiters, and over them a light short frock which as she sat astride flutter'd behind in the Wind. She rode past however without the least embarrassment. Soon losing sight of this party, we turn'd downward again & overtook the English Ladies, with whom we stop'd at the source of the Aveyron, as it issues from the Glacier de Bois. During our descent there were two small avalanches from the Mer de Glace.

Leaving the source of the Aveyron we arrived at the Hotel after an absence of 7 hours, so thoroughly fatigued that we were glad to go to our Rooms for repose, whence we sallied again in two hours to gain the best views of Mont Blanc.

11th.—Left Chamouni and returned on our steps to Geneva, where we arrived the same evening. On our way out on Monday we met Lady Byron returning to Geneva; she pass'd so rapidly I could merely get a glance at her, not knowing at the time who she was.

14th. Berne—Having stop'd at the Falcon we dined today at the Table D'Hôte, where there were as many ladies as Gentlemen, and it is remarkable that here, at Lausanne, and at Chamouni, English was the only language spoken at the Table among the guests.

Sunday 15th.—Set out from Berne. Just as we turn'd into the principal Street, noticed a group from which issued a Pilgrim; he was a man of middle age, wore such a hat as is worn by the English Clergy, black pantaloons, a sort of long loose black cloth frock, drawn round his body; over that a mantle on his shoulders, apparently of black oil cloth, a wallet slung like a Soldier's Cartridge box on his left side,

& a jointed black staff in his hand. Continuing our journey we stop'd for the night at Eschlimatt, where the Inn presents a most discouraging appearance. We find the day observed as a day of rest and relaxation, the peasantry cleanly dress'd, wearing flowers in their hats, and the Women in their strange looking dress—but did not observe any body going to or from Church in the Villages.

16th.—Continued our journey and met several of the Magistrates of Lucerne on foot ascending a Mountain, to enquire on the spot into the circumstances of a murder, and afterwards found the accused in custody at the Inn where we breakfasted; he was handcuff'd and guarded by a single gend'Arme.

17th. Weggis—We stop'd at the Inn, and were surprised to find in this small village, on a corner of the Lake, so excellent an Inn, but it was explain'd where our Landlord got his habits of cleanliness and order, when he told us he had been several years a servant to an English Colonel. We took a boat & were row'd across the Lake in a heavy rain to Lucerne—& passing through the market place saw a man with his hands tied mounted on a pedestal exposed to the crowd, a paper fastened to his clothes declared the crime for which he suffer'd this exposure. He was very much affected, & a poor Girl who stood near him sobb'd aloud.

19th. We got to Colman about 4 o'clock, where we were told we must wait 3 hours, for the Gates of Strasbourg would be shut, and there was no use in getting there before they were open'd in the Morning. Here we fell in with an English Woman 73 years old, who did not know a word of French or German, without a Protector, and with no other guide than a memorandum of the place she was to go to. The waiters did not understand & seeming disposed to be uncivil to her, we interposed, & proposed to include her in our Mess, to which she very gladly assented. Having got her after dinner comfortably seated in the Coupé for Basle, she

was very thankful & quite rejoiced to meet with Englishmen—we would therefore not diminish her satisfaction by telling her we were Yankees.

22nd.—Left Carlsruhe early in the morning, breakfasted at Langenbrucken and arrived to dinner at Heidelberg; like most of the towns in this Country it has been fortified, and is still enter'd by gates which are closed at night. Here our Coachman got very drunk, & having pass'd out at the wrong gate, had to return, to the great amusement of the Mob, and at length made out to sortir at the right gate, but kept us 5 hours till late in the evening travelling 16 Miles, then drove us into a wrong village, & into a street so narrow that we could not turn, but had to back out. We at last got to Hoppenheim, where first appearances were quite discouraging. On ascending however over the stable, where we expected to find a hay loft we found handsome apartments and were presently served with a good dish of Coffee. The vice of drunkenness from which France is in a great measure free, is deplorably common in Germany, and one cause perhaps is the vile practice of Smoking; every Man we meet, and even boys of 14 have long pipes hanging from their mouths.

23rd.—From Hoppenheim we came to Darmstadt, a Ducal residence; it is however very inferior to Carlsruhe. Thence we proceed to Frankfort. Ever since we have been in Germany we have been pester'd by a class of well dress'd good looking young men—pedestrians—who do not hesitate to beg along the roads, running by the side of the Carriage & thrusting in their caps; it would seem begging is held to be no degradation. We also overtook a troop of gypsies.

At Frankfort we went to the "Roman Emperor," where we were well accomodated—and being provided with a Valet de place walk'd through all the principal Streets, then to the Jews' Street, where there is more filth and squalid poverty than I could have supposed. We look'd into their Synagogue, by far the most filthy place of worship I was ever in.

In the middle of the area was an elevated platform enclosed by an iron railing; within this railing a Priest was engaged in some ceremony; the worshippers were standing round very carelessly with their hats on, bowing occasionally, & repeating a few prayers in a very low whisper. We left this place for the beautiful promenade which encircles the City.

25th.—We soon dispatch'd the little that was to be seen at Mentz, & left in the Coche d'eau for Coblentz, this very indifferent Boat floats down the current assisted by two rowers, & is a tedious disagreeable mode of getting down the River. We were however repaid for the inconvenience, by a sight of the banks of the river lin'd with Villages, & with ruins of ancient Castles—the strongholds of the noble Robbers, who formerly infested the surrounding Country.

26th.—The Steam Boat from Mentz stopping to leave & receive passengers, we embark'd, and after an agreeable voyage, the annoyance from the Tobacco pipes excepted, arrived in the evening at Cologne.

27th.—Occupied in walking through the Town. It is dull, dirty and uninteresting as it deserves to be, for persecuting the Protestants, who driven out, carried with them the Arts and industry of the Town, to make other places flourish. We saw the Cathedral that has been so long building, and in another Church, Rubens' famous "Martyrdom of St. Peter." The Valet we got at this place profess'd to speak French, but with all the attention Major Crutchfield & myself could give, we could hardly find what he was driving at, and a more ignorant stupid creature for such a purpose, I believe no unfortunate Travellers were ever pester'd with.

29th.—Left Aix La Chapelle at 4 A. M. and in an hour afterwards were upset in the Diligence, by the scandalous carelessness of the Postillion. We waited at an Inn in the next Village 4 hours, until another carriage could be got from Aix La Chapelle, which took us to Maestricht, a very neat handsome Town. Here we were detained 5 hours, and

then continued our journey thro the night in a diligence greatly overloaded on the top, & in constant apprehension of an overthrow.

1st. Aug.—Left Brussels after Breakfast for Antwerp, where we arrived at 2 P.M. Here I at last found letters waiting for me, announcing the event which I have been so anxious to hear of and that other Letters were waiting my return to London. After Dinner I went to see the Cathedral, & Rubens' picture "The Descent from the Cross," then to the Docks, where I saw the word Store on some of the Signs, as "Yates Store" etc. At 8 o'clock left Antwerp in the Diligence for Amsterdam—and began sensibly to feel how disagreeable it was to be without a travelling companion in a strange Country.

4th.—Took a boat at the Harbor and landed on the opposite Shore, by the side of the Ship Canal. There I got a Calash and went to Broeck; this village of which so much has been said is quite unlike any I have before seen. The Houses are placed without regard to regular arrangement, they have a few flowering Shrubs about them, and stand detach'd; the very small yard or court is generally inclosed by a Ditch crossed by little wooden bridges. The Houses,—two excepted,—are built of Wood, one Story high & covered with Tiles; they are kept well painted and ornamented with carving. The winding Street or rather passage among the Houses, is of irregular width from 7 to 14 feet, and is paved with small Bricks of different colors set in edgeways, and so disposed as to make squares, and other figures, of different colors. There is no Horse or Carriage kept in the Village, for they could not pass the narrow winding Street; there is one Wheelbarrow allowed, which stands shelter'd by a Shed against the Church.

A Mr. Ditmars who appears to be the principal Man, has the only stone House in the Village, and the Parson the only Brick House; Mr. Ditmars' is an elegant House; he keeps

Horses, but his Stable is separate from the Village. There is also just outside the Village a Dairy; the same Roof covers the Dwelling, the Dairy, & the Cow Stable, which last is paved with glazed blue and white Tiles. Directly behind the Cows there is a Trench about 18 inches wide & deep, the bottom & perpendicular sides lin'd with Bricks & Tiles, & through which a Stream of Water passes and washes off the Ordure. The Dwelling is furnished much in the manner of the Old Dutch House at Flat Bush. I looked into the Church, which is respectable and like everything here is thoroughly clean.

5th. I set off immediately for Leyden; the road was excellent, and elegant Houses and Gardens frequently appearing. At Leyden I went to the Golden Lion, & found there a lively little German Lady who came down the Rhine with us from Mentz to Coblentz.

8th.—I took a passage yesterday in the King of the Netherlands, and went down this morning at the appointed hour (8 o'clock) with a number of others, when it appeared the Steam Boat had been sent down to tow a Ship up from the Brille; that in performing the service she had grounded, & that we must wait till 4 o'clock, when we were assured she would be afloat. At two o'clock the Passengers were all assembled, and went down in Wagons to the Brille, but found the Steam Boat so thoroughly settled in the Mud, and the Tide falling, there was nothing left for us but to return to Rotterdam. Our disappointment & vexation prov'd very amusing to the good Burghers of Schiedam & Delftshaver, who enjoyed the joke so much, as even to take their Pipes from their Mouths to laugh at us. When we got back to Rotterdam, I found my Room at the shabby Inn, the Bath House, disposed of, & got much better accomodations at the New Bath House; but vexed with the conduct of the Steam Boat proprietors, I determined to go tomorrow to Antwerp & get from there to Ostend.

9th.—Rose at four this morning to go in the Steam Boat to Antwerp. On coming down found she had not yet come in, and that her arrival was uncertain. About 6 she arrived, at 7 we departed & passing Dort and Williamstadt arrived at Antwerp at 5 in the afternoon & got well accomodated at the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

12th.—Went to the English Church and heard a most heterodox lullaby of a Sermon. On the Ramparts the Wind blew so furiously I could not keep my feet. I have met at the Inn a Mr. Dalte, a Frenchman who does not speak a word of English, and who is so polite & intelligent, that I regret I cannot communicate more freely with him than my limited acquaintance with French permits.

13th.—The time for the Steam Packet to depart being fixed for 2 o'clock this morning, I went aboard about 10 last night, and crowded with others into a small Cabin, infested by Vermin, endured a most disagreeable night. The high wind continuing & the Packet not able to stir, I got on shore at 5 o'clock, took a seat in the Diligence for Dunkirk, where I arrived in the Evening, accompanied by an English family of the name of Miles.

14th.—Left Dunkirk early in the Morning & arrived at Calais about the noon—the whole journey from Ostend along the Coast has been through a miserable dreary Country. The Wind still blowing very hard, no opportunity for London until tomorrow morning at 4 o'clock by the Mountaineer, in which Vessel I have taken a passage. When Bed time came, I was obliged to put up with a Room in another House, and was shewn round into a back Street, through a Porte Cochère & up Stairs; after I had been in Bed an hour, I recollected Mr. Miles had paid my Stage fare from Dunkirk, & that I had not refunded him. I immediately rose, groped my way down the Stairs, knocked up the Porter & return'd to the Inn, where I call'd up Mr. Miles & paid him. On my way back I missed the Gate in the Dark & knock'd

up the People in the next House, and it was with difficulty I at last regain'd my Room.

15th.—Took leave of Mr. Miles who had risen to see me off, & was on board of the Mountaineer by 4 o'clock. We were close in with the English shore in about 4 hours, pass'd into the Thames, and got up to London by 5 in the Afternoon. It was not however until 7 that I got clear of the Custom House & reach'd Radley Hotel.

18th.—There being no further object in London, I took a seat in the Cambridge Coach & was driven there (52 Miles) in less than 6 hours.

21st.—Set out in a Post Chaise, & was set down at Olney, a village render'd famous by the residence of Cowper. I examin'd his House & Garden, stroll'd about the Village in the evening.

22nd.—Notwithstanding an application to the Porter of the Inn, and a promise twice repeated from the Mistress, I was not call'd in the morning, & had I not wak'd and found my way out of the Inn with my luggage, should have been left by the Coach; & yet after I was seated, the Porter who had neglected to wake me demanded a gratuity, & when it was refused, made a display of his impudence. The day's ride was through Nottingham & Chesterfield to Sheffield.

18th. Sept.—To Doncaster, where there was a very imposing display of splendid equipages, and Horse Racing in its highest perfection.

2nd. Oct.—Sail'd from Liverpool with a slight breeze from the South East. There are 24 Passengers in the Cabin.

3rd 4.—Beating down the Channel with light winds.

5th.—Last night we pass'd Tuscar, and have now a good breeze, so that more than half the Passengers are Sea Sick.

6th.—Light Winds and a clear sky—the Sea Sick have got upon Deck.

7th to 20th.—We have had the ordinary routine of a Sea



Painting of the *St. John*, of the Kermit Line, about 1840.

voyage;—varying Winds, eating, drinking, and hard straining to get rid of ennui, & be merry.

21st.—Last night when we turn'd in, there was a Gale blowing, the Barometer had fallen, and the Night threaten'd to be very tempestuous. Before light this morning we were rous'd by a great noise, and on getting upon Deck in some alarm, found the Gale was still raging, that a Sailor had been just knock'd overboard, and that a Boat was in the Act of being committed with three Men to the tempest toss'd Waves, in the hope (it seem'd a desperate one) of recovering the lost Man. By this time nearly all the Passengers, and all the Ships company were collected towards the Stern, where there was soon an intense anxiety for the safety of the Boat.

After a few moments of silent & painful suspense, a cry came from the Waves (for we soon lost sight of the Boat) "we have got him!" This so electrified us all, that we immediately began cheering, which was continued until the Boat came nearly alongside. With some risque, and by dextrous management, the Boat was secured and all in her got on board. The poor Man who had been rescued, was an elderly Man of the name of Peter, a Dane. He seem'd greatly exhausted and on being ask'd if he had not seen the Planks that were thrown over, he answer'd that he had, but not supposing the Ship would be brought to and the Boat sent after him, would not take to them, fearing it would only prolong his misery.

22nd.—The Gale being over and the Weather fine, we had prayers and a Sermon from the Rev. Mr. Forest, one of our fellow Passengers. The deportment of the Sailors on this occasion was grave & thoughtful, much more becoming than that of some of the Passengers.

23rd. to 28th.—Varying Winds. We begin now to look forward impatiently for a termination of our passage.

29th.—At last this afternoon we heard the welcome cry of "Land!" & soon approached Sandy Hook, but could get

no Pilot in spite of our Signal Guns. Night coming on we were obliged to stand off the Land, keeping the Light in view.

30th.—Early this morning we were again close in with the Land, and at length got a Pilot on board; the Morning being hazy, & the season advanced, we did not see the Shores of the Bay to any advantage. We were soon up to the Wharf & safely landed at 10 o'clock A.M.

Home Life in New York in 1824.

There has come down in the family a poem addressed to Mrs. Isaac Carow by a guest who had returned to his home at Painted Post, New York. Unfortunately he signed only his initials and it has not been possible to trace his identity. It provides a vivid picture of home life in New York, in the early part of the last century.

"Dear Madam "Painted Post. May 25th, 1824.

I've long felt a wish to my friends to impart
The grateful emotions which glow in my heart;—
And thinking some liv'lier attention to gain,
I purpos'd to couch them in *poetic* strain:—
But, my friend I. Carow, has a taste so sublime,
That he cant endure *e'en good sense* in mere rhyme;
And, like a poor *rhymester*, I prudently fly
The rigid review of his critical eye;—
And henceforth, determine what's fit I should say,
In plain simple *prose*, to my friends I'll convey.
But my muse, quite indignant *determines* to sing
E'er she lays by her harp, though it have but one string!
And now, with becoming humility, prays
That you, my good Madam, will accept her lays.
Not to mention those seasons which often I've passed
At your well ordered home, I'll just glance at the last,—

When week after week flew so swiftly away,
A whole month appeared like one sweet summer day!
As soon as bright Sol, in his chariot of light,
Appeared to draw up the dark curtains of night,
From my couch of soft down, and sweet sleep I descended
To a well furnished room, for dressing intended,—
Where all things were ready to give a new grace
To the person, or charm a rough beard from my face.
This duty performed, I with pleasure survey'd
That vast store of wisdom and wit, which is laid
In most exact order, and shelf above shelf,
By Squire Carow, for his friends and himself.
An hour, or two, I there spent delighted,
With what Bacon, Addison, Johnson indited;
Or conn'd o'er a portion of that sacred page,
Which *gives grace to youth,* and *adds wisdom to age;*
Which opes to our view the beneficent plan,
In which God can pardon that vile rebel, man!
Then, well pleased arose, when your breakfast bell sounded,
To add to the group, which your table surrounded.
'Twere vulgar to speak of mere eating, and drinking,
To folks who love talking, and reading, and thinking;
But still, I must own I should be insincere,
If I did not confess I am fond of good cheer!
Of coffee, and porter, and oisters and fish;—
And there all served up with a much better dish,—
That cheerful good humor of *yours,* which express'd
A warm hearted welcome, each day, to your guest;—
And, though oft repeated, the still charming strain
Which flowed like a fountain from friend Carow's brain!
Where *politics, history, religion,* and *wit,*—
Where laid up for use, each occasion to fit:—
If *grave,* sense and virtue our judgment address'd;
If *gay,* he would tell us some laugh stirring jest;
And 'twas our fault, if each one did not find

Rich food for the *body*, and eke for the *mind*.
How sweet the repast where those blessings all blend,
Health—peace—plenty—books—and the voice of a friend!
But quickly they passed, and in retrospect seem
The pleasing illusions of some fairy dream.

O! Long may the blessings of heaven descend
On the person, and children, and wife of my friend.
To all the convenience, and comforts of *wealth*,
May God add the still greater blessing of *health;*
And (though his finances I'd not wish to narrow,)
Ne'er more may you need the prescriptions of *Barrow*.
May you and your husband be blessed in your race,
The girls grow in beauty, and wisdom, and grace,
And what I am sure you must greatly desire,
May John, in all things become just like his sire.

And when through this world's thorny path you have trod
In loving your neighbours and fearing your God;
When Nature shall sink, and the Soul wing its way
From its frail companion, its prison of clay;
O! Then may the Saviour of sinners be near
To strengthen your *faith*, and to banish your fear;
Put a new song of praise in your expiring breath!
Conduct you in safety o'er the Jordan of Death!
And through *his* atonement, may husband and wife,
And children, be raised to Eternal Life!

"To Mrs. Carow." "W.——S.——

Marriage of Charles Carow and Gertrude Tyler

Charles Carow, following his grandfather's steps sought a wife away from home, and married Gertrude Elizabeth Tyler of the Letters.

The New York Hotel was the popular caravansary of those days, much frequented by New Englanders, and it is to be supposed that it was there they first met, since the story runs that when the two young people were promenading the great corridor after dinner in the fashion of the day, he asked her to look at the handsomest girl in the parade and led her proudly to a mirror.

The letter to her Father, asking permission to marry her, reads as follows:

"Private
"New York 7 March '59

"My dear Sir,

I have to ask of you the greatest favor that one man can ask of another.

I have won Gertrude's heart. Will you give me her hand?

Yours sincerely
Charles Carow

"Captain Daniel Tyler
"Philadelphia."

In the large family whose story is told in these pages, marriages and givings in marriages were necessarily frequent and a letter from the bride of Gertrude's first cousin Benjamin,* eldest son of Alfred Lee, Bishop of Delaware, fitly ends the chronicle:

"Bridgeport,
Monday, June 13th, '59.

"Dear Mother,—

I promised myself last Friday, the pleasure of writing to you, but just as I was about doing so it was proposed that we should take a walk in Mr. Law's grounds, and we found

*The "Ben" of the Letters.

them so attractive & lingered there so long that when we returned I was too tired to do anything. I was so sorry, for it occurred to me that it would be particularly pleasant to write you, while I was in Norwich, as it was my first visit there, and then as we had hardly recovered from the excitement of the wedding on Friday, I might have been a little more in the spirit of it than I am now, and could perhaps have given you a tolerably good description of the festivities.

It was indeed a beautiful and brilliant wedding, I thought. The ceremony was, as you are aware, perhaps, at ½ past eight in the evening. They deferred it until so late in order to have the church lighted. Ben and I were there in good time and sat in the pew with Mary Dwight and Hannah Adams, who by the way looked very prettily in their white dresses with trimmings of blue. Miss Dwight's, I noticed was a double skirt with the pattern in blue. Mrs. Law and Mrs. Fales (dressed elegantly) were seated directly behind us, and the Misses Gerry of New Haven, also Mr. Charles Hopkins, who will perhaps take the place of organist, was there and played the organ beautifully. I think I never saw a finer looking bridal-party than Gertrude's was. There were six bridesmaids, all pretty, especially Mary Tyler, dressed in white silk;—three with pink trimming, three with blue, their sashes being broad crossed from one shoulder to the side, and the effect of each one alternately in pink and blue was very striking. They, with their groomsmen, filled the entire chancel. The bride looked very handsomely, but extremely pale, and really, I thought she would faint, once or twice. Her dress was heavy white silk, plain skirt and a point lace veil. I heard that Mrs. Fales dressed her hair and it was very well done.

The church was crowded. Bp. Williams performed the ceremony, wearing his robe. Mrs. *Alfred* Tyler had on her wedding-dress and I mine, and besides ourselves, there were four other young married ladies in their bridal robes, so that



Gertrude Tyler with her first child.

as Mr. Carow said, he had *six brides at his wedding*. In the house Annie Tyler put on her veil and the guests were first presented to Gertrude, and then taken into the other parlor across the hall, where stood the other bride receiving her husband's old friends. The effect was very pretty indeed.

I had a very pleasant evening, and could not begin to tell how many persons were introduced to me. I was very glad to see so many of Ben's friends. All the Sandersons (Mr. Carow's friends, you know) were there, and they are old acquaintances of mine, so it was quite pleasant to meet them. I did not see Gertrude's presents, but heard they were very handsome. I thought her mother looked perfectly worn out and indeed she told me herself the morning I left, that for weeks before she had scarcely slept at all. I am afraid it will be sometime before she recovers from the effects of it. Grandmother bore it all very well but did not go to the church.

Thursday evening she had herself a very pleasant company of about thirty and seemed to enjoy it greatly. She very kindly provided a beautiful bride's cake for Annie Tyler and myself. I like Mrs. T. very much, she seems very warm-hearted and agreeable in her manners and conversation and I think Cousin Alfred looks very happy. They have planned to spend an evening with me when they come to New York again.

Friday evening, Lizzie Walden gave a very pleasant company and Mrs. Law was expecting to give another Sat. evening, but we left Saturday. I wish we could have remained longer for we were enjoying ourselves so much, and Norwich is such a beautiful place. Grandma was so very kind and I assure you, I love her dearly. I look at her in perfect astonishment and think she is a wonderful old lady. It was delightful to stay with her. But Julie is going away from home this week, for the summer, so we must return to-morrow, as I expect to be house-keeper. I trust you are all well. Give

my love to all the children, and with much to the Bishop and yourself,

Believe me your,

ever affectionate daughter,

EMMA M. LEE.

Sister Mary sends much love."